

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD. THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION AND REPRODUCING ILLUSTRATIONS IS RESERVED.

No. 718.—VOL. XIII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1868.

PRICE [WITH CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT] 4½D.—STAMPED 5½D.

CHRISTMAS IN ALSACE.

Do our readers know anything of Alsace? Many of them must have been there, for Strasburg is one of its principal cities; but do any of them really *know* its people—their queer, old-fashioned habits—the ancient, simple customs that are still observed in far-off villages and townlets and amongst the quiet families who have not yet learned to run after new fashions and to forget the ways of their fathers and mothers? Our Illustration represents one of the oldest and quaintest—the celebration of Christmas Eve among the children; for here, as almost all over Germany, Christmas is essentially the children's festival. Ever since the days of Pastor Oberlin, this custom must have been observed. It is probably more ancient than even the Christmas-tree: and weeks beforehand the little ones are looking forward to the night that will bring to them the beautiful Christ-kinder and the dreaded and yet welcome "Haustrapp."

Behold all the juveniles assembled, the glittering beauties of the Christmas-tree revealed by the brightness of the tapers that burn on its hundred branches, the story listened to, the very tiptoe

of expectation reached, when, hark! a bell tinkles, the door opens, and in come first a child figure, generally that of a pretty young girl, robed in white, and wearing a golden crown. This is the Christ-kinder who is attended by a severe and strangely-attired old fellow, who glares fiercely round and carries a threatening birch rod in his hand. The little children whose consciences reproach them with having been naughty seek some place of refuge: the bolder if not the better ones at once commence singing the Christmas Hymn, and at last even the more timid join in the chorus, which is concluded amidst a perfect shower of bonbons, sweets, and "goodies." Then commences a scramble, in which old Haustrapp bears a terrible part with his birch, for when the bigger ones of the party are pouncing on the sweets he switches them and raps their knuckles and thwacks away right and left, until the birch itself becomes a second Christmas-tree, so full is it of nice things that have stuck to its twigs. Then, with a sudden rush and a great shout, some of the bolder spirits make an attack on Haustrapp himself, pummel him, drag him here and there, and finally bear him to the ground

seize the instrument of torture from his grasp and perform a dance of victory over their tyrant, who acknowledges himself vanquished and joins them in the sports that make a merry Christmas Eve.

CHRISTMAS AT THE HOME OF SNOW.

We are most of us fond of talking about seasonable weather, and, if we have not altogether left off expecting ice and snow in the changed English climate, look out wistfully on a Christmas morning, in the hope of that bright, clear, cold atmosphere which is the most delightful symptom of winter.

It is when we are compelled to travel, however, that we hail this seasonable aspect with delight. Even the invalid who has been ordered change of air feels braced and cheered by it, if it be not too cold; and lungs that have been feeble in the damp, sluggish chill of a low-lying country can expand in the light mountain atmosphere, and draw in renewed vigour from the effort. Those who have made the journey across the old mountain path on the Col of St. Gothard in winter know what real cold is. It is not comparable in this respect to the lustrous ice lighted lakes of



CHRISTMAS IN ALSACE.

Sweden, or the wild shrouded Russian plains, where the snow buries whole villages, and makes the country a level mound of glittering white, as vast as the sea, and the carriage itself needs the help of labourers at every post-house to dig it out of its accumulated covering of ice; but the scene at the centre of the great water-shed of Europe, where the old hospice stands to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest, 6976 feet above the sea level, is one never to be forgotten. That collection of frozen travellers at the post-house, where the wooden sledges stop and men wake from their torpor and shake themselves out of rugs and furs to look round them; the hospice, with its hot coffee, wine, sweet bread, goats' milk, cheese, and simple but abundant fare; the swift-sliding motion, alternating with bumps and stoppages to clear away the snow that has been banked up in front of the sledge, all are impressed on the memory for a lifetime. The old path, once dangerously narrow, has been much improved by the united efforts of the two cantons of Uri and Tessin; the carriage-road has long been complete on the Italian side, and the journey is made easier; but, given good health, and there is still enough of excitement and of that queer sort of pleasure that one feels in new and strange modes of locomotion, to make a short sojourn at St. Gothard, with the thermometer at 18 deg. Fahrenheit, a capital prelude to a quick return home and a round of stories at the Christmas fire.

A LAY OF THE LOWTHER ARCADE.

When I was quite a little boy—
And, mind you, I am turned thirteen—
My uncle John bought me a toy,
A Noah's Ark, in red and green.

The door was green, the roof was red,
As door and roof should always be;
I used to take it up to bed:
And one thing always puzzled me.

I dreamed the matter o'er and o'er,
I woke and put it to the proof;
No man nor beast went through the door,
But had to scramble through the roof.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah were there;
Shem, Ham, and Japhet, in round hats;
The lion, tiger, wolf, and bear,
The lamb, the ox, a pair of cats.

The elephant and tall giraffe,
The noble horse, the stag at bay,
Would sooner break themselves in half,
Than go in any other way.

There was another thing that I
Could never note without surprise—
I could not tell the reason why
Elephants matched with butterflies.

Alas! the short, revolving years
Have brought me wisdom, though I doubt
If it was worth so many tears
To find the troublous puzzle out.

Noah, Ham, and Shem were but mankind,
Who seek for truth and hope for rest,
But take a lifetime, ere they find
That their own way is not the best.

They make a door and paint it green,
Then lock it—bar it with reproof;
Hide it, and, calling it unseen,
Force everybody through the roof.

As to the elephant and fly,
The tall giraffe and bumble-bee—
I fancy that the human eye
Is not to measure but to see.

For small is great, and great is small,
According as we look at it;
And what men mean by short or tall,
One really cannot tell a bit.

For from the very meanest things
The biggest shadows often fall;
And jackdaws' plumes or angels' wings
May both seem equal on a wall.

"TO TAKE UP."

MR. EDITOR,—I put it to you, as a seasonable sort of a queary, *weather in such whether*, as everyone must know, or, at least, *may know*, as it may snow, if a poor fellow as has had the reins in his hand all day, and must go out *whether it rains or weather it don't*, and set a freezin' on the box, if you know of a reason why you shouldn't double your usual fare what it would be in usual fair rights? Wat, Sir, I should like to ask—and bare in mind the bear matter as we want settled is just this, as is no more than justice—if a man is took off his rank by a stingy file as wants him to "take up," and refuses to come down, and he's willin', but the ladies aint ready, and he aint got nothing to fall back on a bit but his bit o' backer, is he wuss than other people if he should break down half way, especially if it's on his road home, and tell the gent and the ladies, when he's too far off for 'em to take his number, as he makes 'em a present of the rest? Some says, no; some says, yes. It was a warm argument; and, if it hadn't been that windy as we couldn't come to blows for fear of losing our tiles, it could ha' been settled that way. As it is, we leave it to you; and, what's more, I've backed your opinion. JARVEY.

P.S.—Of course, a Hansom's different. He can relieve his feelin's by droppin' of a snowball through the trap a-top.

MEDAL OF THE COBLEN CLUB.—The object with which the Cobden Club was founded, in 1863, was the encouragement of the growth and diffusion of those economical and political principles with which Mr. Cobden's name is inseparably connected. A gold medal is to be given by the club annually for the best essay on a specified subject; and this year the essay will be "On the best way of developing improved political and commercial relations between Great Britain and the United States of America." The medal bears an admirable profile, in fine, bold relief, of Richard Cobden, with the years of his birth and death, 1804 and 1865; and on the reverse is the name of the club, with the date of its foundation, in a wreath of corn, encircled by the words, "Free Trade, Peace, Goodwill among Nations."

THE CHAUCER WINDOW, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—A memorial of Chaucer has been set up in Poets' Corner, immediately over his tomb. The design is intended to embody his intellectual labours and his position among his contemporaries. At the base are the Canterbury Pilgrims, showing the setting out from London and the arrival at Canterbury. The medallions above represent Chaucer receiving a commission, with others, in 1372, from King Edward III. to the Duke of Genoa, and his reception by the latter. At the top the subjects are taken from the poem entitled "The Floure and the Leafe." On the dexter side, dressed in white, are the Lady of the Leafe and attendants; on the sinister side is the Lady of the Floure, dressed in green. In the tracery above the portrait of Chaucer occupies the centre, between that of Edward III. and Philippa his wife; below them Gower, John of Gaunt; and above are Wickliffe and Strode, his contemporaries. In the borders are disposed arms. At the base of the window is the name, "Geoffrey Chaucer, died A.D. 1400," and four lines selected from the poem entitled "Balade of Gode Counsaile":—

"Flee fro the press, and dwell with soth-fastnesse,
Suffre unto thy good though it be small;

"That thee is sent receyve in buxomnesse;
The wrastling for this world asketh a fall."

This window was designed by Mr. J. G. Waller and executed by Messrs. Thomas Baillie and George Mayer. It is a brilliant piece of colour, and an interesting addition to the attractions of the Abbey. This and the Brunel window deserve the attention of students of modern stained glass. Chaucer's tomb should now be cleared of some of the disfigurements around it.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

M. Calvez, the Government candidate, has been elected deputy for the Côtes-du-Nord by 13,263 votes, against 6150 given to M. Ollivier and 795 to M. Mehanthe.

ITALY.

Two other prisoners have been condemned to death by the Papal Government for participation in the events of 1867, and it seems to be feared in Italy that the capital sentence will be carried out as in the case of Monti and Tognetti. A public meeting was accordingly held in Florence on Tuesday afternoon, and deputations afterwards presented petitions to the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies praying the Italian Government to intervene in order to save the men's lives. Ajani, one of the condemned prisoners, was a woollen manufacturer in Rome in 1867, and it was believed by the Papal Government that arms to a large amount were concealed on his premises. They accordingly sent a strong force of soldiers and police to the place. Ajani and his workmen resisted, and a violent struggle took place. Sixteen of the workmen were killed, and several others were wounded. Some of the soldiers were also wounded, and one was killed. This took place on Oct. 25, 1867, immediately after the Papal Government had proclaimed Rome in a state of siege, and it is for his share in this occurrence that Ajani has now been condemned to death. More than thirty other persons were included in the indictment.

SPAIN.

The Provisional Government of Spain has earned the reward of its vigour and clemency by the peaceful surrender of the insurgents of Cadiz. The Government had announced its intention of not precipitating the attack on the town, in order to give the revolutionists time to listen to the voice of reason and abandon their unpatriotic projects; and on Saturday morning the Commander-in-Chief at Cadiz, General Caballero de Roda, made a last appeal to the inhabitants in a proclamation, in which he called on them to lay down their arms, and promised them, in the name of the Government, that their lives should in that case be spared. A delay was granted until noon on Sunday for women and children and the peaceably-disposed citizens to leave the town. If submission was not then made the attack would be made with vigour. This proclamation appears to have brought the insurgents to a sense of their peril, and they sent a delegate, accompanied by the Consul of the United States, to General Caballero, offering to lay down their arms. The General accepted the capitulation, and entered the city on Sunday afternoon.

No new disturbance is reported from any part of Spain, and hopes are entertained of the perfect re-establishment of order. The subscription to the new loan has now reached a little over four millions and a half.

Senor Zorrilla has issued a decree which directs that every Spanish province shall support a normal school for male teachers, and, "when convenient," for governesses also.

On other pages of our Paper this week we publish Illustrations of some recent events in Madrid. One represents the signing of a petition for the abolition of slavery in the Spanish colonies; and two others depict incidents in the grand Republican demonstration which took place in the capital on the 29th ult. On this occasion there were the usual muster of banners and bands of music, the usual procession through the streets, and the usual display of oratory, the principal speakers being Senors Castelar, Figueras, &c. There were about 50,000 lookers-on present, but only 12,000 persons actually took part in the demonstration. The Provisional Government, certain that public order would not be disturbed during the meeting, did not take any measures of precaution.

PRUSSIA.

Orders have been given by the Prussian Government for the permanent completion of the fortifications of Sonderburg and Düppel.

AUSTRIA.

The Emperor of Austria has issued an order of the day to the army which commences by stating that the monarchy has need of peace. "We must therefore," it adds, "know how to maintain it. With this object, I have submitted to the two Parliaments of the empire a measure, in virtue of which all the population capable of bearing arms will be able at any given moment to add the weight of its whole strength to ensure to the monarchy the accomplishment of its high mission, and to my faithful people the protection of their dearest interests." The Emperor goes on to remark that this measure, having been adopted by both Parliaments, the two parts of the empire will equally share now in the grandeur, power, and defence of the monarchy. To the army, he continues, a new element, the landwehr, is to be added as a supplement to the common defensive forces. The Emperor hopes that the army, the navy, and the landwehr will act together like faithful companions in arms, sustained by the sentiment of equal duties, and having a right to equal honours. "Severe reverses have befallen our army," he says; "it has had to undergo painful trials; but its courage has not given way, and my confidence in its bravery has not been shaken." In conclusion, the Emperor says that, animated by the glorious memories of the past, and advancing with the time, the army must command the respect of the enemy, and protect the empire and the throne.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

A telegram from Athens, dated Saturday evening last, states that the Greek Government has refused to comply with the conditions of the Turkish ultimatum, and that a frigate has been dispatched to Constantinople to fetch away the Greek Minister there. According to telegrams from Constantinople received at Vienna, the Minister has already left, having taken his departure on Monday. The Turkish Minister, too, is reported to have quitted Athens on the same day; so that diplomatic relations would appear to be completely broken off between the two countries. The *Independence Belge* says that the Hellenic Government is preparing to meet force by force should Turkey attempt to carry out any measures of coercion in consequence of the rejection of her ultimatum. Public feeling in Athens, it adds, is much excited, and the Ministry and the throne are threatened with the popular hatred should they abandon the Cretan cause. The *Paris Etandard*, however, asserts that the great Powers continue to agree as to the steps to be taken to prevent a conflict between Greece and Turkey.

The semi-official *Provincial Correspondence* of Berlin says:—"It is somewhat surprising that when the insurrection in Crete is almost stamped out the Porte should address an ultimatum to Greece. This ultimatum allowed until the 17th inst. for Greece to reply. The great Powers have hastened to prevent an outbreak of hostilities; and Prussia, who neither exercises any right of control over Greece nor claims any special right of protection over Turkey, has nevertheless spontaneously joined the efforts to preserve peace; and in a specially earnest manner, which has been acknowledged with satisfaction by the protecting Powers, has endeavoured to cause Greece to comply with the demands of Turkey so far as they are founded on international law. It may be expected with certainty that the warnings of the Powers will be listened to both at Athens and Constantinople."

THE UNITED STATES.

The American House of Representatives passed, on Monday, by 154 votes against 6, a resolution declaring all forms of repudiation of the national indebtedness odious to the American people, whose representatives (the resolution says) will not offer to the national creditors a less amount than the Government has contracted to pay.

General Grant, in his annual report, transmitting the reports of the district department commanders, indorses General Sherman's recommendation that the management of Indian affairs should be

transferred to the War Department. General Grant thinks a further reduction of the army inexpedient, considering the Indian difficulties, and troops being still needed in the Southern States.

COSTA RICA.

Costa Rica has been imitating the parent State, and has had its little revolution, which took place in November last. There was no bloodshed; the President De Castro went out and the Vice-President came in, and business, as they say in the City, was carried on as usual during the alterations.

ANGLO-BELGIAN PRIZE FUND.

At a general meeting of the Anglo-Belgian Prize-Fund Committee, held in Captain Charles Mercier's studio, 21, Albert-gate, Hyde Park, S.W., on Monday, Feb. 21 last—Field Marshal Sir J. F. Burgoyne, Bart., in the chair—it was reported that the King of the Belgians had been pleased to accept from the Manchester Belgian Reception Committee a portrait of his Majesty, painted by Captain Charles Mercier, in commemoration of the national interchange of visits between the Belgian and the English volunteers, in 1866-7. Captain Mercier, subsequent to its presentation to his Majesty, suggested the formation of an Anglo-Belgian prize fund, and offered to give the copyright of the picture, should a committee be formed to carry out his suggestion—viz., that the picture be engraved, and the profits arising from the sale of copies be vested in trustees, who, out of the interest arising therefrom, should give an annual prize to be called the Leopold prize, the same to be competed for alternately at the Tir National, Brussels, and at Wimbledon, London. The proposal having been submitted to the King, his Majesty at once expressed his approval, and offered every facility for the engraving of the picture, and graciously promised to affix his autograph to a certain number of selected proofs. It was estimated that, after deducting expenses, the amount received, if invested at 5 per cent, would produce an annual income of £140—a sum sufficient to provide one or more prizes, as might be determined upon by the general committee. On Wednesday afternoon a meeting of the committee was held in Captain Mercier's studio for the purpose of receiving a report from the gentlemen who had been appointed the executive committee, and to distribute the prizes won by English volunteers in Brussels. Colonel Farnell, C.B., presided, in the absence of Sir J. F. Burgoyne, who was to have taken the chair, but was prevented doing so in consequence of a previous engagement. Captain Mercier stated that the Duke of Wellington had called at the studio on the previous Friday to express his regret at not being able to be present in consequence of having invited some friends to his house on the day the prizes were to be distributed; otherwise his Grace would have been much pleased in both attending the meeting and presiding. The report of the executive committee was presented by Colonel Thomson. It entered into many particulars respecting the origin and progress of the fund, and remarked upon the gratifying results that have accrued. The prizes were competed for, last September, in Brussels. They consisted of goodly sums of money and articles of value. They were distributed by Colonel Thomson. On the motion of Captain Barber, seconded by M. Van der Velde (who attended as the representative of the Belgian Government), a resolution was passed adopting the report, and ordering a copy of it to be sent to his Majesty the King of the Belgians and to each of the subscribers. It was also resolved, on the motion of the chairman, seconded by Colonel Thomson, that the thanks of the committee should be drawn up and presented to the King of the Belgians for his munificent grant of £150 towards the Anglo-Belgian Prize Fund, and for his Majesty's generous courtesy to English volunteers and their representatives. Colonel Styen then moved, and Captain Mercier seconded, "That the best thanks of volunteers are due to the executive committee of the Anglo-Belgian Prize Fund for having taken the initiative in the establishment of a fund the interest of which is to be expended annually in prizes, to be awarded to the successful shots in competition held alternately in Belgium and England, these international amenities being calculated to foster a feeling of mutual goodwill and fellowship between the volunteers and inhabitants generally of the two countries." Votes of thanks to the committee and the chairman concluded the proceedings.

AN ANTIQUE TREASURE-TROVE.

ONE of the most magnificent treasure-troves, consisting of a large number of silver vessels of splendid workmanship (three barrows full), has come to light near Hildesheim, at a depth of about 9 ft. A piece of land recently bought by the military authorities near the so-called Gaigenberg, was, by their orders, being transformed into a shooting-ground, and during the excavations connected with this process the spade of a soldier struck something which turned out to be a huge inverted silver vase, underneath which a number of other silver objects were discovered. Close to this there was next unearthed a similar vase, covering more articles of silver; and so, from one mound after another, a large collection of vessels was dug up, which had been evidently placed there for the purpose of concealment. A few things were, as usual, abstracted and disposed of in the first moments of surprise; but the Colonel of the regiment was soon on the spot to prevent further mischief. At first it was thought that the objects found belonged to the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and the name of Benvenuto Cellini rose to everybody's lips. Soon, however, an inscription found at the bottom of a vase, reading "L. MALL. BOCCI. PHIL. III." put the inquirers on the scent of a certain Florentine silversmith, Bocci, of whom some fifteenth-century writer is said to make mention. But these and similar notions were soon dispelled by Professor Wieseler, the famous archaeologist, who at once declared all these treasures to be unquestionably antique. Inscriptions, at present to the number of twenty-four, found on the objects disposed of the last shadow of a doubt. All the articles are in silver, partly gilt, the reliefs being throughout in raised work. The feet, handles, &c., are in antique fashion, wrought separately and affixed to the vessels by some tarry substance. Among the more remarkable objects in the official list are the following:—1. Remnants of a (cast) tripod, its three feet ending in claws, its ornamentation consisting of three hermetic figures of the small-bearded Bacchus. 2. A bell-shaped crater, about half a metre high, full of the most finished (chiefly erotic) ornamentations. 3-6. Four handsome cups with inscriptions, with magnificent haut-reliefs inside, representing Minerva, full figure, sitting upon a rock, with ægis and helmet, the owl and an olive crown at her sides; further, a bust of Kybele, with mural crown and tympana; a Deus Lunus, with a Phrygian star-embazoned cap, behind him a crescent; a bust of the boy Hercules strangling the two serpents, of rare artistic feeling and truth. 17-20. Three saucers, with ornamented and inscribed handles, 1 lb. 314 gr. 38-40. Three bell-shaped cups, with handles and feet. The reliefs upon these are spoken of, both as regards composition and execution, as simply perfect. The number of the figures representing the masks of Pans, Titans, satyrs, old and young, male and female, is perfectly astounding. 48. Cup, with feet and handles, on gold ground, with delicate relief in silver, thyrsus staves, fruit garlands, &c. 49-51. Six feet of vessels, with inscriptions, such as L. M. BOCCI, PH. ZVI, &c., together with a number of minor objects, fragments, &c. The mere value of this *trouvaille* at the price of old silver is estimated at far above the 3000 thalers which had been the first guess. Everything points to a concealment of this table-service in the Augustan age, but the details have yet to be ascertained. Meanwhile, the excavations are carefully carried on.

A MAN NAMED HENSHALL, at Sheffield, attempted to murder his sweetheart, a girl of eighteen, named Mary Ann Barthorpe, last Saturday night. He took her to a lonely spot not very far from his own house, and when they were about to separate, threw his arms round her neck and drew a razor across her throat. He then ran away, and has not been seen since. The girl, it is hoped, will recover. No motive for the crime is known to have existed.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN, accompanied by the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, Prince Leopold, and Princesses Luisa and Beatrice, left Windsor Castle on Thursday morning by train for Osborne.

HER MAJESTY and the Royal Prince and Princesses paid a visit to the tomb of Prince Albert in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore on Monday, which was the seventh anniversary of the death of the Prince. A religious service was performed on the occasion.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, instead of being in India at the latter end of February next, as at first proposed, will not visit that empire until the end of October next year, and he will leave there about the end of January following.

LOUIS HATHERLEY, the new Lord Chancellor, was sworn in, last Saturday, at his court in Lincoln's Inn, in the presence of Lord Justice Selwyn, the Master of the Rolls, and Vice-Chancellors Stuart, Malins, and Giffard. Sir Roundell Palmer made the motion that the administration of the oath should be recorded.

MR. MIALI, refuses to accept a pecuniary testimonial from the Bradford clerics. His friends are going, therefore, to give him a small library of historical and political books.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE ROEBUCK TESTIMONIAL FUND amount to upwards of £2500.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE, the Chief Commissioner of Police, is about to have the dignity of Baronet conferred upon him for his long public services.

THE REV. HENRY COOKE, D.D., LL.D., the famous divine of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, expired on Sunday evening, at his residence, Ormeau-road, Belfast, in his eightieth year.

THE COLLIERIES of the large works belonging to the Ruabon Coal Company have struck work for an increase of wages.

THE SPEECHES of the LATE MR. COBURN are now being prepared for publication by the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., and Mr. Thorold Rogers, and they will shortly be given to the world under the auspices of the club which bears the name of the illustrious free-trader.

SIR HENRY BULWER, we believe, is about to write the life of Lord Palmerston; a task for which he is peculiarly well qualified by his tried literary ability, his great diplomatic experience, and his special mastery of so congenial a subject.

THE SENATE of GLASGOW UNIVERSITY has conferred the degree of LL.D. on his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Right Hon. John Lubbock, Lord Justice-General and Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh; and John Campbell Sharp, B.A., Principal of the United College of St. Salvador and St. Leonards, St. Andrews, all distinguished alumni of the University of Glasgow.

MR. BRADLAUGH, on Monday, obtained a farthing damages in an action for libel, in the Court of Queen's Bench, against the proprietor of the *Reverberator*.

THE LIFE BOATS of the National Life-boat Institution have been actively employed during the late heavy gales, and have been instrumental in saving a large number of lives.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED will resume their entertainment, "Inquire Within," at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, on Dec. 23. In the temporary absence of Mr. John Parry, Mr. Frank Matthews will take his part, and a new debutante, Miss Rosa D'Erlina, will make her appearance.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN was liberated from prison in Dublin last Saturday, and on Monday he sailed for New York. At Queenstown he addressed a small mob, denouncing Cardinal Cullen and Bishop Moriarty.

AT THE ANNUAL CHRISTMAS CATTLE MARKET, on Monday, the show was not so good as it has been in former years, the great damage done to the stock by the cattle plague of 1866 not yet having been recovered.

THE LATE LORD CHANCELLOR, before going out of office, issued an order closing all the County-Court offices on Saturday, the day after Christmas Day, and on the following Monday, thus giving the officials four clear days' vacation. A movement is on foot to get the principal City houses to close on the same days.

MR. DISRAELI has nominated the Rev. Reginald Henry Barnes to the Vicarage of Hughenden, Bucks. Mr. Barnes, who is M.A. of Christ Church, Oxford, appears to have taken deacon's orders in 1854, and priest's orders in 1855. He has been a Prebendary of Exeter since 1865; and Vicar of St. Mary's Church, Torquay, since 1869.

MR. GLADSTONE has issued an address to the electors of Greenwich soliciting re-election. After referring to the resignation of the late Government, and his call to the head of affairs by Her Majesty, the Premier assures his constituents that his Administration "will certainly use every effort in office to give effect to the great measures which, out of office, its members generally have agreed in recommending to the country." It is expected that Mr. Gladstone will present himself before the electors of Greenwich for re-election on Monday next. Great preparations are being made by the Prime Minister's friends to give him a suitable reception.

A WILTSHIRE FARMER, who owns nearly 3000 acres of land in the parish of Stanton St. Bernard, in that county, was convicted at Guildhall, last Sunday, of having sent to the London market the carcasses of ten diseased sheep unfit for human food. The presiding magistrate inflicted a fine of £20 for each carcass, and 10s. costs, with the alternative of three months' imprisonment. This money, which amounted to rather more than £210, was paid.

THE FOUNDATION-STONE of the London Middle-Class Schools, which are to be erected in Cowper street, City-road, was laid on Tuesday. There is to be a central school in Finsbury, to occupy an acre of ground, and to accommodate 1000 boys. A sum of £50,000 towards the building has been subscribed by the merchants, bankers, and Corporation of London, and the payment of a guinea per quarter for each scholar will render the school self-supporting.

LORD STANLEY HAS ADDRESSED A LETTER to Mr. Rassam, wherein he speaks of that gentleman's services in Abyssinia in the highest terms, and concludes with the following still more satisfactory announcement:—"The sufferings which you all underwent have been deeply deplored by Her Majesty's Government, and as some compensation, therefore, as well as a testimony of appreciation of good service, they have resolved to present a sum of £5000 to yourself, and sums of £2000 each to Dr. Blanc and Lieutenant Frideaux."—*Full Mail Gazette*.

THE PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL OFFICERS have resolved to eliminate all reading-books from the public schools, and substitute daily newspapers for the use of the schools. By this means, they say, the rising generation will be made acquainted with "Congressional debates, state affairs, wars and their causes, accidents, floods and fires, public improvements, &c., subjects upon which the youthful mind will feed much more profitably than upon beautiful orations or pathetic fancy writing."

A GOODS-TRAIN, partially laden with paraffin oil, left London Bridge for Brighton on Sunday morning. On arriving at East Grinstead the two guards became sensible that one of the barrels had sprung a leak, and on endeavouring to ascertain the extent of the damage the oil exploded on coming in contact with the flame of a lamp, and the two men sustained some very serious injuries. One is since dead, and the other lies in the Brighton Hospital in a very precarious state.

A STONKUTTER, named Nelson, obtained a verdict against the London and North-Western Railway Company, at Manchester, last Saturday, for £750. He was employed upon some works of the company's line at Lancaster, and was seriously injured through the scaffold upon which he was at work being thrown down by some wagons that were being shunted. The person in charge of the shunting had been warned by Nelson and the men at work with him that the wagons were so loaded that their sides would strike the scaffold-works. The plaintiff had to be carried into court upon a couch, and the doctors stated that there was no probability of his ever being able to work at his trade again.

CITY OF LONDON COLLEGE.—Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Cotton last week distributed the prizes and certificates to the successful competitors at the late examinations at this college. The report of the council was not quite so satisfactory as on former occasions. At no previous period has the number of members been so small as during the past year. This the council attributed to the general depression of business, through which many young men have been thrown out of regular employment. The honorary annual subscriptions have diminished from seventy-three in 1865-6 to thirty-one in 1867-8. There is a deficit of £113 2s. 11d. on the year's working, increasing the total deficit to £143 0s. 7d. It is satisfactory to state that the examinations during the year have been very favourable. At those of the Society of Arts in April, from the 135 institutions in union with that society, 1842 candidates presented themselves in the several subjects. Of these, 57 were members of this college; and to them were awarded 25 first class, 21 second class, and 26 third class certificates. The students of this college also gained six of the 65 prizes awarded. The same marked success attended the examinations conducted by the board of honorary examiners in July. Out of forty-eight students passing through this ordeal, forty-two were successful. Mr. Alderman Cotton, in addressing the students, expressed his regret that there had been a decrease in their number. He quite agreed with the report, that it was to be attributed to the want of regular employment in the City. He trusted that this cause would be removed, and that the institution would recover its former prosperity. Through the death of Mr. Walford Greatorex they had lost an annual prize of £50. If the council would allow him, he should have great pleasure in continuing that prize. Amongst the prizes awarded were:—Scholarship—Edward Grosvenor, Associate (elected after this year's examination)—E. Grosvenor. Prizes: The Greatorex, H. M. McCrea; the Thompson, W. R. Phillips; the Lowth, G. Hill; 1st Goethe, R. T. Angles; 2nd Goethe, J. H. Ingram; Arithmetic, W. A. Hensler; Book-keeping, E. Lintott; Divinity, T. E. Skuse; Freehand Drawing, A. Cano; Greek, E. Grosvenor; Mechanical Drawing, W. Adams.

ATROCIOUS MURDER NEAR WIGAN.

ON Tuesday night a most barbarous and revolting murder was committed about three miles from the centre of the town of Wigan. The scene of the tragedy is Ackhurst Hall Farm, occupied by one Joseph Roper, and situated barely a quarter of a mile from the Gathurst station of the Manchester, Wigan, and Southport Railway. The hall, or Th' Ackhurst, as it is known in the neighbourhood, stands in a sheltered position on the northern slope of the valley of the Douglas. It is an antiquated and somewhat picturesque country house; and about 200 yards away, nearly on the crest of the hill, is a barn, one end of which has been converted into a dwelling for the farm-bailiff, William Houghton. The bailiff is a quiet, inoffensive man, related to his employer by marriage. On Tuesday evening he was the father of five intelligent children, one of whom now lies dead, while another is suffering acute pain from an attack by a ruffian, who, we regret to say, has so far succeeded in eluding the police. About half-past six on Tuesday evening Houghton left his home, according to custom, to proceed to the Gathurst station to meet Mr. Roper and receive his instructions. He met his employer, and returned with him to the hall, where he stayed a short time with his wife, who was then milking. The house at the barn was during this time left in charge of the eldest daughter, Annie, a flaxen-haired lass only twelve years of age, but to whom it was felt that the care of the household could safely be intrusted. After an absence of an hour and a quarter the couple returned home, accompanied by a man named Parkinson, an underlooker at one of Mr. Roper's collieries on the estate. When they had reached a pit which stands thirty or forty yards from the front door, Mrs. Houghton saw a short distance from the brink a white substance, which she at first thought in the twilight was a flock of ducks, but which on closer inspection proved to be the dead body of the eldest child (Annie), lying in a pool of blood, with which also her clothes were plentifully bespattered. While one stayed to raise the body, the others rushed forward to the house, the back door of which is in the gable end of the barn, and the mother called anxiously for her second daughter, Catherine. There was no reply at first, but soon the voice of the little girl, who is only nine years old, was heard from a pasture field, divided by a hedge from the path to the dwelling-house. Her frightened "Is that you, mother?" having been answered in the affirmative, she was soon in the arms of her parents, telling a fearful story to the people, who were summoned from the farm by the horror-stricken father, who had rushed thither with his hands and clothes wet with the blood of his daughter. Kate's story, told with an intelligence beyond her years, was briefly this:—A short time after the father and mother had left the place a man, rather taller than her father, and apparently a collier, appeared at the door and asked if William Houghton lived there. Her sister Annie said he did, but he was then down at the hall, and no sooner had she replied than, raising a heavy hammer, he struck her a violent blow on the forehead, but, not felling her, he pursued her round the little kitchen, striking her with the hammer as he ran, and bespattering the walls and floor with blood. She escaped by the open door, and turned to the right to make the circuit of the barn, apparently in the hope of reaching the hall; but, after following for a couple of seconds, the villain turned back, and, proceeding at once to the front of the house, intercepted the child by the pit, and with another blow of the heavy hammer must have struck her dead on the spot where she was found. Successful so far, the ruffian now returned to the house, where little Kate, who had heard her sister's screams, followed by an ominous silence, remained in great alarm. First the murderer struck her on the back of the head with the hammer, and then dealt her several blows on the shoulders; but, not able to stun her so soon as he wished, he took the little thing by the throat, and, after squeezing it tightly, he threw her over the hedge already spoken of into the pasture-field, where, bruised and terrified, she shivered in the inclement weather, not daring to move until roused by her mother's voice. An examination of the house showed that the scoundrel, after thus disposing of the children, had thrown his hammer on the dresser—for it was marked with blood—and then passed into the small parlour at the front, where he had ransacked the drawers, wrenching off a handle in his haste; but the only booty he obtained was a silver watch which had been left in a small casket, and from which the thief had detached the ribbon that served as a guard. The money kept in the house was up stairs, and evidently he had not been there, for the drawers had not been disturbed, and a couple of stout young lads who were in bed at the time were left in happy ignorance of the terrible scene which was being enacted below. An infant lying in a cradle in the kitchen was also unharmed, although it had been noticed by the bloodthirsty villain, who had threatened to kill it also. Mr. Roper, as soon as he learnt the sad facts, proceeded to the Pemberton police station, where he gave information to Superintendent Ellison, who was promptly on the spot. Mr. Hunt, surgeon, of Upholland, was also in attendance, and dressed the wounds the girl Kate had received. She gave a very straightforward account of all the events she had witnessed; and such description of the man as she could furnish was at once circulated through the whole of the district. No suspected person was apprehended during the night. On Wednesday morning, as soon as day broke, an active search was commenced for the weapon which had been described by the little girl, and at last a hammer, such as are in use at the adjacent collieries, was found in a wheat-field, about one hundred yards from the back door. A number of long hairs, believed to be those of the murdered girl, were welded by the mould to the iron, and when the weapon was shown to the girl Catherine she at once stated that it was exactly similar to that with which she and her sister were struck. Parkinson, the underlooker before referred to, recognised the hammer as one he left at his colliery smithy at half-past five the previous evening. The mother bears the bereavement well, and appears to think all the more of the children that are left; but the father suffers terribly, and has completely broken down. A reward of £50 was offered on Wednesday afternoon for the apprehension of the murderer.

SIR JOHN YOUNG, the new Governor-General of Canada, arrived at Ottawa on the 27th ult., and was received with much enthusiasm, about 3000 persons being present at the railway station to welcome him. He was sworn in on the 1st inst., and the ceremony is said to have been of a very imposing character.

THE LOSS OF THE HIBERNIA.—One of the boats of the unfortunate Hibernia has reached the coast of Donegal with three survivors of the wreck. They left the ship on Nov. 25, with a number of other boats, Davies, the second officer, being in command of theirs. On the same day two of their passengers jumped overboard. Next day another died. On the following day two women and three children died. The boat then capsized, and sixteen of those on board were drowned. The boat lay bottom up four hours, and then the three survivors managed to get into it again. After ineffectual attempts to call the attention of passing ships by signals, they succeeded in running into Mulroy Bay, on the Donegal coast.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.—The Rev. Canon Norris read a paper, on Monday evening, at the rooms of the Social Science Association, on a compulsory system of education.—Mr. R. R. Torrens, M.P., in the chair. After reviewing the state of education in this country for the last twenty years under the voluntary system, and compared with other systems on the Continent, the rev. gentleman approached the question from three points of view—firstly, that it would necessitate an entire revolution in the constitution of our schools; secondly, that it would involve a great amount of hardship on the families of our labourers; and, thirdly, that the feeling of the country not going with it, such law would be practically inoperative. Direct compulsion being out of the question, a system of indirect compulsion remained to be considered. By indirect compulsion was meant a plan of making a certain amount of schooling a condition of employment up to a certain age. It had been tried and found practicable; it has had a considerable effect in promoting education, and it is capable of indefinite improvement and extension. The Acts beginning with the Factory Act and ending with the Workshops Act, 1867, might be amended with advantage, and similar restrictions extended to the agricultural population. In this way the whole pale of our labouring population might be brought under a system of indirect compulsion which has proved practicable, does not alienate the parents, and leaves untouched the constitution of the schools. The meeting was addressed by Mr. J. A. Bremner, Mr. F. Hill, the Hon. George Brodric, the Rev. Brook Lambert, Dr. Hodgson, Mr. Edwin Pears, Mr. Lawrie, Mr. J. G. Fitch; Sir Eardley Wilmot, Bart.; and the chairman.

CROWNING THE CHRISTMAS KING.

HAIL! hail! the Christmas King!
Merry bells, your loudest ring!
Christmas comes with snowy vest,
He shall be our honoured guest;
Round his throne we vow to stand,
Heart to heart, and hand to hand,
Joy-bells make the echoes ring,
While we crown the Christmas King.

Nature, eldest Queen divine,
She his laurel-wreath shall twine;
Deck with icy gems his crown
And his white robe flowing down;
Hang the holly fresh and green,
Strung with corals, in between;
And his ode the stars shall sing,
While we crown the Christmas King.

Home shall be a palace bright,
Home the centre of delight;
By the blazing fire so red,
We will crown his ancient head.
Home! how dear, how sweet the sound!
Where the shrine of love is found;
Where the heart's best feelings cling,
While we crown the Christmas King.

Childhood, with its music loud,
Tiny ringlets in a crowd,
Bounding step and frolic glee,
Gather round the Monarch's knee!
On your heads his palm shall lie;
He will bless you passing by,
Gifts and games for you he'll bring,
While we crown the Christmas King.

Age, throned in the ingle chair,
Young at heart, the feast shall share,
Like the moss'd oak, white with rime,
Waiting for the woodman, Time.
Wrinkled hands shall be caress'd,
Silver hairs be smoothed and bless'd;
Back shall come life's vanished spring,
While we crown the Christmas King.

Mirth, with happy smiles and jests,
Royal fool, shall charm the guests;
Charity, with balms in store,
For the suffering and the poor;
Friendship, angel in our need!
Love, that heals the bruised reed!
Truth, that fears no venom'd sting,
While we crown the Christmas King.

Welcome! and God bless you all!
Break, ye chimes, from belfries tall!
Winter sun! how brief its stay!
While I sing it sinks away!
Yet each heart may be a sun,
With some sphere to shine upon,
Rays of joy around to fling,
While we crown the Christmas King.

SHELDON CHADWICK.

ALLEGED RECALL OF THE EARL OF MAYO.—We are enabled to announce, on the highest authority, that it has been determined to recall Lord Mayo from India. This important step has been taken after much deliberation on the part of the new Cabinet. During the present week Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Cardwell, and Sir Roundell Palmer have been the guests of the Marquis of Salisbury at Hatfield House, and the Marquis has been induced to place his valuable services at the disposal of the present Administration. It has been arranged that Sir John Lawrence shall continue in office for another year, and on his return he will receive a peerage. The Marquis of Salisbury will then go out and assume the important post of Viceroy.—*Western Morning News*.

A CLAIM FOR COMPENSATION, arising out of the Abercrombie catastrophe, was heard last Saturday at the Manchester Assizes. The action was brought on behalf of the three children of a merchant at Blackburn who had lost his life through the accident, and whose profits were estimated at the rate of £1200 a year. The jury returned a verdict for £4350.

THE BOARD OF ADMIRALTY.

THERE has been much speculation afloat as to the constitution of the new Board of Admiralty. It is assumed on all hands that a considerable change must be introduced into the machinery of our naval administration. The revelations of recent years, the exposure of last Session, and the unanimity of public opinion in condemning the present system have at length produced a crisis. For it has been shown—and the knowledge recently confined to a few is now beginning to be diffused among the many—that, whether we regard the matériel or the personnel of the Navy, our rulers at Whitehall are almost equally at fault. The great factories of the nation for the building and repair of ships are conducted at a lavish expenditure. There are too many of them for the work; the plant and stores in them are rotting away, in excess of any probable demand; the mode in which stores are purchased and worn-out articles sold would bring to bankruptcy any private trader; the waste of labour consequent on defective arrangements and unskilful dockyard management is prodigious; if the actual workmanship is good, it is admitted by the officers of the Admiralty to be no better than the workmanship of the private yards, and costs half as much again; and, to crown all, the designers of our ironclads are so far in arrears of the exigencies of the day that each new ship is obsolete as soon as it is launched. Nor is the personnel in a much more satisfactory state. The blunders of a generation in respect of the manning of the Navy were indeed amended in a large degree by the Board of Admiralty of which the Duke of Somerset was the chief. But the amendment was made without regard to cost. A quarter of a million yearly was added to the Estimates for the Royal Naval Reserve, the men of which are not liable to serve except in case of invasion, and of whom—in time of peace, at least—one tenth are not forthcoming for their annual drill. Another quarter of a million, irrespective of the charge for ships, was added to the former cost for the extension of the coastguard, and of this valuable force at least one third are not required for the prevention of smuggling. The number of seamen and marines have been kept near the standard of the Russian War, although, after straining every nerve and increasing beyond due proportions the strength of our foreign squadrons, active employment could not be found for more than one half of the entire strength. And of this huge reserve on full pay at least one half are non-combatants. Bluejackets cannot be extemporised, but stokers and artisans are always to be found. The problem of a naval reserve retained in peace time at a moderate cost, but available in emergency for every kind of service, still awaits solution; and it must be solved if the burden of taxation is sensibly to be lightened without any diminution of the national strength.

The exigencies of Parliamentary tactics have too long delayed a reform which the interests of the Navy have imperatively required. For what is there in the government of the Navy so difficult or intricate as to justify the failure which is confessed to have supervened? There are mercantile and manufacturing firms in the country which dispose without hitch or hindrance of business more difficult if not equally extensive. But the Navy has been the plaything of statesmen. One of the principal officers of the Admiralty declared, if we remember rightly, before a Committee of the House of Commons, that he himself in his private experience had had a succession of thirty-four different superintending Lords over his own department, not one of whom was chosen for any knowledge of the subject matter, or stayed long enough to acquire the knowledge which at the outset he did not possess. The busi-

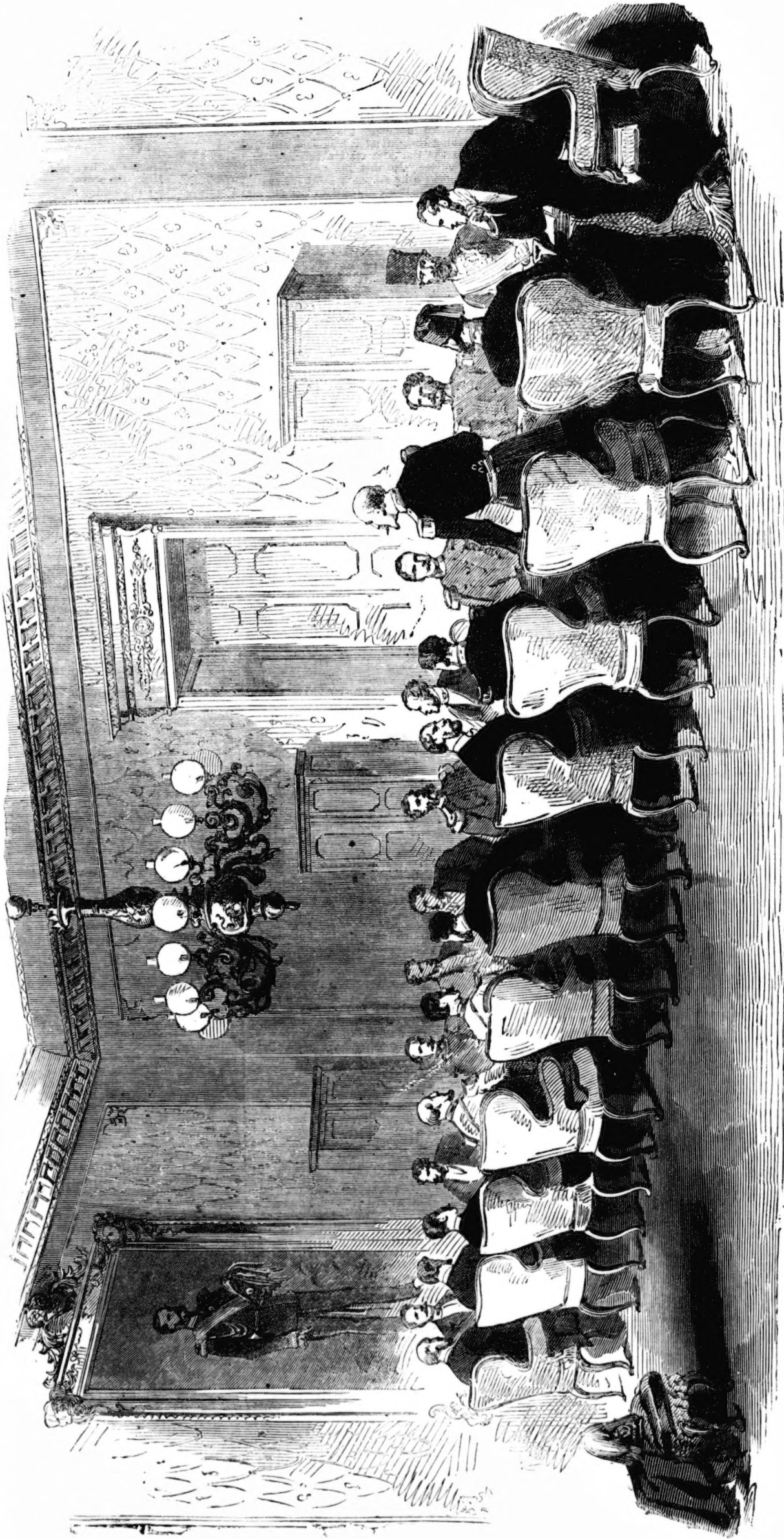
ness of the department has been nominally parcelled out among the six members of each board with a minuteness painful to contemplate. There are, we believe, three and a half Lords to manage the personnel, and two and a half to superintend the matériel; but all the work of the dockyards is really conducted by the Controller, outside the board, whose time is nominal-ly occupied by the face of making written "submissions" to his nominal superiors. And yet there are but two specialities in the business of the Navy which make it differ from the business of any other department of state. A large body of men have to be kept under discipline, and large workshops have to be maintained for the building and repair of ships; but in all other respects the Admiralty is a civil department, like the

Home or Colonial Office. The more each concern is concentrated the better will the task of supervision be performed. Skilled labour is needed in the conduct of manufacturing establishments; professional qualities are required in the discipline of a high-spirited profession. But to ensure unity of rule there should be unity in the command. The smaller the board which is to conduct the civil affairs, and the discipline, and the manufactures of the Navy, the more efficient will be the engine of administration.

The new Board of Admiralty has been designed by Mr. Childers with reference, it would seem, to the foregoing considerations. The triple nature of naval affairs appears to necessitate a board, and the problem is

been how best to reconcile the exigencies of administration with the tra-ditions and usages of Parliament and the profession. When Sir James Graham abolished the Navy Board, he raised the number of the Board of Admiralty from five to six. He intended, as he told a Committee of the House of Commons in 1861, that the Junior Lords of the Admiralty should be the eyes of the First Lord, connecting him with the several branches of the department. He did not mean them to administer; they were to be the links that connected the responsible head with the principal permanent officers of the Admiralty. Gradually they assumed administrative duties; and to this innovation he attributed the cumbrous action and many shortcomings of the Admiralty. Mr. Childers

proposes to restore the ancient number of the board, and to introduce the Controller of the Navy into it, making him the second Senior Lord. The first Senior Lord will be, as now, a naval officer of high rank, who, in conjunction with his chief and on behalf of the board, will conduct the discipline and all that relates to the personnel of the Navy. The matériel will in like manner be managed by the Controller in conjunction with his chief. The Controller will constitute the permanent element of the board, the supervision of the workshops requiring a permanent head. The first Sea Lord will continue, as now, to be the political confidant of the Minister, and will change with every change of Ministry. By these means care will be taken to prevent an *imperium in imperio* and to avoid a dual government such



SITTING OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION AT ST. PETERSBURG ON THE USE OF EXPLOSIVE MISSILES IN WAR.

as at present prevails in the Army. Two Junior Lords are to be appointed, whose duties will be twofold, to assist in the office the Senior Lords, and in Parliament to assist the chief. The Junior Sea Lord will be a Captain of the Royal Navy, and will work together with the first Sea Lord. The second Junior Lord will be a civilian, and act in unison with the Controller of the Navy. We wish Mr. Childers every success in the introduction of his reforms. He has many difficulties to contend with in the traditions of the statesmen with whom he has hitherto acted, and in the prejudices of a profession proud of its ancient renown, and somewhat tardy to recognise the changes in modern warfare. The Navy is essentially a Conservative profession. It has all the prestige of a glorious past. It contains men capable of rival-

ling the most splendid achievements of the heroes of our old sea battles. Its interests ought carefully to be consulted in any change that time may now require. But prudence and sympathy must be allied with boldness and vigour, if Mr. Childers would gather the crown of states-manship which he has the opportunity to win. He has before him a chance, which has in an equal degree been offered to no statesman during the present century, of acquiring a reputation for administrative ability. Everything has been prepared to smooth his path. His rivals, his oppo-nents, have combined to facilitate his progress. Public opinion is pre-pared for change, and will not be satisfied without it. The inheritance of other men's labours has fallen to him. He has but to enter upon it.—
Times

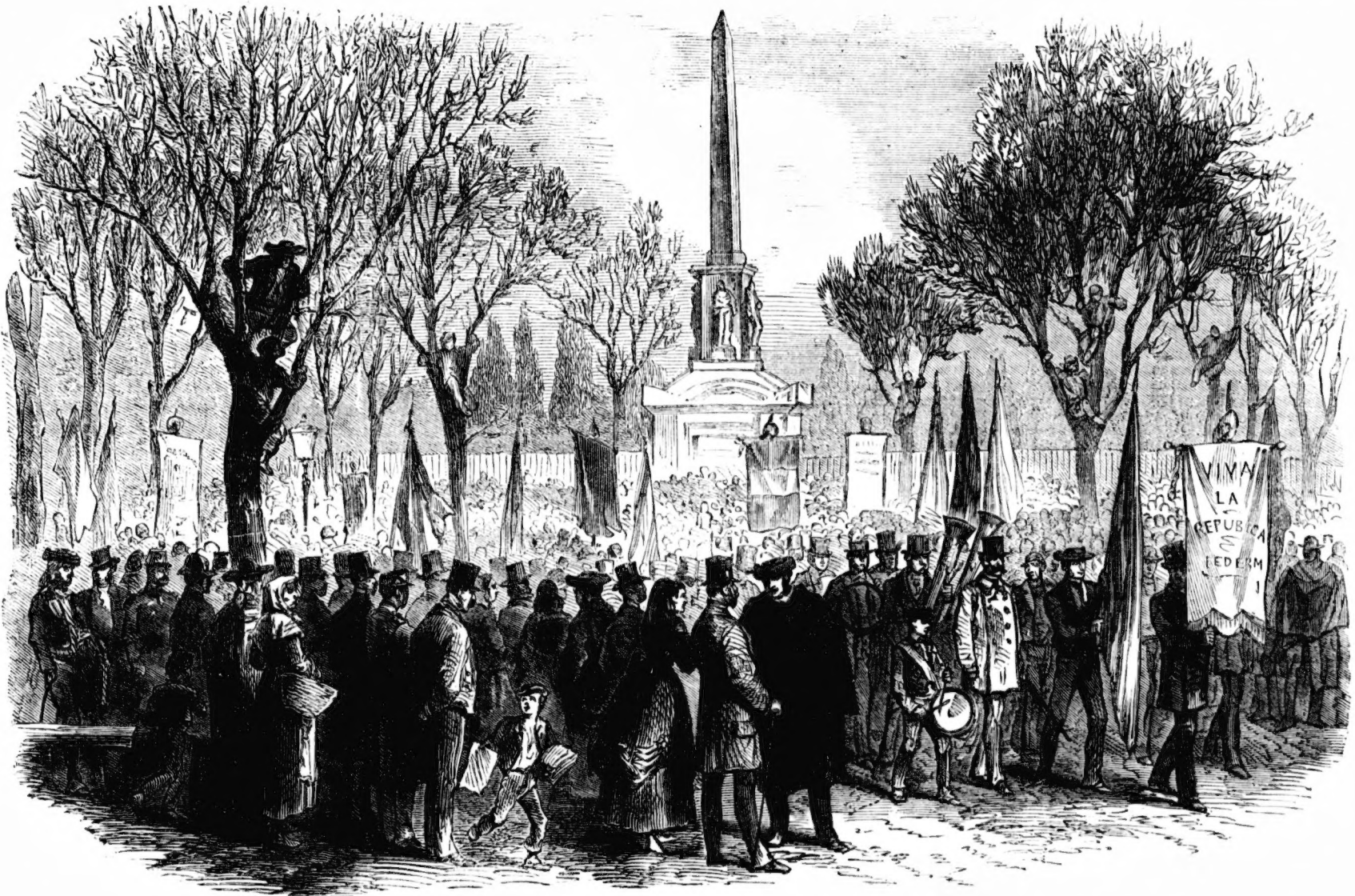
CONFERENCE AT ST. PETERSBURG ON EXPLOSIVE MISSILES

The international conference lately held at St. Petersburg to consider the subject of the use of explosive missiles in war has now terminated its sittings. All the military Powers were represented in the discussion with the exception of the American Confederation, Spain, and Greece; and it was at length agreed to prohibit the use of all explosive projectiles less than 400 grammes in weight. The conclusion therefore was not against the use of bombs, grenades, and the various projectiles of the artillery, but against those balls which are fired from portable arms and employed exclusively against individual life.

Our Engraving represents the various representatives at the time of the last conference, before the breaking up of the commission.

FLOODS IN YORKSHIRE.

The late heavy rains have caused serious floods in the north of England, which have spread over a large district of country and done considerable damage. In Yorkshire, especially, much mischief has resulted. The rivers Dearne and Calder overflowed their banks, and the thoroughfares between Wakefield and Barnsley were covered to a depth which interfered with the arrival and departure of railway passengers at the last-named town. A boy was drowned in a leak near Keighley. Dewsbury and the neigh-

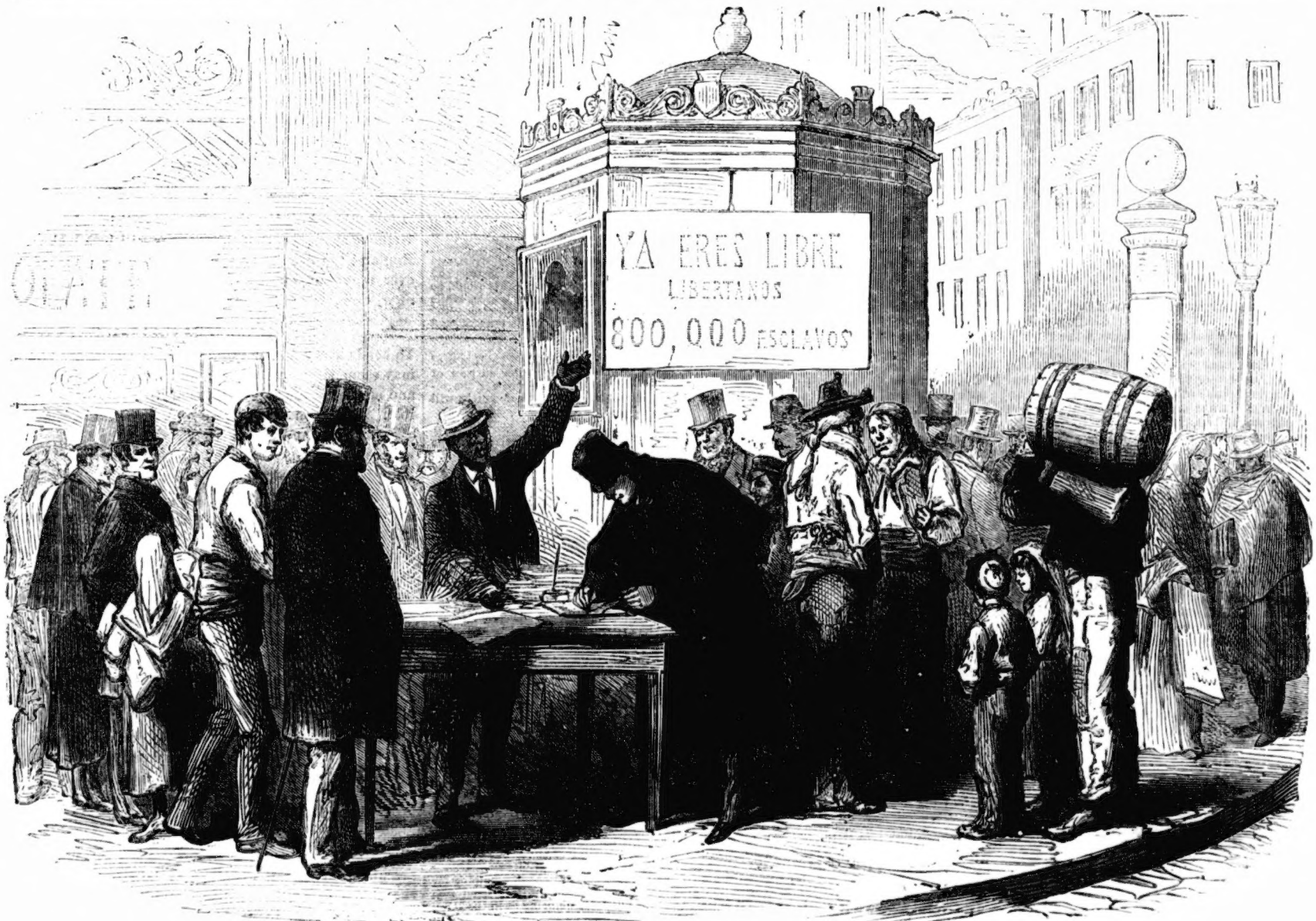


GREAT REPUBLICAN DEMONSTRATION IN MADRID ON NOV. 20: THE PROCESSION IN THE PLACE MAYZ.

bourhood, at least that part lying in the Calder Valley, was visited by an inundation greater than any that has occurred since November, 1866, when such loss of life and great destruction of property occurred. The low-lying part of the borough has suffered the most; and some of the principal shopkeepers in and about the Market-place must be heavy losers. Some of the mills on the river-side had their flues choked and fires put out by the advancing waters. New Wakefield, one of the suburbs, was flooded early in the forenoon, and then followed the Market-place, Long-caneway, Westgate-foot, Market-street-foot, and Land's-lane; and besides

this the road to Batley, at the distance of a mile from the centre of the town, was submerged to the depth of a couple of feet. The magazine belonging to the local battalion of rifle volunteers was quickly surrounded with water and partially submerged, and there is no doubt that several thousand rounds of ammunition have been spoiled. The greatest damage, apparently, has been done in the store-cellars and shops of the tradesmen in the Market-place, in the warehouses of some of the wool and shoddy brokers at Batley Carr, and in some of the riverside works, where a great quantity of raw material and half-made cloth has been wetted

with the foul water. The Lancashire and Yorkshire railway station was cut off by the flood during the whole of one afternoon and evening, and there was no communication between it and the town except to such as chose to hire cabs or other vehicles. The villages of Earlsheaton and Ossett were also cut off from the town by the flood waters, which reached to the foot of the hill leading to the former. The town was thrown into darkness by water getting into the gas company's mains through the Market-place service-pipes for stalls. No loss of life is reported, but the damage to property must amount to several thousand pounds.



SIGNING A PETITION AT MADRID FOR THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE SPANISH COLONIES.—SEE PAGE 586.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 343.

A BEARDED PARLIAMENT.

OLD Mr. Henley once prophesied that, under certain contingencies, we might expect an "ugly rush"—meaning an ugly rush of uncontrolled democracy. As we stood in the lobby of the House of Commons on the 10th inst., looking at the disorganised mob of members, new and old—most of them new, though—as they rushed, helter-skelter, up to the House of Lords, an Irishman by our side exclaimed, "Here comes old Henley's ugly rush." "What do you mean by that?" said we, thinking of Mr. Henley's meaning. "Why," said our facetious neighbour, "it is a rush of uglies, and that must be an ugly rush." We could not help laughing at this, for it chimed in with our own thought, for it had struck us at first sight that we had never seen such a mass of rough, rugged, shaggy, unkempt men together before; and, though the feeling became somewhat mitigated when we came to look more closely at them as they sat in order before us on the benches, we have not quite got rid of our first impression. Much of this apparent ugliness of the members, we suspect, is to be attributed to their hirsuteness. There are no more ugly faces here, we suspect, than would be found in any other average assembly. But, then, their countenances are so concealed by beards, moustaches, and whiskers that it takes a long time to discover what their features really are. Time was, and not long ago, when there were no beards in the House. Mr. Muntz, of Birmingham, was the first member who sported a beard; and for several years that beard was unique and the observed and wonder of all observing strangers. He died in 1857, and up to his death the House was beardless. Soon afterwards, though, beards began to crop out, and every year since they have increased in number, and this year the number is greater than ever. Indeed, we believe that now considerably more than half the members are bearded like the pard. And then these beards, as a rule, are not well kept—not clipped and trimmed like your French and Italian beards—but are left to grow as Nature wills, loose, shaggy, luxuriant, wild, like old-fashioned hedgerows such as we used to see before farmers discovered that good farming required that the hedgerows should be kept down; and this increases the difficulty of discovering the true features of the men. As we have said, when we come by close observation to penetrate these hairy veils, we shall most likely find that the new members are not really specially ugly. And here, in conclusion, let us notice that one reason why we have such an increase in the number of beards is this:—the proportion of traders and manufacturers in the new Parliament is much larger than it was in the old; and it is noticeable that this class sports the beard more extensively than the class above, which affects the regulation military style—whisker, moustache, but shaven chin. Beards are much more common in the City than they are in Pall-mall.

So much for the outward appearance of the new House. What is it really? Is it an improvement upon the last—intellectually, we mean—or is it inferior? It is too early to decide, except provisionally. But, as far as we know—and we have taken some pains to learn—there is no improvement; on the contrary, a falling-off; for, whilst we have lost several important men—men conspicuously above the level—we have not gained a single man of known and conspicuous ability. We have lost Mr. John Stuart Mill. Well, it is impossible to imagine—the most sanguine cannot hope—that any man in the unknown and untried mass of new members will be found to fill his place. All England cannot produce such another man. Then Roebuck is gone; and, all his faults notwithstanding, he is a man of no common intellectual power;—a man far above the dead level of average membership. And can we hope to discover in the unknown crowd an orator so eloquent as Horsman, or a financier so able as Laing, or a debater so keen and forcible as Milner Gibson? We have travelled over the new region, Diogenes-like, with a lantern, not, though, to discover an honest man, for we do not doubt for a moment the integrity of these new members; but to find a man of known and conspicuous intellectual power, and have found none. The region is, as far as we have searched and got to know it, a dead level, with here and there a hillock or so, it may be, but no lofty, conspicuous object towering above the plain. This, as the result of household suffrage, is rather vexing. But let us not hastily decide that it is the natural result. It may be only an accident.

TWO RETIRED MINISTERS.

And now, shall we describe the opening of Parliament at length, the election of the Speaker, the swearing-in of the members, &c.? This is hardly necessary. We have already described all this in the ILLUSTRATED TIMES three times—in 1857, in 1859, in 1866. Then other writers have done this in every variety of form. We will not weary our readers by taking them again over the same ground. We will notice only a few incidents of the opening; and, first, the appearance and speech of Sir George Grey, the proposer of the Speaker. Sir George Grey on this occasion took a position which he has never in our time occupied. For many years Sir George has always been in office, or expecting to be in office. When he was in office he sat of course on the Treasury bench; when he was out of office he sat on the front Opposition bench. This is according to rule. Ministers *in esse* sit on the front bench on the right of the Speaker; Ministers *in posse* on the front bench on the left of the Speaker. But on Thursday week Sir George spoke from the bench immediately behind the Ministerial seat. This is typical. By this, if we had not known the fact before, we should have learned that Sir George's long official career is ended. It began in 1834, when he was made Under-Secretary for the Colonies. He was then thirty-five years of age; he is now sixty-nine. For thirty-four years—very nearly thirty-five—he has been either in office or waiting for office. He always sat on one or the other of those front benches. Now, as he means never to take office again, he steps behind to make room for younger men. It has been the custom of late to sneer at Sir George. Why this should be, it is difficult to surmise. Sir George has always been a sound politician; an able, hard-working administrator; and has always borne a stainless character. Why, then, should he in his old days be pelted with sneers? We suspect that these sneers come from young men on the press who know little or nothing of our immediate past political history. We have heard Sir George Grey speak scores of times. His speaking has been several times described in these columns. His speeches are above the average speeches delivered in the House of Commons. But his speech on this occasion was, we think, the best that we ever heard him deliver. The great fault of Sir George's eloquence has always been its excessive rapidity. He raced along at such a rate that, at times, he stumbled, or appeared to do so, raising an apprehension in the minds of his hearers that he would fall. He appears to be not merely in a hurry but in a flurry. But when he was proposing the Speaker, he was most unusually calm and deliberate, and, of course, unusually impressive. Indeed, his speech on the occasion was an admirable speech, and uncommonly well delivered: the diction of it was clear and terse, the manner of the speaker calm and dignified. Mr. Walpole, who seconded the proposal, spoke after his manner—his worst manner. He tried to be more than usually dignified. He succeeded only in being more than usually pompous. Bernal Osborne once said that Mr. Walpole when speaking was like a high-stepping horse—pompous and mournful. This was a very good hit. But now, alas! the horse is broken-kneed and stumbles. Mr. Walpole did not speak from the front bench, but from the second bench from the floor below the gangway. It is probable that he, too, has given up all thought of office. He is not so old as Sir George Grey, but Sir George is the stronger man of the two.

SPEAKERS.

Though Mr. Denison is sixty-eight years of age, he has ventured to take upon himself again the onerous duties of the chair. This is a bold step. No Speaker since Onslow's days has ever held the office of Speaker at so advanced an age. How old Mr. Speaker Onslow was when he retired we know not, as Manning, in his biography of this notable man, does not tell us when he was born; but, as he was Speaker of five Parliaments and held the office

thirty-five years, and in his retiring speech pleaded his advanced age and infirmities, it is probable that he was older than sixty-eight. Lord Eversley was sixty-three when he retired; Abercrombie, sixty-three; Manners Sutton, fifty-five (he did not resign, but was defeated); Abbot, sixty; Sir John Mitford, sixty; Addington, fifty-four; but his career did not then finish. He, as Viscount Sidmouth, became a famous man—too famous, some would say. Grenville was elected when he was only thirty years old; and resigned, the same year, to take the office of Home Secretary. Wolfran Cornwall died while he was Speaker, at the age of fifty-two. Of this Speaker Wraxall writes:—"After his election he gave little satisfaction, and had recourse to the narcotic virtues of porter for enabling him to sustain his fatigue; an auxiliary which, sometimes becoming too powerful for the principal who called in its assistance, produced its inconveniences." The "Rosciad," too, notices this love of "heavy wet." It thus portrays Mr. Speaker Cornwall in his chair:—

Like sad Prometheus fastened to a rock,
In vain he looks for pity to the clock;
In vain the power of strengthening porters tries,
And nods to Bellamy for fresh supplies.

Sir Fletcher Norton retired at sixty-one, but not voluntarily, as we shall see. This gentleman made his name famous and excited a stir all over the land by delivering a very bold speech at the bar of the House of Lords, when he presented to George III., who was present in person, "a Bill for the Better Support of his Majesty's Household," &c. As we have not much to write about this week, we will give our readers this curious speech:—"By this Bill, Sir," said our Speaker, "and the respective circumstances which preceded and accompanied it, your Commons have given the fullest and clearest proof of their zeal and affection for your Majesty. For in a time of public distress, full of difficulty and danger, their constituents labouring under burdens almost too heavy to be borne, your faithful Commons postponed all other business, and with as much dispatch as the nature of the proceedings would admit, have not only granted your Majesty a large present Supply, but also a very great additional income; great beyond your Majesty's highest expense. But all this they have done in a well-grounded hope that you will apply wisely what they have granted liberally," &c. As we have said, this speech made a great stir. The King was mortally offended. The Tories shouted "Traitor! Traitor!" But Charles Fox praised the conduct of the Speaker, and the London Corporation voted him the freedom of the City, to be presented in a gold box, and had the speech recorded on their journals. But in the next Parliament injured and inflamed Majesty insisted that Sir Norton should not be Speaker, and, on a division, the subservient House rejected him by a large majority.

We have rather wandered from our point, and will try back. Mr. Denison, we said, in taking the chair again at the age of sixty-eight, was doing a bold thing. But we are bound to say that he shows, as yet, no signs of failure. He walks into the House as erect as ever, and with no faltering step; nor has his voice lost anything of its power and clearness, and there seems to be no reason why he should not be able to perform his duties as well as he has hitherto done; and certainly it is better for the House to have an experienced rather than an inexperienced Speaker to preside over the first House elected, in the main, by household suffrage.

VERBUM SAP.

On Tuesday the House of Commons met at two o'clock. And at two o'clock Mr. Speaker entered, took his seat at the table, and prayers were read, but after prayers why did he not take the chair? There was no lack of members to make a House, for there were nearly 200 present? We know not. It was to us something new. But there he sat until Black Rod was announced, then Mr. Speaker took the chair, and, at the summons of Black Rod, went to the Upper House to hear a Royal speech through her Majesty's Commissioners. And this also was something new. But, no doubt, though it was new, it was according to rule, if we did but know the rule. But here, it seems to us, is something serious. Mr. May says ("Practice of Parliament," sixth edition, page 193):—"By 29th and 30th Vict., cap. 18, any member of the House of Commons who votes as such or sits during any debate after the Speaker has been chosen, without having taken the oath, is subject for every such offence to a penalty of £500, and his seat is also vacated in the same manner as if he were dead." Now, on the motion for the issuing a writ for the city of London, a debate arose. Mr. Ayrton spoke; Mr. Goldney spoke; Mr. Ayrton replied. Was there no member present who had not been sworn? If any member is conscious of having sinned against this law, let him keep his lips shut; for, though the House might pass an act of indemnity to free him from the penalties, his seat is, *ipso facto*, vacated as if he were dead.

Imperial Parliament.

In the House of Lords, on Tuesday, after the LORD CHANCELLOR had read her Majesty's Message to both Houses, he was sworn as a Peer of the realm, on the motion of Earl Granville, and took his place on the woolsack. In the House of Commons, Mr. Ayrton moved for the new writs, and drew cheers from the House when he mentioned the names of Gladstone and Bright. A short discussion took place as to whether the House would be doing right in issuing a new writ for London in Mr. Goschen's place while a petition had been presented against his return.

Mr. Ayrton explained that the petitioners did not claim the seat, and the motion was agreed to.

Several notices of motion were then given. The House of Lords has adjourned to Tuesday, Feb. 11. The House of Commons has adjourned to Tuesday, the 25th inst., for the purpose of ordering on that day that the remaining writs should be issued for the re-election of Ministers. When that business is disposed of the Commons will adjourn to Feb. 11.

ELECTION PETITIONS.—On Wednesday the number of election petitions filed at the Common Pleas was fifty-nine, of which fifty-eight relate to boroughs, including cities. The list for counties will be made out by the end of the month. There is a second petition against the return for the city of London, "Way v. Goschen." Other new petitions are—Dover, "Elliott v. Dickson"; Southampton, "Pegler v. Russell Gurney and Hoare"; and Stafford, "Chamuel v. Meller." The petition from Southampton is presented under the second paragraph of section 6 of the Parliamentary Elections Act, alleging the payment of money after the election.

AN INDEPENDENT ELECTOR HOAXED.—A good story, and one which has the advantage of being true, is told in Shrewsbury, at the expense of a free and independent elector of this irreproachable borough. The elector in question exercised the privilege of the franchise for the first time during the recent election; and, having been induced to give one of his votes to Mr. Figgins, the Conservative candidate, he appears to have lived in the daily expectation of having conveyed to him, from some unknown and mysterious source, a substantial acknowledgment of his support. He did not make any secret of his expectation, but frequently opened his heart upon the subject to some of his fellow-workmen, and, after indulging in wild hopes of receiving £10 from "The Man in the Moon," he gradually came down to £2, a sum which happened to be urgently needed in his domestic economy, and the lack of which he daily lamented. One morning his waning hopes were suddenly revived by the receipt of a letter, couched in guarded terms, but from which he clearly gathered that the expected guerdon was at length forthcoming, and was to be obtained from a stranger who might be met that night, at eight o'clock, on St. Chad's terrace, and who was to be recognised and approached by a stated code of signals. The night proved wet and stormy; but the free and independent elector was faithful to the appointment, and, after waiting twenty minutes and getting wet through, he beheld the man whom he was to meet—a man with a carefully muffled-up face, a man who whistled to the free and independent elector, and who, when the free and independent doffed his hat, beckoned him to approach by three distinct motions of the extended forefinger of the left hand. The colloquy between the briber and the bribed was brief. Mildly reproaching Figgins, the man with the muffled-up face dropped into his hand two bright coins, which the agitated elector, hurriedly glancing at in the lamp light, recognised as the two sovereigns for which he had so long looked in vain. With a hasty promise that he was "right for next time," he followed the advice of his interlocutor, and made the best of his way home, where upon furtively taking out the price of his vote he found that the coins, though new and bright, and bearing the impress of the Mint, were not sovereigns but—farthings.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

(In all cases to be paid in advance.)

Stamped Edition, to go free by post.

Three Months, 4s. 4d.; Six Months, 8s. 8d.; Twelve Months, 17s. 4d.
Post-Office Orders to be made payable to THOMAS FOX, Strand Branch.
Four Stamps should be sent for Single Copies.
Office: 2, Catherine-street, Strand, W.C.



CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS AND THEIR USES.

CHRISTMAS has come again, or nearly so; and we are in the midst of the observances characteristic of the time. Kindly greeting of friends is one of these; and we very heartily greet our readers, most of whom are friends of old standing, though we may never have seen their faces, nor they ours. We very cordially wish them "Many happy returns of the season!" and hope to have the pleasure of so greeting them for a lengthened period, as we help to tell them some passages of the world's history from year to year. That personal duty done, it will, we are sure, be equally pleasant for our readers as ourselves to turn to broader views and a wider field of consideration.

And naturally some thoughts suggest themselves to our minds at this season, the more especially as in certain quarters, which it is unnecessary to name, a disposition has been exhibited to sneer at, if not positively to condemn, the observances ordinarily supposed to be distinctive of the Christmas season. Passing over the religious associations of the time, the expressions of good wishes usually interchanged on these occasions are, we are told, formal, hollow, insincere; and it is implied that they had much better be discontinued. Now, in the first place, though we may to some extent admit the formalism, we entirely deny the hollow and insincerity. We believe that men do mean what they say when they wish their acquaintances, or those even whom they casually meet in business or social relationship, "a merry Christmas and a happy New-Year!" This is a formal way of speaking, it is true; but all forms are not devoid of meaning; nay, under most outward forms there lie significations of value, would men observingly seek them out. There is even, if we think of it, a true religion in these Christmas greetings—a visible means of binding people together again—that is not by any means to be despised. With those whom we have wished, and who have wished us, a "Merry Christmas" we are brought into a fresh bond of brotherhood, and we are each morally bound to do nought that shall tend to frustrate the wishes we have expressed. Cynics may affect to hold this implied mutual obligation light; but we are not all cynics, thank goodness! and we do believe that an interchange of expressions of kindly feeling has more influence for good than cynics are capable of understanding.

Then Christmas books, Christmas parties, Christmas dinners, Christmas pantomimes, and Christmas numbers of magazines and newspapers are voted a bore by philosophers. But mankind are not all philosophers—we may thank goodness for that, too, perhaps—and therefore we hope there will be cakes and ale, that spices shall be hot in the mouth, and that we shall have fun and frolic, mirth and laughter, once a year, though some people affect to be over-virtuous; yea, we trust there never will be a lack in "merry England" of even some absurdity and nonsense; for, whatever may be said by persons who pretend to special gifts of wisdom,

A little nonsense now and then
Is relish'd by the wisest men.

To heads hoary and full of wise saws, Christmas pantomimes may seem silly exhibitions; and Christmas presents, holly and mistletoe, and all the rest of it, exceedingly contemptible. But even these grave and reverend seniors were not always grave and wise; they were young once; and, we will be bound for it, relished the buffooneries of Clown and Pantaloon, a Christmas "tip," and a Christmas dinner, in their time, as heartily as juveniles do now. We should never forget, in the great heap of our mature wisdom and knowledge, that everything was new to us once upon a time; and that, as the world and its containings expand before us, fresh acts of creation are, as it were, performed for the benefit of each one amongst us. And so let seniors be tolerant of the weaknesses of their younger and less-gifted brothers and sisters, joy in their simple joys, and cast not the shadow of a sneer or condemnation upon the pleasures of others, even though those pleasures gratify themselves no longer.

That Christmas brings troubles and annoyances as well as pleasures and merry-making, it would be vain to deny; but shall we therefore denounce the festive season on that account? Rather let us rejoice that, so far as "disagreeables" are concerned, it comes but once a year, and forget individual troubles in the general enjoyment. At Christmas bills fall due, and to be reminded of that little fact is never pleasant, and often inconvenient; but it is to be presumed that we have had value for our money, and why should we grumble? Then an extra tax is laid upon many of us in the shape of Christmas-boxes and the giving of presents; and we are free to confess that great abuses exist here which call loudly for reform. The system of demanding Christmas-boxes is, as a rule, an unmixed nuisance. The grocer, and the butcher, and the baker, and the draper,

and a host of other tradesmen are expected—somewhat unreasonably—to give back at Christmas a moiety of the profits they have—we will suppose legitimately—been making during the rest of the year out of the wants of their customers. This is altogether wrong, and advantages no one, for it is clear that these annual mulets must be compensated by extra charges at other seasons; and, to some extent, this is one of the Christmas customs that were more honoured in the breach than the observance. But not altogether, either; we must discriminate in this as in other matters. There are parties who minister to our daily comfort and convenience whom we have no suitable means of rewarding for innumerable small services rendered except the annual Christmas-box. Take the case of the postman, for example. How often, in the course of the year, has not he exceeded his bare duty in hunting us up to deliver a misdirected letter? How often has he not puzzled over a badly written—almost an illegible—address? How often has he not been appealed to by despairing friends in search of our abode? And how frequently has he not had to stand at the door in the cold till dilatory servants have managed to find their way to the portal to receive the missives of which he is the bearer? We cannot adequately acknowledge these services—seemingly small in themselves, yet not insignificant when we reckon the inroads they make collectively upon his leisure time and personal ease—save by a small douceur at Christmas. And who shall be the churl to begrudge it? None, we hope, of our readers.

Then there are the charitable uses of Christmas time; but we need not, we hope, enlarge on that theme, for surely no one will forget that charity, even more than enjoyment, is the proper characteristic of the season; or fail, while they indulge in pleasure themselves, to have a hand open as day for the relief of the needy and deserving. And so, once more rejoicing in the advent of the gracious and hallowed time, even if somewhat dashed occasionally with folly and annoyance, we once again wish our readers and everybody "a merry Christmas."

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THERE is afloat in society a story about her Majesty and Mr. Bright very amusing, but not accurate. I have taken some trouble to get a correct version, and have succeeded, and now present it to your readers, who, no doubt, will be pleased to get a peep into what I may call the inner life of the Court. Some days ago Mr. Gladstone called upon Mr. Bright charged with a message to him from the Queen. The message was to the effect—of course I do not pretend to give the words—that her Majesty wished to express the pleasure she felt on learning that Mr. Bright had consented to be a member of the Cabinet; and Mr. Gladstone was further instructed to say that her Majesty had felt sincere gratitude to Mr. Bright for his sympathy with her sorrows, and especially for the manner in which he had expressed his sympathy and defended her at a certain meeting at St. James's Hall. Some day or two afterwards Mr. Arthur Helps, Clerk of the Council, visited Mr. Bright to inform him that, if it would be agreeable to him, and more consonant with his convictions, not to kneel at the ceremony of kissing hands, her Majesty would, in his case, be pleased to dispense with the kneeling. Her Majesty knew that members of the Society of Friends honestly object to kneeling to anyone except the Supreme Being; and, respecting honest convictions, her Majesty would not insist upon the kneeling part of the ceremony. Mr. Bright went to Court and kissed her Majesty's hand, having no objection to do that; but did not drop on one knee, as the courtly fashion is. No doubt, as a gentleman, he accompanied the kiss with a bow. Bowing the head infracts no rule of the Friends; only bowing the knee. Well, this over, Mr. Bright left the presence, and, as he was wandering in the palace, a court official came to him with a message from the Princess Royal (Princess of Prussia). Her Royal Highness wished Mr. Bright to be presented to her. Mr. Bright, of course, went immediately; and he was received graciously. Royal Highness, *loquitur*:—"I have been reading your speeches, Mr. Bright, with great pleasure (two volumes lately published). Everybody speaks well of them." Mr. Bright, in suitable terms, expressed his pleasure, and then spoke thus: "May I be allowed to tell you your Royal Highness what I once heard an Ambassador say of you?" Her Royal Highness, with, no doubt, a suitable blush rising on her face, accompanied by laughter—for it is well known that our Princess is a merry lady—expressed a desire to hear it. "Mr. Buchanan," said Mr. Bright, "once made to me this remark, 'Wherever the Princess Royal of England goes she carries sunshine with her.' And here endeth the story, which is a true story, without paint or any other adornment; and surely, everybody will allow, a very interesting story—one in which every actor's part is performed well."

Mr. Bright is, I suppose, the first Quaker who has been to Court for many years. Not, certainly, the first; for William Penn was often at the Court of James II. But, surely, Mr. Bright is the very first member of the Society of Friends to become a Privy Councillor, a member of the Cabinet, and a right honourable. In a great speech which Mr. Bright made in the House of Commons, on June 24, 1858, on the government of India, he made use of these words:—"If I were a Minister—which the House will admit is a bold figure of speech." I well remember that the boldness of the figure was recognised by shouts of laughter. Lord Derby was Premier then; and, certainly, it was at that time violently improbable that Mr. Bright would ever be a Cabinet Minister—about as improbable as that in nine years Mr. Disraeli would propose and carry household suffrage; but household suffrage is now the law, a Parliament elected mainly by inhabitant householders is now sitting, and Mr. Bright is a Cabinet Minister. What next, and next?

Sir Sidney Waterlow, like Mohammed's coffin, hangs between heaven and earth. He is a member, and no member. He has been elected; but being, directly or indirectly, a Government contractor, he cannot take his seat. He wished to have a new writ moved on Tuesday, but could not get it done. He is confident of being returned again for Dumfriesshire; but everything in the future is proverbially uncertain, and, no doubt, the worthy Knight feels somewhat anxious. Mr. Birley, of Manchester, is in the same position. He is a member of a firm which contracts with the Government to supply it with indiarubber, and cannot, or dare not, at the hazard of heavy penalties, take his seat. Neither of these gentlemen have incurred penalties, as neither of them have sat in the House. The Act disqualifying contractors is very stringent. Not only are contractors disqualified, but all persons who derive any benefit or emolument from contracts. Loan contractors are exempt by clauses in the Act for raising loans.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Girl of the Period Almanack*, which comes from the office of *Echoes of the Clubs*, is, I think, able to do without any praise—I

Judge from the number that I have myself seen sold in the streets. It required a pen of unflagging liveliness to keep up the fun through so many pages, and the pen was found. The fun of the woodcuts stops short just on the verge of—what-do-you-call-it? I mean they are safe, you know.

The editors of the *Mask*—author, artist, and artist pure and simple—have uncovered, and in the double number just published you will see their names and likenesses. I do not think this uncovering is wise; but I confess I am surprised at finding that only two gentlemen have been concerned in the writing, some of which has been very good. I will instance a paper on coming back to town; and a parody on portions of "The Ancient Mariner," in which Mr. Dewar, of the *Royalty*, sings "Captain Crosstree is my name" till he forgets his own. Of the likenesses in the *Mask* your readers know my opinion. Mr. Sala is the portrait for this month. I don't, myself, consider the *Mask* complete without one or two of Mr. Thompson's very pretty girls. Some reviewers were pleased to be offended with the sleeping bacchante which Mr. Thompson drew in a recent number; but there is plenty of room for us all in this world.

In the Christmas number of *London Society*, the eye, glancing over a great many things with pleasure, pauses upon the names of Tom Ho d and Andrew Halliday. Robert Buchanan contributes a poem, which is only a fragment, but it is a very grim one.

In the *St. James's*, the chief attractions are the editor's story, "A Life's Assize," Mr. Hannay's "Bisset's Youth," and "Hirell." There is a parody of "Cometh up as a Flower," entitled "Cut down like Grass." It is very clever, and has besides some interest as an original story. The author's name is easily guessed. In its padding the *St. James's* is rarely very successful.

In the *Belgravia* I salute, with respect, the name of Mr. John A. Heraud, who has a paper about King Alfred. Mr. Justin McCarthy's story "My Enemy's Daughter," is, of course, continued, and with unabated power. "Charlotte's Inheritance" seems to me very good.

In the *People's Magazine* we have, as usual, serious literature, for the most part of good quality, and illustrations of a high order. In *Good Words* the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," concludes her excellent story of "The Woman's Kingdom," which I regret I have not space to defend against its critics—some of whom have most ingeniously misunderstood this author's latest and best novel.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

There is very little sympathy between Mr. Mudie's library and the stage. Novels rarely dramatise effectively, and professional novelists seldom succeed as dramatic authors. In point of fact, two of the essential requisites of a good novel—forcible word-painting and constant change of scene—are terrible barriers in the way of a genuine dramatic success. The novelist who attempts to write for the stage generally overcharges his dialogue with long soliloquies and tedious descriptions—elements which would tell effectively in a story (where they would probably take the form of editorial remarks), but which in a comedy would simply have the effect of hampering the dialogue and arresting the action of the piece. So with change of scene. A novelist usually seeks for opportunities of diversifying his venue, as much as is reasonably possible; whereas a comedy-writer of the higher class modern school ventures into treacherous waters whenever he changes his scene in the course of an act.

Mr. Yates, in his comedy, "Tame Cats," which was produced, with equivocal success, at the PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE, last Saturday, has wisely avoided the errors into which novelists are most prone to fall when they write for the stage. His dialogue is usually to the point; and his three acts tell the story, such as it is, without intermediate change of scene. So far, he has done wisely; but Mr. Yates hardly seems to have acquired the art of placing his story dramatically before the audience. This is something like the scheme of the piece—Two personages of the play enter, and they converse while a third person listens. They go off; the third person comes to the front and soliloquises. To him enters a fourth; these two converse, as the previous pair did, and a fifth listens unperceived. When the stage is clear for him, the listener comes down, and, after a soliloquy, he enters into conversation with a sixth, while a seventh, concealed in the conservatory, overhears all that takes place; and so on throughout the whole list of characters. I really believe I am not exaggerating when I say that whenever a dialogue of any importance took place in the course of the comedy, somebody, lying in ambush, overheard it all.

The leading idea on which the comedy is based is sufficiently suggestive. A good-natured gentleman is surrounded by a set of social blood-suckers, who make his house their own, and who treat his wife with contemptuous indifference. She sees easily enough through the hollowness of their pretensions, and, with the unthought assistance of a mysterious personage, whose real character is not revealed until the end of the piece, contrives to let her husband see them in their true light. The mysterious personage who busies himself throughout the piece with thwarting the schemes of the "Tame Cats" turns out at last to be an eminent thiefcatcher of a superior social order—one Captain Collars, the chief (if I understood rightly) of some Australian mounted police corps, and the uncle of the good-natured gentleman on whom the "Tame Cats" have been preying. So far, good. The idea is not exactly a new one, but it was, at all events, open to novelty of treatment. But the unfortunate and unnecessary complexity of the story, and the inartistic manner in which it is treated by Mr. Yates, together, no doubt, with the unsatisfactory manner in which a certain female character in the piece was played, excited the ire of the exceptionally critical audience that assembled to sit in judgment on it last Saturday. It remains, however, to be seen whether the average paying public (who are not half so difficult to please as those who go into a theatre for nothing) will endorse the unfavourable verdict that was passed upon the piece by the first-night audience. A good deal of judicious compression (especially in the parts of Mr. Tweedie and Mrs. Soppet) and a reduction of the unconscionable "waits" between the acts, may do something to bring about a reaction in favour of the play. There is much in the dialogue that is good—particularly in the scene between Ezra Strad (a begging-letter impostor, most artistically "made up" by Mr. Hare) and Mr. Waverham; and also in that between Mrs. Waverham and Mrs. Langley (a flirting "grass widow"), capably played by Miss Carlotta Addison and Miss Wilton. There is little novelty in the little bit of "character" with which Mrs. Langley is endowed by the author. He makes her a young lady of a poetic and generally gushing temperament, who is constantly at a loss for the very words in which she intends to convey the point of her speeches, but the exquisite delicacy with which this temporary oblivion is suggested by Miss Wilton invests this rather hackneyed character with singular freshness. Miss Carlotta Addison, who, with the face and form of a girl of seventeen, has all the aplomb and self-possession of a middle-aged actress, effectively filled up a rather sketchy outline of the neglected wife. A singular earnestness about Miss Carlotta Addison's acting seems to enchain the attention of the audience whenever she is on the stage. She is remarkably ladylike in her demeanour, and, while she gives the fullest effect to every line she has to speak, never falls into the mistake of overacting her part. At the Prince of Wales's she is likely to meet with a range of parts calculated to display her special talents. Mr. Montague plays Mr. Waverham capably, although it is quite out of his usual range of character. Mr. Hare, as the begging-letter impostor, who holds a secret which, if revealed, would, as he believes, strike a deadly blow to the fortune of the good-natured Mr. Waverham, avails himself of a capital opportunity for an artistic make-up. As a picture of utter servility combined with almost womanish spite, Mr. Hare's performance was simply perfect. I am not usually led into raptures by an ordinarily good piece of acting; but every part that this finished artist has undertaken stands forth in such favourable contrast to the conventionalities of nineteen out of twenty so-called "character-actors" that it is difficult to

overrate his importance, both as a means of chastening public taste and as an example to other and older actors who profess his special line of business. Mr. Clayton, of the New Queen's Theatre, is almost the only "eccentric-actor" who approaches Mr. Hare in the matter of careful "make-up." Mr. Bancroft plays the part of an (ostensibly) soft-headed poet, who is really a very acute sharper; but the part seemed scarcely fitted to this gentleman's unmistakable talents. The part is not a good one in itself, and in saying that it is unsuited to Mr. Bancroft I have no doubt I am simply echoing his own opinion. A Mr. Collette made his first appearance in a subordinate part, and played it nicely; but he was so hampered by the preposterous enthusiasm of foolish friends (who appeared to occupy at least two thirds of the stalls and half the private boxes) that his success was greatly imperilled more than once. Mr. Montgomery played a gentleman's valet, and, being neither in gorgeous livery nor in a chophouse waiter's pumps, looked like the real thing. The scenery is capital.

Christmas entertainments on a grand scale are in progress at the Crystal Palace, but I cannot go into details. Suffice it to say that those who visit Sydenham on this occasion will be sure to find a treat provided for them.

THE NEW AND THE LATE MINSITRY.

THE CABINET.

Mr. Gladstone,	FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.	Mr. Disraeli,	
Lord Hatherley	LORD CHANCELLOR.	Lord Cairns,	
(late Sir W. Page Wood).			
Lord De Grey and Ripon,	LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.	The Duke of Marlborough,	
Lord Kimberley,	LORD PRIVY SEAL.	The Earl of Malmesbury,	
Mr. Lowe,	CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.	Mr. Ward Hunt,	
Mr. Bruce,	SECRETARY FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT.	Mr. Hardy,	
The Earl of Clarendon,	SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.	Lord Stanley,	
Earl Granville,	SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES.	The Duke of Buckingham,	
Mr. Cardwell,	SECRETARY FOR WAR.	Sir J. Pakington,	
The Duke of Argyll,	SECRETARY FOR INDIA.	Sir S. Northcote,	
Mr. Chichester Fortescue,	SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.	Colonel Wilson-Patten,	
Mr. Childers,	FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.	Mr. Corry,	
Mr. Bright,	PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.	The Duke of Richmond,	
Lord Hartington,	POSTMASTER-GENERAL.	The Duke of Montrose,	
Mr. Goschen,	POOR-LAW BOARD.	The Earl of Devon,	
The Earl of Bessborough,	LORD STEWARD.	The Earl of Tankerville,	
Viscount Sydney,	LORD CHAMBERLAIN.	The Earl of Bradford,	
The Marquis of Ailesbury,	MASTER OF THE HORSE.	The Duke of Beaufort,	
The Duchess of Argyll,	MISTRESS OF THE ROBES.	The Duchess of Wellington,	
The Earl of Cork,	MASTER OF THE BACKBOARDS.	Lord Colville,	
Lord Castlerease,	VICE-CHAMBERLAIN.	Lord Claude Hamilton,	
Lord Otho Fitzgerald,	CONTROLLER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.	Lord Royston,	
Lord Dufferin,	CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER.	Colonel Taylor,	
Mr. Layard,	COMMISSIONER OF WORKS AND BUILDINGS.	Lord J. Manners,	
Sir Colman O'Loughlin,	JUDGE-ADVOCATE.	Mr. Mowbray,	
Mr. George Glyn,	JOINT SECRETARIES OF THE TREASURY.	Colonel Taylor,	
Mr. Ayrton,	Mr. Slater-Booth.		
Mr. Stansfeld,	THIRD LORD OF THE TREASURY.		
Mr. Adam,	LORD OF THE TREASURY.	Sir G. Montgomery,	
Mr. Lefevre,	BOARD OF TRADE.	Mr. Stephen Cave,	
Mr. A. Peel,	SECRETARY OF THE POOR-LAW BOARD.	Mr. Lowther,	
W. E. Baxter (Montrose),	SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY.	Lord H. Lennox,	
Sir Robert Collier,	ATTORNEY-GENERAL.	Sir J. B. Karslake,	
Sir John Coleridge,	SOLICITOR-GENERAL.	Sir R. Baggallay,	
Mr. Moncreiff,	LORD ADVOCATE FOR SCOTLAND.	Mr. Gordon,	
Mr. G. Young,	SOLICITOR-GENERAL.	Mr. Millar,	
Lord Northbrook,	UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR.	Lord Longford,	
Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen,	UNDER-SECRETARY FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT.	Sir James Fergusson,	
Mr. Grant Duff,	UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA.	Lord Clinton,	
Mr. Otway,	UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.	Mr. Egerton,	
Lord John Hay and the Hon. Captain Vivian have been appointed Lords of the Admiralty.			
	IRELAND.		
Earl Spencer,	LORD LIEUTENANT.	The Duke of Abercorn,	
Mr. Justice O'Hagan,	LORD CHANCELLOR.	Mr. Brewster,	
Mr. Sullivan,	ATTORNEY-GENERAL.	Dr. Ball,	
Mr. Serjeant Barry,	SOLICITOR-GENERAL.	Mr. Ormsby,	

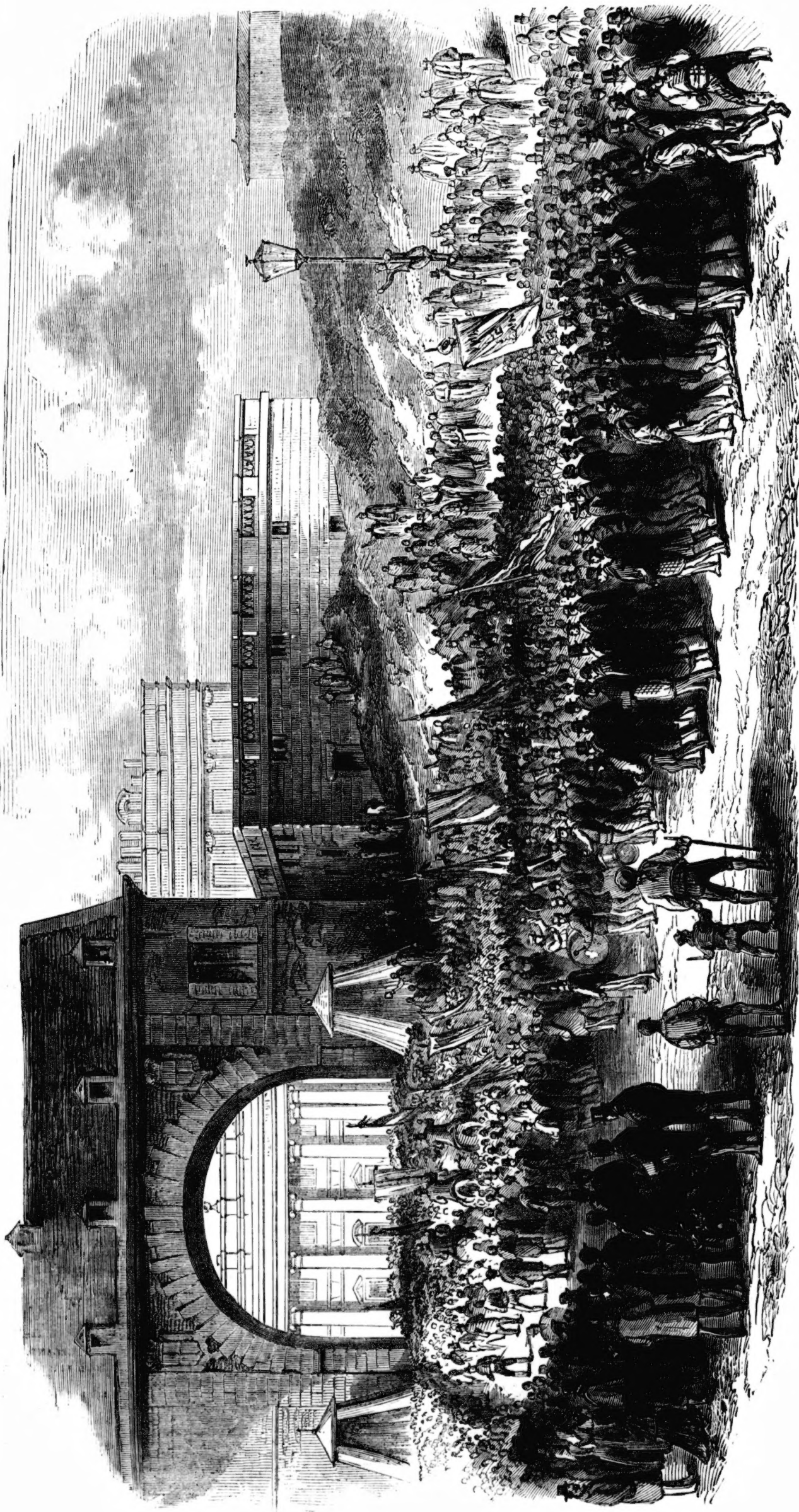
CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.—The electric wand, an elegant and simple apparatus for producing electricity without any previous preparation, is brought out by the London Stereoscopic Company. A variety of interesting experiments can be readily performed with it, affording considerable entertainment combining amusement and instruction. A shock can be given to several persons at the same time, which, whilst perfectly harmless, produces great merriment among the younger members of a family. The same company have also introduced a series of "metallic fireworks" for the fireside. They are non-explosive, perfectly harmless, and illustrate in an interesting manner the beautiful spectrum colours.—Mr. Eugene Rimmel also comes out this season with a large assortment of novelties in his special line, which we recommend intending purchasers to inspect for themselves, as no description of ours could possibly do them justice.

THE NEW CABINET.

THE chief incidents in the lives of the statesmen who have been intrusted with the administration of public affairs cannot fail to possess much interest. The particulars furnished below are gathered from Debreit's *Periplus*, "Men of the Time," and Dod's *Parliamentary Companion*. The Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, First Lord of the Treasury, is the fourth son of Sir John Gladstone, Bart., of Fasque, in the county of Kincardine, a wealthy merchant of Liverpool. He was born at Liverpool,

Dec. 29, 1809, and is therefore within a few days of completing his fifty-ninth year. He was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he obtained a double first class in 1831, graduated M.A., 1834, and received the honorary degree of D.C.L. in 1848. Mr. Gladstone was returned to the first reformed Parliament for the borough of Newark in December, 1832, and attached himself to the Conservative party, then led by Sir Robert Peel. He was appointed a Lord of the Treasury in the first Government formed by that statesman, in December, 1834; and, having held this post for a few weeks, was, in January, 1836, transferred to that of

Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and this he held until April in the same year, when Lord Melbourne returned to power. He remained in Opposition until Sir Robert Peel again came into office, in September, 1841, when he received the appointment of Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint. These offices he retained till May, 1843, when he became President of the Board of Trade, in succession to the Earl of Ripon. In February, 1845, Mr. Gladstone resigned his seat in Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet, on a question affecting the endowment of Maynooth College; but a few months afterwards, concurring with the Premier of



GREAT REPUBLICAN DEMONSTRATION IN MADRID: THE PROCESSION IN THE PLACE DE LA ARMERIA.—SEE PAGE 385.

he held until February, 1853, when the Administration resigned on the carrying of Mr. Roebuck's motion condemnatory of the manner in which the Russian War had been conducted. He continued at the Exchequer during the first few weeks of Lord Palmerston's Government, but resigned, in company with Sir James Graham and Mr. Sidney Herbert, on finding that it was not the intention of the Ministry collectively to oppose Mr. Roebuck's motion for a committee of inquiry. In the winter of 1853-4, during the term of office enjoyed by Lord Derby's second Government, Mr. Gladstone was sent on a special mission to the Ionian Islands, for the purpose of adjusting certain difficulties which had arisen in the administration of that dependency. When Lord Palmerston

returned to power in June, 1859, Mr. Gladstone, who had just voted against the no-confidence motion which drove Lord Derby from office, was offered the position which he had filled in the Aberdeen Administration—that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he continued to hold this until the Liberal Ministry was broken up, in June, 1866. At the general election of 1847 the right hon. gentleman was returned, in conjunction with the late Sir Robert Harry Inglis, for the University of Oxford, a seat which he held against all comers until July, 1865, when his avowed Liberal opinions enabled the Conservative candidate to triumph in the person of Mr. Gathorne Hardy. The Oxford University election closed on July 18, and on the same afternoon Mr. Gladstone started on his brief

but successful election campaign in South Lancashire. Two days afterwards he was elected one of the members for that great constituency. At the election which has just terminated, Mr. Gladstone enjoyed an unsolicited return for Greenwich, a borough which he will represent in the new Parliament. The new Premier, who has twice filled the office of Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, was married, in 1840, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Sir R. Glynn, Bart., of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire. His eldest son, Mr. W. H. Gladstone, sat in the last Parliament for Chester, and represents Whitby in the new House of Commons.

The Lord Chancellor, Sir William Page Wood, now Lord Haithley, is

the second son of the late Sir Matthew Wood, Bart., who for many years represented the city of London in the House of Commons. He is a brother of the late Rev. Sir John Page Wood, Bart., and of Mr. Western Wood, who from 1861 to 1863 was one of the Liberal members for the city of London. His Lordship was born in 1801, and was educated at Winchester, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he not only graduated in high honours, but also obtained a Fellowship. In 1827 he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and soon obtained a large practice in the Courts of Equity. From 1847 to 1852 he represented the city of Oxford in the Liberal interest, and from 1849 to 1851 he was Vice-Chancellor of the County Palatine of Lancaster. In the latter year he was



LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1868

THE LOST ALDERMAN.

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

How it blew! It might have been an autumn night instead of the evening of Dec. 24, the wind was keeping up such a Christmas protest against some of the abuses that were unreformed in the City. Cows, designed to make chimneys smoke eccentrically, moaned and squealed on the housetops; miniature snowstorms whirled about

in deserted City churchyards, where the funereal trees had been laden with dingy white plumes, as though a giant's child had died and the hearse-fittings had been put inside the iron railings of the church till the undertaker's men came to fetch them away; signboards (in places where they were permitted by the Metropolitan Act, or the Court of Sewers, or the Committee of the Bridge House Estates; or the Lighting, Paving, and Police; or all or any

of the dozen dignified anomalies which squabble for municipal government, permitted them to hang) creaked cheerfully or cheerlessly, according to the temper of the listener. Butchers, poulterers, and greengrocers, with lungs of leather and cheeks that would have done credit to Boreas himself, stood at their shop doors delighted to see that the roaring and flaring gas attracted a crowd of customers, who gained a sense of warmth



GOING HOME FROM A CHRISTMAS PARTY: THOROUGHLY TIRED OUT.—(DRAWN BY C. ROBINSON.)

from the brightness, and gradually edged their way into the shops to find a moment's shelter from the breeze that came at them like a knife newly sharpened directly they got hustled into some draughty corner. There was literally a roaring trade in the meat and poultry markets, especially in Leadenhall, where the faint odour of doubtful turkeys, damaged fowls, and game that had become a little too serious, was heightened by the warm steam of a speculative public; and the very dogs chained to a board at the fancier's shop at the Lime-street avenue howled back at the sound of the keen wind outside, and gasped with ineffectual aspirations after tripe and liberty.

It was in the quiet neighbourhoods and the deserted streets, the queer old nooks and by-ways of the City, however, that casual wayfarers caught it. There was no telling how to have the wind there; for it got involved somehow in so many cross-currents that, going sharply round a corner backward, in the arful expectation of having the advantage, people found themselves driven unexpectedly into dark doorways or down cellar-flaps obligingly kept open by accommodating vintners as a cheerful reminder of the obligations of the season. It was a terrible night on the bridges, where a few shivering wretches, huddled together in their rags, covered in the stone recesses. Almost as bad under the work-house walls, where rejected candidates for the casual wards wondered how long life would hold out, and, suddenly bethinking themselves that it was Christmas Eve and that a glimmer of Christian charity might light up their forlorn lives to the extent of the Samaritan twopenny, if not quite so far as the wine and oil and the responsibility for future payments, started for the main roadway and begged with quivering voices in the very teeth of parochial respectability.

Even people well wrapped in broadcloth and woollen comforters, and with patent double-sewn, fleece-lined gloves on their hands, and lamb's-wool hose, and indiarubber goloshes on their feet, felt that Boreas was coming it a little too strong; and, unless they were jovial, kindly, good tempered sort of people, made uncomfortable noises and disparaging remarks to themselves about the weather. Some of them even went so far as to complain to each other and bestow epithets on the night, and the wind, and the cold; but these were ill-regulated people, who were not afraid to speak out and had no sense of the profanity of audible comments on what did not come within their particular sphere of control.

Mr. Alderman Leatherspoon was not one of these; but he had a lively sense of its being a disagreeable night notwithstanding; and, though he was not what might be called an ill-tempered man, he could hardly control a feeling of resentment when the wind took unwarrantable liberties with him, and blew him along sideways, or jocularly threatened to have his hat, or nearly carried away the leather bag that he put between his knees while he turned up his coat-collar. The pavements were slippery, too, for the City contractors had refused to clear away the snow until the thaw set in, and Mr. de Guernsey, Chairman of the Court of Common Sewers; or Mr. Highman Nailer, Chairman of the Lord Mayor's Barge; or somebody or other among the mighty civic magnates, had no remedy till due notice had been given, by which time, in all human probability, the thaw would have done the business. The pavement was slippery, and Mr. Alderman Leatherspoon wore goloshes—indiarubber goloshes—that had a tendency to squelch over on one side; and there was something in the bag that required a certain amount of care—to wit, three quarts of real turtle, flesh and fin, callipash and callipee, forcemeat, green fat, and all complete. Now, this is not intended as the old joke which represents aldermen as great eaters; they don't as a rule, perhaps, consume above twice as much as you and I do, but they go to a good many feasts. Nobody denies that. What is more, they do know the taste of turtle; and there are many purists who profess to be contented with a neck of mutton and turnips who wouldn't object to change diet with them on such occasions. Turtle is strengthening; it is generally considered nice; at all events, many people like it. Mr. Leatherspoon had no objection to it, and, as he was a man of property, and his cook, though she had £10 a year, was not up to Ring even if she could quite equal Brymer in the fabrication of the tempting stew, he had determined to take a little home in a jar and add "real turtle" to the bill of fare at his Christmas dinner-party.

To go further, in order to avert any civic animosity that might be awakened by a misunderstanding, I will mention that Mr. Leatherspoon was not at all the sort of man who would represent the popular and vulgar idea of an alderman. He was tall and lean—absolutely lean; so lean that he was sometimes remonstrated with on the subject by brother magistrates who stood in no particular awe of him; and one of them who had been his schoolfellow declared that as a boy he was called "Lanky Leatherspoon." It was this very man who had begun to spoil the Alderman's day and his temper by a chance allusion to those old school days. To begin with, the school itself wasn't a very aristocratic one, and the brother magistrate was one of those unpleasant people who always take a delight in referring to antecedents—a horrible practice. One might as well exhumate one's great-grandfather as talk of the old times when one looked forward to eighty pounds a year as the height of human ambition, especially if one has contrived to make it eight thousand by one's "undeviating integrity, energy, and enterprise." It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Alderman Leatherspoon was deeply annoyed when Alderman Parboile gave him the compliments of the season, in the council chamber itself, with other members of the Court present, and said, "You don't look the worse for the dinner yesterday, Leatherspoon. That was different from our porridge suppers at old St. Boniface's, forty—ah! it must be five-and-forty—years ago, wasn't it? I wonder what has become of poor Walter? You never heard anything about him, I suppose?" Now there were several elements of deep annoyance in this simple speech. First, the dinner had not agreed with him very well. The hot buttered muffins which are always brought in as a kind of grace after meat at civic feasts, and eaten as olives are eaten at other banquets, had been leathery and not sufficiently steeped in their luscious accompaniment; there had been no venison, and its place was indifferently supplied by Welsh mutton and *lièvre au civette*, and—But there, these things are only mentioned as matters that might reasonably affect even arecluse. Secondly, a very annoying circumstance had transpired at this dinner, which was a little quiet wind-up banquet to celebrate the termination of the labours of a Royal Entertainment Committee. A truculent member of the Common Council had expressed his determination to inquire why fifteen costly tea services, a hundred-weight of scented soap, twenty-seven cut-glass smelling-bottles, four toilet sets, and nine silver-mounted photographic albums, had been bought for the Royal apartment on the occasion of the visit of their august guests.

This was enough, joined to a slight attack of dyspepsia, to throw any leading member of the committee off his balance; but it happened also that the allusion to "poor Walter" was remarkably ill-timed.

It was only that very morning that Mr. Alderman Leatherspoon had come across a bundle of old letters which had tumbled out of a neglected pigeon-hole while he was looking in the bureau of his dressing-room for a piece of court-plaster. He had cut himself in shaving, and, being in imminent need of a styptic, of course found that this little book devoted to black sticking-silk which occupied a corner of his dressing-case was quite empty. With a vague recollection that he had put a piece carefully away somewhere, he had gone, with only half-dried chin, to the bureau in the little ante-room, had begun to rummage its inner drawers and recesses, and, behold, a bundle of yellowish letters, tied with string that kept him there till the blood, oozing from his razor cut, had all coagulated—till his hands were numb, his face as though it had been rasped, his hair like threads of hoar frost. Oh, those letters! Where was his wild, wilful brother now? Why were the first letters neglected, the last altogether unanswered? Written as they were from a foreign port, and announcing that there were a wife and child in England. They were unanswered, and the brother who

had run away and gone to sea might have perished in the deep, or have risen to fortune, as he himself had done. He had enough to think of at the time when he had placed his foot on the third or fourth rung of fortune's ladder, and feared lest a brother's claims, or the claims of a sister-in-law and two or three nephews or nieces, might pull him down. Beside, there was his own marriage to look to. The daughter of Bootle, the great colonial broker, was not to be disgusted with family claims. Some day, perhaps, he would make inquiries, discreetly relieve any real distress, or, what would be better, if he found that his brother was alive and respectable, or dead, and his widow provided for, he might go so far as to lead the way to inviting them to dinner sometimes on a Sunday. Meanwhile—well, meanwhile, morning, noon, and night, he had something else to do. Six years passed, and he had three children of his own before he was startled by a newspaper announcement:—"The ship *Jungapore* was reported yesterday at Liverpool, with the melancholy intelligence that her commander, Captain Walter Leatherspoon, had died on the homeward passage from Bombay. It is understood that the owners, Messrs. Catchpole and Nibler, have expressed their deep sympathy with the widow and family of the late Captain Leatherspoon, who had, it is believed, effected an insurance on his life in an office whose claims to public recognition we have often advocated." And then followed a puff to an insurance association which was duly acknowledged by the insertion of the society's advertisements for six months afterwards, at a couple of guineas a week.

There was an end of his responsibility, of course; and if the family had been in any great distress they would have applied to him. Perhaps his brother had never even mentioned his name, and he had enough to do in attending to his own business; and yet, after years and years had elapsed, that bundle of letters tumbling suddenly out of the old bureau, seemed to speak to him with the voice of his dead brother lying at the bottom of the sea, and, perhaps, shrouded in a coral coffin by that time, or eaten by monsters of the deep that had, in their turn, been eaten at companies' dinners in lobster salad or the flavouring of melted butter. Alderman Leatherspoon didn't think of the latter probability; the voice sounded very distinctly to him—a fresh, bold, frank voice—that of a lad at school; but it was soft and low, as though it came from ocean depths. It did, indeed; for even aldermen are susceptible to these supernatural, or, let us say, preternatural influences.

But there was another voice sounding from the unknown. A voice hushed long ago. It was the echo of no written language. She wrote seldom, not more than once or twice before that terrible morning when a body was washed ashore on the muddy bank of the river by Long Reach. It was no fault of his, he believed, that this was the end. He had not deceived her. She knew that she was never likely to be his wife, and she had begun to drink the bitter dregs of an evil life before she laid her snares for him; but the phantom of that early sin was not fully laid. There were moments when he pictured her poor, outcast, despairing, perhaps loving him with what of womanly sentiment there was in her bruised heart, taking that awful leap into the dark from the slimy steps of the bridge, and sinking in the cold river—pictured her livid face coming up to the cold clear sky at dawn; and the inquest; and his own agony, and his fear to inquire at the place where she had once lodged, or to give any clue which might connect him with that awful tragedy. These fancies came to him in the night some times, after whitebait or salmon, fried as well as boiled. Vol a vent a la financière or more than one oyster patty for lunch would bring him a wakeful hour, when—But there, who thinks of their wakeful hours when the waiter insinuates an entrée and the still hock is poured into the ruby glass? Perhaps oyster patties had nothing to do with it, for here he was at early morning with the same unquiet recollections and morbid remorse.

These, then, were the disturbing causes of Mr. Alderman Leatherspoon's irritability: the dark shadows that fell on the man of substance now and then, and made him feel uneasy, as for a wrong unatoned and a duty utterly neglected. They had dwelt with him all that day before Christmas Eve. He had taken them to bed with him at night, and got up with them still in attendance upon him the next morning when he put on his robe to sit upon the magisterial bench. Why the very last case that he tried that morning should have brought the shadows closer to him he could not tell. The prisoner, "whose head," to use the ordinary phrase, "could scarcely be seen above the top of the dock," was a street Arab—a wretched, little, homeless boy—one of those of whom the State takes no heed until they have matriolated in crime, when it at once provides for them, and puts them to the thieves' school. He had been found "loitering about;" was suspected of being the companion of some of the worst young vagabonds in the metropolis; had obstructed an active and intelligent body of public protectors in the execution of their duty, by not making himself invisible, and by asking one of the particular representatives why he didn't hit one of his own size. He was ragged, muddy, frost-bitten, pale with the dead-white of want. Where did he live? Mostly in Banger's-alley, Clarkingwell. Where did he sleep last night? Under a cart in Spillfields Market. What did he work at? Why, not at nothing hardly. Who'd give him a job, when he hadn't got nobody to give him a character? Had he ever been in trouble for stealing? No; nor yet for nothing else; except that the police was always a chivving of him; and if they said as he ever 'thor' anything they was a lie. They wouldn't never let him be; not if even he got a job to 'old a horse or what not, they druv' him away. The usual story. What brought the shadows so near to the worthy Alderman? The police must be protected in the execution of a difficult and arduous duty. Ruffians could not be permitted to molest them. Boys had no business to be homeless and friendless. And yet, with these stock phrases on his lips, Alderman Leatherspoon discharged the prisoner with a caution. More than that, he sent a messenger after him with half-a-crown. The shadows moved swiftly to a greater distance, and he felt better; felt so well, in fact, that he called in Cornhill to order the turtle, called for it when he left his office, and dropped in to a comfortable little late dinner—quite a plain affair—with a glass of punch after it to keep the cold out, though he left in good time to catch the late train that would carry him home.

Now, if anyone can explain why he took the short cut when he had more than a quarter of an hour to spare, I confess I can't. However that may have been, he turned and twisted about in all sorts of odd nooks and corners till, on reaching a very lonely place under an archway, and sharp round by a pump, there came such a sudden gust as nearly drove him off his feet, and compelled him to turn aside under a dark porch for momentary shelter. He knew where he was well enough. He'd never been there on Sundays; but he knew that the porch was a church porch, and could almost make out the grinning face of a carved gargoyle just above. At all events, he knew it was there, and he had a pretty accurate idea even of the inside of the building. Here it was that he stopped, then, and, looking up for a moment at the dark, sombre pile, leaned against the heavy, iron-studded oaken door to pull up one of his goloshes. He would have leaned against it, that is to say, if it hadn't instantly yielded to his weight and precipitated him, head foremost, into the entry of the sacred edifice. He was more frightened than hurt, and scrambled up again in a moment; but the heavy door rebounded, and, being caught by a cross current of wind, that seemed to come straight down the aisle, clanged to with an awful sound, and seemed to double lock itself in a moment, so that he could not stir it, though he tugged and tere at the rusty handle of the lock till the perspiration streamed from his face. It was only after several minutes of this exertion that he began to consider how it was that the door had been left open and to come to the conclusion that there was somebody there who had carelessly neglected to shut it after him. He hadn't got over the first nervous sensation, however; and, even if he had, he wouldn't have liked to holla in a church. Nobody would, even if they were the most matter-of-fact in temperment and had nothing whatever to do with the Corporation of London. If he had possessed a lucifer-match it would have been better; but he could only just guess his

way, and feel along the tops of the pews, and shuffle with his feet for fear of pitching over a stray hassock; for he had all his senses about him, mind you; though it was really very awful to fancy he could just make out the monuments and marble tablets on the walls, and to hear the wind moaning in the organ-loft and rumbling outside, and rustling in ghostly whispers round the tables of the Ten Commandments. Once or twice, too, he thought he heard a sound; but it was too dark to see anything, and only when he reached the vestry door and contrived to find it was fast locked, did he venture to give a husky, fearsome kind of challenge by calling out "Hi! is there anybody here?" in a voice that sounded almost as hollow as its own echo, that came back to him about an octave lower and with an unearthly tone about it that quite scared him. Not that he was easily scared, mind you. After about a quarter of an hour's reflection, during which he began to feel uncommonly chilly, he tried to resign himself to his fate, cheered only by the determination to make an example of the miscreant who had been guilty of such gross negligence as to leave open the door of a City church on Christmas-eve. The next thing was to find a seat—a thing not very difficult to do where there were a dozen tall, high-backed cushioned pews at his disposal, and he groped his way, as well as he could judge, to the churchwarden's pew directly facing the pulpit, where he disposed the hassocks and a big Bible or two as comfortably as possible to form a pillow, and stretched himself at full length. It was no use, of course, for he was up on his elbow every five minutes, listening and watching, and even when he lay quite still his eyes were staring wide open and fixed upon that particular spot of the surrounding gloom in which he supposed the culprit to be situated.

It was only after he seemed to have been there for hours that he made another desperate sally towards the porch with the intention of trying once more to force back the lock. He had only gone a dozen steps, however, when he stumbled over something that lay in the aisle—something that he thought at first was his own bag, but it was another bag, not unlike it in size, quite empty, and lined with what felt like thick green baize. He had heard something jingle, and stooped to feel on the rush matting if anything had fallen out. His magisterial experiences enabled him to discover, even by touch, what were the cold iron implements that jingled again as he stirred them with his hand. A short steel crowbar, a couple of skeleton keys, and a long, thin painter's knife, as sure as he was a living Alderman. If these things were indications of the company whose presence he had been inviting, he was in imminent danger indeed. He left them where they lay, and crept back as best he could to the pew. What a night! The silence, deep and unbroken as it had seemed, became full of strange sounds. It was only when the clock in the tower overhead struck the hour that he could believe in the reality of the stillness that reigned everywhere, and sometimes he thought he must have missed the clock itself in the surging noise that roared and rushed through his ears. Quarter by quarter, however, he waited for the chimes, and never had they gone so slowly. He thought he must go mad, for he heard familiar voices—voices of living people, voices of people who were dead, and whom he thought he must have forgotten long ago: among them all, sometimes living, sometimes dead, those two which had seemed to sound again when he saw the packet of letters in the old bureau. Only one thing could he fix his mind upon with earnest purpose amidst all this confusion. His eyes, to which no wink of sleep would come, were directed, without a moment's intermission, to the pulpit. There was something in the idea of a pulpit that his mind could grasp; it was a kind of lighthouse to keep him from mental shipwreck. He had heard real sounds once or twice—sounds that he had scarcely thought about, believing them to be the scuffling of rats; and now he heard a scratching which, as near as he could judge, seemed to be in the pulpit itself. Goodness! what was that? A lighthouse, did he say? Was he really going crazy, or was that a red glowing spark of light just glimmering and fading—glimmering and fading up there in the dim distance, at about the level of the book cushion?

But for the subtle odour that was perceptible in the air he might have thought it an illusion, but the unmistakable scent of strong tobacco dispelled it. There was somebody smoking in the pulpit. Was it a burglar? Was it a drunken sexton or an intoxicated beadle? Human nature could bear such suspense no longer. "Hi! hullo there! I see you, you Sir," he cried in an agony of mingled terror and indignation. "Come down immediately and let me out, and I will make it worth your while. I have no valuables whatever about me," he added, prudently, "but I can reward you. I am an Alderman and a magistrate, and I came in here by accident."

"Wot," cried a thin piping voice from the spot to which he had addressed his remarks, "aint you one on 'em? Then how did you come in here, and why don't you let yourself out?" It was a boy's voice, and Mr. Leatherspoon was reassured. "The door has locked itself my—my boy," he said with an attempt to recover his magisterial manner, "and if you know how to open it I'll give you—let me see—half a crown. I came in here seeing it open, and it banged ateeo me."

"And aint there nobody with you? I thought you was one of that lot as stayed behind to see what came of it."

"What came of what?"

"Are you sure there aint nobody there beside you?"

"Not a soul."

"Well then, lookee here, Mister. Who did you say you was?"

"An Alderman and a magistrate."

"Sen' I may live, not the one I was took afore this mornin' and as let me go! you don't mean for to say that?"

"Yes, I am; but come down here, and tell me how you came in this church."

"Well, I'm blowed! But, I say, Gov'ner, you must take your oath that you won't be down upon me for nothink, as I aint done nothink; will you?"

"I'll promise that no harm shall come to you."

"That aint no go. You must swear to it; say, S' help yer goodness as you won't be down upon me nohow."

Alderman Leatherspoon had this strange oath administered to him, and intended to keep it. The boy came down. "Lookee here, Mister," he said, "what should I do arter I'd spent tuppence out o' that blessed shilling as you sent arter me? (Then the messenger kept eightpence, thought the Alderman) but go about in the markets till it was her time to come here. Law bless you, Sir! I've been often and often jest inside o' the door outside there a purpose to hear her play, and more'n once she's seed me, and laughs and gives me a penny, as it's worth more'n a penny to look at her pooty face. But to hear the origin! I'm jiggered if I wouldn't give tuppence a night, if I had it, jest to listen. Well, Sir, I gets here arter dark, a thinkin' I might jest as well try to go to sleep in that deep doorway as another; when what should I see but two coves as I've knowd by sight afore, a wheedlin' the lock o' the door. I knows their game, and waits round the corner till they was inside. Now, says I, what's the best thing to be done? To fetch a bobby? No: 'cos the first thing he'd do would be to collar me and to give them time to git away. So I ups with a tater that I happens to have about me, and I heaves it slap through that winder up there, and that skeered 'em, and out they come, like rats; an' in I goes, thinking that, as there wasn't nobody to mind the place, I'd wait till she come and tell her all about it. Becos, mind yer, she wouldn't get a poor cove into trouble."

"And who is she?"

"How should I know? She's one o' them angels as I've heerd' talk on, p'raps, and is come down from heaven to play the organ. Ah, you needn't laugh; there's worse angels than her, and plenty on 'em, I'll lay."

"My poor fellow, I wasn't laughing," said Mr. Leatherspoon, and he wasn't; he was actually—he, a magistrate, an alderman, a man of property, a member of boards and vestries—doing just the reverse. There was a sudden lump in his throat, sudden tears in his eyes. A good impulse was in him, and he followed it.

"Do you mean to say that you have no other place to sleep in than a doorway, my lad?"

"Only when it'll run to threepenn'orth, and that aint often. I've never had no reglar sleeping-place since mother died."

"And what was your mother?"

"Oh! she sold 'creases, mother did."

"What was her name; do you remember?"

"Well I don't, not exackly, cos, lookee here, she wouldn't be called by it, becoss father, don't you see—mind you've swore a oath not to be down upon me—father fell down and percussioned himself with taking of lead off a roof, and mother didn't believe what she'd been told as her real name was Leatherspoon, through her mother a making away with herself."

"Stop, boy, stop; you are;—what did you say; who made away with herself?"

"Why, my mother's mother, when she was only a little kid, Lor' bless you, old Missis Martin as kep' the cat's-meat shop, she knowed mother's mother, and she said as her name was Leatherspoon, which I aint got no name particular, and I'd as soon have that as any other, not as I ever see one. I've only met with 'em in iron, and pewter, and silver, in the shop-windows; and here's a wooden one, as I picked up where some boys had been a spinnin' of their tops."

"Did I say that the Alderman had a sudden good impulse and followed it? He had two, and followed both. 'And have you only had as much dinner as you have bought for twopence since the morning?' he said, looking at the boy by the faint light of the early dawn, just sending a few pale rays through the high windows of the church."

"And a werry good one, too. Two baked taters and a save-lawyer, as is both warmin' and fillin'. Wot's the odds?"

"What's your Christian name?"

"Dick—leastways Richard."

"Well, then, Richard, would you like a little turtle-soup?"

"Stow that, yer know, Guv'ner; don't chaff a poor cove."

"Not a bit of it. Look here, Richard, here's a jar. You see, I take off the brown paper, I take off the bladder, I take your wooden spoon, I dig out a lump of jelly, you open your mouth, I put the lump of jelly into it. Now, how do you like it?"

"Oh my eye, Guv'ner! Aint that prime, eh? I'm blowed! Why, if it was only warmed it 'ud be better than leg o' beef! I don't know as it wouldn't be a most as nice as alleymode."

Alderman Leatherspoon laughed—he did, indeed—laughed as he dug out another spoonful of turtle; and yet a tear came into his eye. It was a rather hysterical laugh, after all. "You shall never want a meal again if I can help it and if you will be a good lad, Richard Lea—Lea—Leatherspoon," he said, presently, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder and looking up at the pulpit as though there was an invisible witness somewhere in that direction.

Just then there came a burst of music that almost took him off his feet and made him gasp. Was that a mortal organ and a mortal player? Yes, both; and there she was, her bright face looking over the front of the gallery, for the Alderman had given an exclamation of surprise when he heard the organ peal. He gave another when he saw that fresh face, those dark beaming eyes, that freely curling brown hair. "Walter! my dear brother, Walter!" he faltered.

"What do you want here, Sir?" cried the young lady. "Oh, it's you, is it, Dick? What is it you're doing here so early, and what's that you have in your hand?" for Dick had picked up the crowbar and the keys.

"Oh! these," said the Alderman, taking them from him. "Might I ask you to come down a moment, my de—I mean, Madame. And, first, may I inquire your name?"

"Certainly; Annie Leatherspoon. I am organist here, and my mother and sister keep a school only two streets off. I do hope that poor boy hasn't been getting himself into trouble; if he has, let me plead for him."

"Come down here, my dear, and let me plead for myself. If I can once get out of this church, I'll—"

The door was opened from the outside, amidst a tumult of voices from a knot of people—among them the churchwardens, two members of the common council, who had no country houses, but lived over their shops in the City. There were the clergyman, too, and the beadle, and a couple of policemen; and there, at the back of the crowd, was a young fellow—no other than the Alderman's eldest son, who was eagerly inquiring about something. On they came, into the church; and it was evident that they had come to decorate it, for a truck-load of holly stood in the roadway. When they reached the aisle, they stood like men in a dream, and not without reason. To see a magistrate—a civic dignitary—who had been reported missing from home all night, in the midst of a church, with implements of burglary in his hands, and in company with a disreputable lad and a prepossessing young lady.

"I haven't a word to say now," said Mr. Leatherspoon. "Will you gentlemen do me the favour to dine with me this day week. Charley, my boy, I see you've come to look after me; I hope your poor mother isn't frightened to death. Just give this young lady your arm. You shall come back in time for morning service, my dear; and I'll wait and take you, and your mother and sister home with me. Dick—Richard—you'll just keep with me till I find a cab, and then you can ride outside on the box. Look here."

He stopped before a large bill, that had been printed in a hurry by a friendly compositor, though it was Christmas morning:—

"Missing, Mr. Alderman Leatherspoon."

"Ah! my dears," said he, sobbing into the leather bag, to which the turtle soup had been restored, and pretending to smell it; "I have been missing for a very long time indeed, and I sincerely hope that I've lost myself at last and found something better."

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

CHAPTER I.

A CONFIDENCE.

A TALL, fair girl had been standing for half an hour at the window, in one of the quiet, old-fashioned streets on the northern side of Oxford-street, her deep blue eyes chiefly fixed in one direction.

A sound of wheels at last; and, as a carriage drew up at the door, Caroline Peyton's face disappeared from the window, and she hurried into the hall to meet her cousin.

The new comer was a very pretty girl of eighteen, with the exquisite milk-white skin and delicate colour one only sees in conjunction with rich auburn hair; her eyes were bright, lustrous hazel, not so full of loving gladness as those of her expectant cousin; but then her attention was absorbed for the moment in care for her pretty muslin dress as she stepped out of the carriage.

As soon as she was fairly in the hall she threw her arms round Caroline and kissed her.

"Oh, you darling old Caro! how glad I am to see you! But shan't we go up to my room at once? You can't think how much I have to tell you."

Caroline led the way to a pretty bed-room next her room. She did not express her joy at seeing Nelly, though she had watched so eagerly for her coming; only her eyes were liquid with happiness. Nelly tossed her bonnet and cloak carelessly on the bed.

"There, never mind, Caro, dear," as her cousin prevented the bonnet from rolling on the floor; "don't be a fidget, dear. I don't care how soon I spoil that bonnet; he doesn't like it."

"Which he is it?" Caroline smiled mischievously. "There have been so many he's in your last letters—a Captain Pearson and his nephew, and a Mr. Gatty and—"

"Oh, my darling Caro, don't for pity's sake! I can't think how I ever could write or care about such people; but you know, dear, what a poor, weak, excitable creature I am. Heigho! I feel quite a hypocrite when I think how good he thinks me. Oh, dear me! I wonder how long it will be before I get asked to Bath again!"

She threw her arms round Caroline's neck and covered her cheek with kisses.

"Don't think, you dear, steady old thing, I'm not glad to come to you, because I am. You are so good, Caro, you know; and you will help me with this, won't you?"

"How can I help in what I know nothing about?"

"Nonsense! You do know about it," said Nelly, pettishly. "What did I tell you about my liking Oxford men, and about a picnic, and driving home by moonlight, and—oh, Caro! you must have understood."

Here Nelly blushed till she looked distractingly charming. She seated herself on her cousin's little sofa and drew her down beside her.

"Now, sit quiet, like a sweet angel, and I'll tell you how it all happened."

Caroline listened patiently, as she had listened at least twenty times before, to her cousin's confidences; but to-day her interest was fairly roused. It seemed as if the vain, volatile Nelly had at last given her affections worthily, and that they were returned.

"Is there any engagement between you and Mr. Ainsworth?" she asked, as soon as the story was ended.

Nelly hesitated.

"Well, no, not exactly. You know, dear, he has no prospects at present, and he is far too honourable to bind me indefinitely. He is expecting to be called to the Bar. Oh, dear! how I want to see him again!"

Caroline sighed. "Yes, I can quite understand that you long to be near him, Nelly."

"You poor dear Caro! what a selfish thing I am, talking all about myself, and never asking about Tom Hutton; but you know what a deep interest I take in him, dear! Where is he now?"

"In China," Caroline answered briefly, for she saw that Nelly had more to say.

"You said just now"—she blushed as she went on—"is there any engagement between us? I'll just tell you what passed. I don't know if I may call this an engagement. Yesterday—our last day together—his sisters were riding, and we were walking about the field, watching them; and, somehow, he began to talk about marriage. He said it was impossible for a man to marry nowadays, unless he was rich. Girls were brought up so expensively that they always married for money. I suppose I looked vexed, for he asked quickly, 'Don't they?'"

"I felt hurt and surprised; and I said, 'I think you are very unjust to women;' and then I went on and said how delightful it must be to bear hardships, and all that sort of thing, you know, with one's husband. Well, Caro, he stood quite silent, and then he took my hand, and said, 'You would, indeed, make a true poor man's wife!' And, oh, Caro, dear! he pressed my hand as he said it. I could not mistake what he meant. I did not look up, but I felt his eyes bent on me. Should you call that an engagement, now?"

"No. And if you hear nothing more of this Mr. Ainsworth till you go to Bath again, you had better forget him, Nelly. Perhaps he was only flirting."

CHAPTER II.

AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

It was an August fête at the Horticultural Gardens. The weather was exceedingly fine; the bands were all that could be desired; the whole scene looked a miniature fairyland, with its gay inland parterres and still more gaily-dressed visitors, their dresses displayed to advantage as they mounted and descended the numerous terraces in front of the conservatory.

The flower show itself was a marvel of beauty; so thronged with fair gazers that it was almost impossible to approach the stages on which the plants and flowers were arranged.

A fashionably-dressed woman, who had been pressing eagerly forward to see the flowers, turned to the young lady beside her.

"Nelly, I feel quite faint with the heat; have you not seen enough, child?"

"Oh, yes, mamma! They are very beautiful," Nelly spoke as if she were in a dream. She had kept just a little behind her mother, and had been much more attentive in listening to her companion, a tall, good-looking man, than in examining the flowers.

"You had better take my arm, Mrs. West," he said to Nelly's mother; and he drew her out of the crowd.

They went up the staircase leading to the upper terrace; but Mrs. West was so tired that she begged to sit down.

"But don't let me keep you here," she said, smiling. "I know you will take care of Nelly, Mr. Ainsworth."

The young pair strolled away, as happy—happier, perhaps—than any others in the gardens. There was not much talk between them, but their eyes were full of language.

Mrs. West was not left long in solitude. First one acquaintance and then another strolled up and chatted with her; among them came her brother, Captain Peyton.

"Who is that young fellow with Nelly?" he said when he found himself alone with his sister.

"Mr. Charles Ainsworth. He is one of the Sedley Ainsworths. Do you know the family?"

"Not I," said gruff Captain Peyton; "I don't care a straw for family. I like prospects. What is he?"

Mrs. West bridled. Her brother was so insufferably outspoken. "Well, at present, I believe he is a briefless barrister; but his connections are quite first rate, you know; quite. Why, on the mother's side, he is a sort of second cousin to Lord St. Onse. Nelly met him at Bath this spring, and he called when he came to town, and we find him a very pleasant acquaintance—nothing more, you know."

"Nothing more, eh?" laughed Captain Peyton. "Well, good-by, Eleanor. I must say the young fellow and Nelly seem to find their acquaintance very pleasant." Then, as he walked away, he said to himself, "Only acquaintances, eh—fudge! You know very well, Mrs. West, if you didn't think this Mr. Ainsworth a catch for Nelly, you'd never let her walk about with him here."

Caroline was not at the fête, but she was to dine with the Wests in Wilton-crescent in the evening.

When she got there she found Nelly in low spirits.

"Why, Nelly," she said, in surprise, "I expected to find you happier than ever. Was not Charles Ainsworth at the gardens?"

"Oh, yes; and as far as he is concerned I ought to be very happy. He made me understand quite plainly to-day that he is only waiting to be a little richer, and then he'll speak to papa."

"What is the matter, then?"

"Well, almost ever since we came home mamma has been shut up in her dressing-room with papa. Just now she called me in, and asked me if Charles had said anything decided—it is such an absurd word. I understand him, and he loves me desperately; I know he does, and you know how I care for him. Well, of course, I told mamma all this, and she kept on listening and saying, 'Well?' after I had finished, you know, dear, in a sort of questioning, cold way, till I felt so foolish I didn't know what to do, just as if I was keeping something from her; and then she said, 'Is that all you have to tell me, Nelly? Well, my dear; I hope you don't care about this Mr. Ainsworth; for it seems to me he is a thorough flirt, and is only trifling with you;' and then, oh! Caro (poor Nelly burst into tears) she said she could not think of asking him here again, and that I must not have anything more to say to him. Oh! it is so unjust to call him pushing and presumptuous for walking about with us to-day. I can't bear it, Caro; and I won't. Only think how they have courted him, asking him to the house and to go with us to the Opera. Sometimes—although, of course, it was such joy to see him—I've felt ashamed of the way in which mamma has singled him out from others. It is shameful! No, Caro, I won't stop till I've told you everything. Why, even to-day, at the gardens, mamma grew tired of waiting for uncle; and when she saw Charles in the distance, she said, 'Bow, Nelly; and

then Mr. Ainsworth will come to us! Oh! it is shameful cruelty.' She threw herself on her bed, sobbing."

"I know it must be very hard to bear, dear Nelly; but I don't think it makes it easier to blame uncle and aunt. Now listen, dearest! Do you really and truly believe that Charles Ainsworth loves you and that he means to make you his wife?"

Nelly sat upon her bed, and pushed the heavy masses of loosened hair away from her eyes. She looked like a lovely, fretful child.

"Caro, how can you ask such a silly question? Do you think I have been talking nonsense all this time? Of course I believe him; and if he were to deceive me I could never believe in the truth of anyone."

"Very well; then I do not think you need grieve so very much."

"Why?" Nelly sprang off the bed, and wiped her eyes, cheerfully. "She had immense faith in Caro's wisdom."

"I think (Caroline's fair face flushed, and her blue eyes drooped, for what she had to say was almost like self-praise), Nelly dear, I cannot help thinking, that all depends on yourself."

"Why on me?" Nelly looked inquisitive.

"Well, it seems to me that, if you are both in earnest, and are determined to keep true to each other, till he feels himself in a position to come forward and speak to your father, it is only a question of separation for two or three years. After all, Nelly, what is it you are called on to bear? a mere trifle, compared to the trials of some people. Don't think I am preaching, dearest." She bent down and kissed the pretty, flushed face, and then she went on, smiling, "Perhaps this trial may make you a better wife afterwards; and if you are cheerful and obedient under it—for I don't think you ought to write or see each other, Nelly—depend upon it, uncle and aunt will give way after a bit; why, think of papa's kindness to me."

"Ah! but then I'm not as calm-natured as you are, dear. Why, you have not seen Tom Hutton for three years, and you are not regularly engaged either. Only fancy, I envy you your patience, Caro."

Caroline did not look calm as she answered, eagerly, "What is his patience, then? Papa told my mother yesterday that he considered Tom deserved a girl's love; he has been hearing about his hard work lately from a friend, who has just come from China—it seems selfish to tell you to-day, you poor dear Nelly; but still it may give you hope. My mother says as soon as Tom comes back to England he is to be asked to the house. She came into my room last night to tell me, Oh yes; you have only to keep patient, Nelly, and all will come right with you and Charles Ainsworth."

Nelly was crying again vehemently.

"I congratulate you, heartily, dear," she said, through her sobs; "but you need not fear my constancy, Caro."

CHAPTER III.

NEWS.

"Nelly engaged to anyone but Charles Ainsworth! Oh! mother, there must be some mistake."

"It is quite true, my dear child."

"But," exclaimed the astonished Caroline, shifting her ground, "this Mr. Oldershaw must be double her age. Why, when we were little girls he was quite grown up. Such an ugly, cross man. I used to think him like an ogre. Oh! mother, was it because you knew about this that you have kept me away from Nelly ever since the flower show?"

"It is only a week since you dined in Wilton-crescent," her mother said, quietly. "The day after the fête your father told me that your Uncle West had been much surprised at meeting an old friend, that Mr. Oldershaw who used to be so much with them when they lived at Richmond. It seems he has been out of England for years; but he is in very good circumstances now, a banker in the north of England. Your uncle told your father that Oldershaw had come up to town to look for a wife, and he said, 'Don't be affronted, but keep Caroline away from Wilton-crescent for a week or two.'"

"Oh! mother, how cruel! Do you think Nelly has been forced into it?"

Mrs. Peyton looked in her daughter's truthful, earnest eyes, and sighed.

"I wish I could say I thought so, Caro; but you must try and remember that you have no right to give advice to or interfere with your cousin. Your father desires that you will write and congratulate her. Mr. Oldershaw is very rich, you know." Then she went on, in a different voice, for Caroline looked heartbroken.

"My dear child, I am very sorry for you; but, whatever confidences Nelly may in future repose in you, remember that you must not try now to make her dislike Mr. Oldershaw."

"Oh, mother, mother! it is dreadful!" and Caroline covered her face with her hands.

She could not realise the truth of her mother's words. Only one week since the Kensington flower show—since those fond words and looks on the terraced walk, which Nelly had repeated over and over again to her cousin during the evening that followed! since Nelly had vowed she could never love any one but Charles Ainsworth—since she told her not to fear for her constancy! And Caroline felt sure, from the little she had seen of him, that Mr. Oldershaw truly loved her cousin, and had implicit faith and trust in her. Just one week ago; and now Nelly was the promised wife of James Oldershaw, the rich banker!

Caro wrote a letter of congratulation, in obedience to her father's wishes; but she knew the sentences were cold and stiff, and when next the cousins met they both felt that a barrier had grown up between them.

Nelly's confidences were plainly at an end. She hurried over the time when she and her cousin were left alone together, and by degrees Caro's visits grew few and far apart.

Formerly, when either of them was absent, they had exchanged long letters; now they seldom wrote to each other, and Mr. Oldershaw's name was never mentioned by Nelly; and so the friendship that had once been so ardent dwindled away until the time drew near for Nelly's marriage.

The wedding was fixed for the 2nd of January, and about a fortnight before Christmas, Caroline Peyton was to spend a long morning with the bride elect and choose the bridesmaids' dresses.

She found Nelly in her own little sitting-room; both tables and floor were strewn with packages—the presents for her approaching marriage.

So long as the all-important question of dress was under discussion the conversation was animated enough, but after a bit it flagged. Caroline thought Nelly looked very thoughtful.

Hitherto she had strictly obeyed her mother's injunction; but now something, she did not know what, impelled her to speak.

"Nelly," she said, very gently yet very tenderly, "I hope you are sure of happiness."

Nelly crimsoned. "Thank you, Caroline; it would be rather late to think of that now; but I have never doubted it. I hope you do not suppose I engaged myself to Mr. Oldershaw against my will; quite the contrary, I assure you. Mamma showed me how utterly heartless and false the conduct of another person had been and how greatly I had mistaken my own feelings. If you had given me the opportunity, dear, I should have told you before that I consider that your persuasions and encouragement of my foolish fancies had led me to incur the sin of disobedience. I don't say you meant harm, dear; you meant it for the best, I'm sure (for Caroline tried to gain a hearing); only I am most thankful I was able to see my real duty at that time and that I have been rewarded by the esteem and affection of so worthy and generous a person as Mr. Oldershaw."

How well it all sounded, and yet to Caroline's ear it was hollow, like a speech got by heart. She looked at Nelly bending over some of the presents on the table. How she had changed; she seemed to have grown so old, so worldly, so much more able to decide for herself. It was plain that she had no shrinking from her future husband. It was painful to Caroline to see this; but the next moment she felt that she ought to be glad of it.



TWO CHRISTMAS EVES: A STARTLING INTIMATION.



CABBY'S CHRISTMAS NIGHT: WAITING TO TAKE UP.—(DRAWN BY G. ROBINSON.)—SEE PAGE 386.



BUYING TOYS IN LOWER ARCADE.—(DRAWN BY H. D. PHILTON).—SEE PAGE 396.

"He will soon be my cousin," she thought. "I must learn to like him."

She turned to Nelly. "I am very glad, dear," and she kissed her warmly. When she went home she felt that some of the reserve between her and Nelly had melted.

Christmas Eve came, and Nelly was again sitting in her little room. She was alone to-day. All was ready for the wedding. The presents had accumulated so rapidly during the last fortnight that there was scarcely room to move among them. Mrs. West had promised to arrange them in Nelly's new home during the wedding trip.

Nelly was looking, for the twentieth time at least, at Mr. Oldershaw's last gift—a magnificent parure of diamonds. It had only arrived the previous evening, and she could not admire it enough. She tried on the different ornaments again, and looked at herself in the glass.

"Oh, how lovely the earrings look! and how charming these stars are in my hair! I wish I could see the necklace on again; but it would be lost on this high dress. I have always so longed for diamonds, but I never dreamt of anything so splendid." And then she said to herself that if Mr. Oldershaw were not as ardent a lover as she could have wished, he was a truly generous one. "One cannot expect everything," and Nelly sighed. "Am I quite happy?" she asked herself. "I said so to Caro. Oh, yes; I ought to be. I must be. I have fussed myself about that dress-maker, and am full of nervous fancies. If mamma would only come in and tell me what she has settled about the wreath, I should be all right directly." A servant came in.

"If you please, a person of the name of Wood wishes to speak to you."

"Is it a woman, Johnson?"

"Yes, Miss." But if Nelly had been less preoccupied, she might have seen that the maid looked puzzled.

"Ah! yes—from the dressmaker. Wait a minute, Johnson, and then show her in."

Nelly hastily removed the diamonds, and while she was still folding the tissue-paper round their cases the door was again opened, and some one came in.

Miss West did not look up till she had finished, and then she started with surprise.

Before her was a tall, gaunt woman, whose face bore traces of sorrow and suffering, but also those of former beauty. Her shabby, slovenly dress alone would have been enough to tell Nelly that her visitor was not in the employ of her fashionable dressmaker.

Before she had recovered from her surprise the woman came close up to her and gazed at her with a searching, eager scrutiny.

"Who are you? Where do you come from?" said the now frightened girl.

"Two questions from you at once, Miss West. First of all, I want you to answer two questions for me. After that, I'll tell you all you want to know, and more besides. Is it true that you are going to marry James Oldershaw on Thursday week?—and do you love him?"

"I shall ring and send you away," Nelly gasped. "What do you mean? You have no business here."

"Stop!" The woman spoke with such authority that Nelly did stop, with her hand on the bell. "If you're wise, Miss West, don't have any witnesses—at any rate till you have heard my news. Do you say 'yes' or 'no' to those two questions?"

"Yes!" Nelly could hardly keep from crying with fear and indignation; all her terror was for her diamonds; but she was afraid even to look towards them lest she should betray their presence to this hateful woman.

"Poor thing!" she eyed Nelly scornfully. "You must have wanted to be married very bad indeed before you took up with James Oldershaw. Now if you'd said 'no' I'd have gone away as I came, and taken it out of you both after; but I won't be hard on you if you're marrying him in simple innocence for his own sake." Spite of herself Nelly hung her head. "Did ye never hear, Miss West, that he went out to San Francisco years ago with a lot more as bad as himself? You did, did ye? Well, my dear—she grew less fierce and more familiar as she went on—"I was good-looking then, though you mayn't think it, and James Oldershaw took a fancy to me then like he's taken to you now; but worse luck for you, my dear, he married me—made me his lawful wife, Miss West."

Nelly's face and neck flushed crimson. "That cannot possibly be true," she said, proudly; "Mr. Oldershaw would never have married such a person as you are."

"You would do wiser not to anger me, Miss West; I can speak out when I choose and I can hold my tongue when I choose, and I guess it won't be pleasant for you if this tale gets about; be quiet, and thank your stars you're saved from shame. James Oldershaw is my husband, I tell you; he lived with me till I'd brought him two children, and then he left me out there, the villain, he did, without a penny in the world. I've got my marriage lines safe enough, if you choose to look at 'em. You won't marry him in face of that witness I'm thinking."

Nelly felt sick and giddy. She tried to speak—she tried to read the paper the woman held under her eyes with a firm grasp, as if she feared it might be snatched away. She fancied she heard her father's voice calling "Nelly," and then Mr. Oldershaw's; but it was the sensation of nightmare, she had no power of answering, and then all grew indistinct, and she fell senseless on the floor.

CHAPTER IV.

NELLY'S REWARD.

It was another Christmas Eve.

When Nelly recovered from the shock of her disappointment (for, confronted with her guilty husband the strange visitor proved her tale to be a true one) she sought to renew her former relations with her cousin Caroline; and now they were travelling to Bath together, on a visit to Tom Hutton's mother, for Caroline's constancy was about to be rewarded—her marriage day was fixed, and Nelly was to be her bridesmaid.

Nelly had paid a short visit to Bath during her engagement to Mr. Oldershaw. How changed life had grown for her!

Caroline had not urged her cousin to accompany her this Christmas, she feared it would be painful and humiliating to the poor girl; but Nelly had been eager to accept Mrs. Hutton's invitation.

They were near Bath now, and Nelly had grown flushed with excitement.

"Did you ever hear, Caro, how that woman discovered my intended marriage with that man?"

"No," Caroline spoke abruptly; she was vexed with Nelly for recurring to such a subject.

"Ah!"—Nelly looked sentimental rather than sorrowful—"she said she learned it in a household where the news of my engagement had caused trouble and disappointment. Can't you guess where?"

"The Ainsworths, I suppose," said Caroline coldly. She wondered what Nelly could be thinking of.

"Yes; it seems a wonderful coincidence that the only relative she has living is the Ainsworths' housekeeper. Isn't it extraordinary?"

"Very."

"By the way, Caro," said Nelly, not looking at her cousin as she spoke, "did you know that he—Charles Ainsworth, I mean—is staying down here now?"

"Is he?"

"Yes; and he was here the last time I came."

"Did you meet?" Caroline asked; but she wished heartily that her cousin would talk of something less uncomfortable.

"Yes, we met once; and he shook hands and congratulated me on my engagement. But, oh! Caro, he looked so pale; and do you know"—her voice had grown very subdued—"that just after I had accepted Mr. Oldershaw his good fortune began. Only the other day I heard some one say that Mr. Ainsworth was consider-

quite a rising man. Oh! Caro"—and Nelly's tears flowed fast—"do you think he would ever forgive—ever forget?"

"Nelly"—Caroline felt aghast—"I cannot see how he can forget, but I have no doubt he forgave you long ago."

At this point the train slackened speed, and in a few moments they were entering the station.

Caroline was very glad to see Mrs. Hutton on the platform; and by the time she and Nelly had found their luggage her cousin was smiling as brightly as usual.

In the afternoon they went to call on some friends, and Nelly entreated her cousin to prolong their walk down what she called the "Green Lane," though there was not much of green in it, beyond a few holly-trees, on Christmas Eve. Nelly knew that this was a favourite haunt of Charles Ainsworth's, but she did not say so. Here they had parted not two years ago, and each word and each look came back to her vividly. If she could blot out some of the time that had come between—if he would forget the past—if he would only look at her; for Nelly knew that she was as lovely as ever—if he would only meet her imploring, repentant eyes—all would be as it was then. She walked on, her eyes bent on the ground, silently repeating this to herself, when her cousin's voice roused her. Nelly turned round hastily—Caroline was talking to Charles Ainsworth. He did not look pale and agitated to-day: he appeared in excellent health and spirits.

"How are you?"—he shook hands warmly with them both—"and where are you staying?"

There was nothing special in his manner towards Nelly; he seemed quite as glad to see her cousin.

"He would be very different if Caro were not here," thought Nelly.

After a few more words on indifferent subjects, Mr. Ainsworth said he must go home and tell his mother and sisters of their arrival, and then he wished the cousins good-morning.

"If I had been alone, dear, he would have walked home with me as he used to. Oh! dear me! don't you sympathise in my happiness, Caro?"

But Caroline made no answer.

Later in the day the Miss Ainsworths called. They were so pleased to see dear Miss West again.

"How well you are looking," said Julia Ainsworth. "I want to know if we may bring Helen and introduce her to you; or if you will come and dine with us on the 27th you will meet her."

"Helen?" said Nelly, inquiringly; "I don't think I know."

"Ah! you have forgotten her. A sort of cousin of ours. Helen Austen, Lord St. Ouse's daughter. We have always liked her so much; and now she is to be our sister. Charles has been engaged to her for some weeks, only it has been kept quiet; and they are to be married early in this year. They are absurdly fond of one another." And Julia Ainsworth laughed rather mischievously.

Caroline and her husband and the Charles Ainsworths are the two happiest couples I know.

Fickle, foolish, pretty Nelly is Nelly West still; but I believe she is engaged to a Baronet old enough to be her grandfather.

A CLOWN'S STORY.

BY W. S. GILBERT.



me, I say. Similarly wise no one ever see my name wrote down to a subscription list for a broken-down pal. They never see it wrote down, I say. I don't stick it up in green-rooms, I don't. Not I. But you'd never believe the amount of good I do in private. That's my way, that is. Give me a reputation for private charity, where no one knows 'ow much one gives or who one gives it to, again all the subscription lists in town or provinces.

And yet I aint a perfect chap. No, I aint perfect. I've my faults, and I knows 'em. Give me a chap as knows his faults, again all them as hasn't any faults to know. I've drunk tooha rd now and then, when the business has been heavy with afternoon performances. I've swore, too, occasional. I've hurt a Arleykin a purpose by tripping of him up, through his larkin with Polly Baines. There is spots on the sun.

Polly Baines and I was sweetheating. She was a nice gal, the daughter of a baker as died and left her two under a year. She was on the stage from six weeks old, through her father being only a journeyman then, and when she grew up, and he bought a good business, she stuck to the profession like a good 'un. Even after her father died and she come into the property she stuck to it through sheer love of it, she did. She was never a remarkable actress, through singing fairies being her special line.

Polly was a simple, pretty girl enough, and she loved hectors. She swore she'd marry a hector, and a good many hectors swore they'd marry her. For a utility lady with a pretty face and two under a year (not to mention her being an orphan) is a "rare ravishing terrace." That I'm told is the Latin way of putting it.

There was Blinder, the heavy man, and Pogs the stock low comedian (although the blackguard was married), and Flipville the first low comedy—all were after her. Flipville was Arleykin at Barston Wold Theatre in Pantomime time, and he was the Arleykin as I tripped up. My name is Joe Pendlebury, the King of Clowns. The latter is the name by which I'm mostly known, it being given me by the unanimous voice of several Crowned Eds and the bulk of the provincial press.

Polly Baines soon let 'em see as I was the one, and no mistake. She'd often heard me tell of my private soft-heartedness and unobtrusive sympathy with the hard-up, the broken-down, the drunk, and the incapable. Says she, "Poor Joe Pendlebury's the lad for my money." And she never said a truer word.

Which might well be, and yet be false. For truth compels me to state that simple Polly Baines was an awful liar. I respect her simplicity, but her lies I condemn. No habitual liar is worthy of unlimited confidence. And if unlimited confidence don't exist between man and wife, what's the good of the marriage service and breakfast solemnity? That's what I want to know.

We were married. It wasn't a grand wedding, but it was artless and pretty. We had four bridesmaids—Miss Betelgum, our second lady and Columbine; two ballet ladies and a young cleaner, who washed herself up surprising. The service was very solemn, and when all the ladies and gents knelt on one knee with their heads in their

right hands, as the custom is to do, it might have been the first act of the "Bohemian Gal." There was only one omission—no one was cast for the heavy business to give her away. So the clerk was good enough to double the part, and without an apology either. I promise you I warmed old Blinder, who stage-managed the thing, but was too drunk to turn up!

We spent our fortnight's honeymoon at Shipton Blains, two miles from Barston Wold. All that time she had her little property all to herself. I never touched a penny of it, though there wasn't no settlements or anything of that. Old Baines, Polly's huncle, wanted to have it settled on her; but I ses to him, ses I, "Wot!" I ses, "a settlement? Never! Think of the cost," I ses. "Bother the cost," ses he; "it'll be fifteen pound or so, and I'll pay that as my wedding present," ses he. "Manly 'art!" I ses;



"but shall I put my Polly's hown huncle to sich an expense? Perish the thought," ses I. "I'll take my Polly without any settlement—sich is the love I bears her." At first Polly disagreed with me about it, until I explained to her how a settlement gives the 'usband control over every mag of the money, and leaves the wife quite at his mercy—for such were my ideas at the time. "My own generous Joe!" ses she, giving in. "Not at all," ses I, "it's not worth mentioning."

As I've already said, during the whole of the honeymoon I never touched a mag of her money. I wouldn't do it. She spent it (as far as she did spend it) on the little luxuries she had learnt to love—lamb chops and sparrow-grass, and sherry wine, and tripe, and wot not. Then she would drive me about in a shay which she 'ired, and sometimes she'd buy me little nicknacks by way of keepsakes, such as a overcoat, a half dozen o' shirt fronts, and a bull terrier. We 'ad a very 'appy time of it, during that fortnit, and I enjoyed it much. It made me so 'appy to see 'er 'appy. This, in a general way, is the mainspring of the worthiest human felicity.

After we returned I found out, quite by accident, that, through there being no settlement, all her money was mine. It came on me like a thunder-flash. You might have knocked me down with a crow-bar. Anybody might.

It came upon her with even more suddenness than it did upon me, and she was mean enough (oh, Polly!) to charge me with deception. I might have knocked her down with a walking-stick. In point of fact, she ses I did. But, much as I loved her, I knew even then that she was a liar, and a liar's word is not to be trusted. No one can believe a liar. A liar is not worthy of credence, nor can his word be taken.

Even then I hesitated to realise any of the property. I would give bills and I, O. U.'s and raise money on her jewellery; and, in short, resort to any legitimate way of puttin' off the evil day when I must walk into the capital. But bills, however long dated, or however often renewed, come due in the long run; and, to save 'er from 'avin' 'er little 'ome broke up through my extravagance (for there is spots on the sun), I sold out a five underd pound bond, Turkish Sixty-tuos, which fetched three underd only, and so, at any sacrifice, I kept 'er little 'ome together.

She came out in 'er true light then, as a out-an'-out fiend as to temper. She called me—me—a cruel husband! a squanderer! a pilferer! And she said I ought for to blush at my conduct!

I believe I lost my temper, in the course of which she broke 'er 'ed and went into a fever. I was actually given in charge along of it by a neighbour as ses he saw me smash 'er 'ed in with a poker. But wot said she to that calumniating accusation? She ses, "My Lord and Gentlemen—I did it myself upon a fender, and he's the best 'usband as ever breathed." Even she, liar as she was, said that. There is some truths as even liars find it aint no good to try and suppress. Truth is like murder—it will out. No one can contradict the truth, save with lies. Truth is more trust-worthy, and also more reasonable to be believed, than a falsity, and even she knew that.

So things went on, the calm serenity of a British Clown's 'ome being now and then disturbed by domestic ripples of a like description. Malignifying neighbours sided with 'er, for, give the devil 'er due, she was young and pritty!—oh, very pritty!—and I was no favourite, except, of course, with my public and the Crowned Eds. Seven times was I give into custody by malignifying spectators, as a single shriek would bring on the premises; and seven times did even that false 'arted woman deny those false and undeniable statements.

I did no stage work all this time, for I was thirty-two, and so gettin' old for a Clown; but I wasn't idle. I was always a goin up to town and back, negotiatin' underd-pound bonds on the most advantageous terms I could get for 'em, and so kept 'er little 'ome over 'er 'ed. They was difficult to get rid of, and sometimes it kept me in town a week or two at a time. A Clown as really loves his wife will stick at no trouble to keep 'er little 'ome together and prevent the 'allowed sticks from going to the unfeeling broker. Neither will he spare any expense.

When I come back one day from London, quite unexpected, I found her looking confused; and when I went into the sitin'-room I saw why. For there was a hold chap, as looked like a lawyer,



with a white 'ed, as turned quite red when I axed him his business. He coolly said as he would decline to mention it, and out he walked as virtuous as a prophet.

Who would stand this? I wouldn't. I have a temper, I hown (for there is spots on the sun); and I believe this time I did 'er a injury with a harm-cheer. And I'm told I shied a knife at her. At least she said I did; and the malignifying neighbours, seeing her bleeding on the 'arthrug, gave me into custody. And this time she appeared agin me, and I got six months'—I, the outraged 'usband and 'umble Clown, got six months! While the pampered menial

with the white 'ed come and give evidence agin me! In the face of all this testimony, Crowned E's wouldn't have saved me. So I got six months, and our 'appy little 'ome was broke up at last.

She never come near me and never wrote to me all the time. That and the unstimulating character of the diet pretty nigh broke my 'art. I never knew a 'appy moment in those prisoned walls. A prison life is uncommon demoralising, to be sure! It makes one 'ate one's warders, quarrel with one's wictuals, and think with loathing upon innocent oakum, which aint done you no harm. I am no advocate for prisons. A moral rebuke is worth all your treadmills, and a word from the Bench, spoke more in sorrow than in anger, is a more melting thing than five hundred months in the lone stone cell. Instead of a mild rebuke, I was told I was an unmitigated scoundrel on whom words would be wasted. How little does the reverend but insensate Beak know of the humble wellings of the poor Clown's 'art!

The six months wore away, and I got my discharge. I was a free man. Freedom, unfettered bird of heaven, I drank liberally to you on that inauspicious occasion.

The next thing I did was to 'urry to my 'umble 'ome. I knock'd, and a hold girl opened the door. She was mouldy, and had had smallpox and a widow's cap.

"What is it, my man?" says she.

"A good 'un, that," ses I (for, you see, I didn't know then as my 'ome was broke up); "I want my wife, Mrs. Pendlebury."

"Are you Joe Pendlebury wot's been in trouble?" ses she.

"I bleeve I am," ses I.

"Then," ses she, "your wife's sold her sticks and bolted with Flipville the Arleykin. I'm sorry for you," ses the hold girl.

I fell down flat against the hold lady, who dropped me with my 'ed on the scraper.

"The bonds," ses I, when I had recovered consciousness, and found myself in that hold party's parlour.

"I knows nothing of anything 'cept this letter, which come for you five months since. It wasn't to be give to you till you come out of trouble."

And she give me a letter marked Southampton. I opened it with a agitated 'and. Out of it come fluttering what at first I took to be a cheque, but which turned out to be a copy of a certificate of the marriage of me, Joe Pendlebury, with one Martha Biggs, ten years ago.

I forgot to say that I did marry a Martha Biggs ten years ago. It was done in a moment of foolish weakness, and I always had reckoned it among the many follies of a too 'ealstong youth. I had not then awakened to a sense of my duties as a Christian Clown, and when I reformed (which I did in about six months after that event) I renounced all the follies of a vain and mispent youth. I shook their dust off my feet and Martha Biggs off my hands. She didn't much care, for she was a vile, 'artless woman, and went out to the Crimea as a nuss. She's now, I'm told, a 'ed nuss at a London 'orspittle, being older than me by four years.

There was a letter besides that fatal document. It said this:—
"Joe,—Oh, Joe! how cruelly you treated me! I did love you once dearly, very dearly, as you know; and oh how I suffered for it during the two years that we lived together! I can't think hardly of you now, Joe, for you're in prison, and I'm going from you for ever. I hope you will be good when you come out. I hope you will be happy, too. Try to be steadier; don't drink, Joe; and when you are going to do a wrong thing, think of me, and remember how much you have to atone for."
"Good-bye! I am going to Melbourne with my husband."

"P.S.—You unmitigated villain! If I had your throat between my fingers, I'd squeeze the last gasp out of your infernal carcass. But when I come back again I'll murder you. I swear this to Heaven!"

The postscript was in a different hand—probably Flipville's.

This was all her explanation. This was all she vouchsafed the poor Clown, who had done his little best to make 'er 'umble 'ome 'appy. Not an allusion to the inclosed certifikit of my marriage with Martha Biggs; not a mention of my 'aving married anybody else; the holy sole and solitary reason for bolting with Flipville being my unkindness to 'er during our wedded 'appiness. Unkindness! When she herself 'ad recorded, on her solemn Davy, that come wot right, I was the best 'usband that ever breathed! Only once, and in a moment of phrenzy from finding of her closeted with a hoary solicitor, did she venture publicly to accuse me of 'aving ill-used her, and then only with a harm-cheer. A hoary solicitor who was occupied (as I've since learnt) in fishing up evidences of previous misfortunate indiscretions. If I'd known his business then I'd have treated him with the contempt he deserved, and braved the consequences.

I've never heard no more from Polly, but I've read as how she's coming over with Flipville next spring. She's made an astoundin' 'it in Melbourne and Siddey as a leading lady; and Flipville has given up Arleykinning and stuck to juvenile lead, and they stars together. The last I heard of him was that he had jumped off the stage into a private box and half-strangled a chap as threw Polly a bouquet with an admirable note inside. As I said before, he's coming over here next spring. Next spring, curious to say, I start for Melbourne, if I can scrape the passage-money together. For, with all my peccadillies, I've a kind and feelin' 'art, and one that can bleed for the fond, the true, and the happily married.

A QUEER SHUFFLE OF THE CARDS.

BY W. C. SCOTT.

A DAMP, cheerless November night, and I alone in my chambers in Barnard's Inn, Holborn, crouching over the fire, and feeling somewhat miserable.

Bachelors suffer most, I think, from November weather; and sensitive bachelors, who allow the weather to affect their spirits, have a sad time of it sometimes between the hours of getting home from dinner and going to bed. I had not eaten my cheerless meal, as usual, in the boxed-up partition of an eating-house, with the strictest regard to economy and but little thought of comfort, making a little mental calculation of the price of the various viands I fancied, and the available finances in my trousers pocket. No, for once in a way, my bread did not cost me a penny; Curtis, the head waiter at my favourite dining rooms, pulled not at my purse-strings, and I was a richer man by two shillings and elevenpence than I should have been had not Charley Reid asked me home with him to dinner. Charley Reid certainly saved me three shillings, minus a penny, but his mistaken kindness in playing the host suggested not a little of the melancholy that stole over me as I sat some hours later looking into the fire that was burning, somewhat dimly, in my grate in Barnard's Inn.

You see Charley Reid—lucky fellow—had just got married, and, meeting me accidentally in the Strand, dragged me off with him, to torture me with a peep into his domestic elysium. They had only been back from their honeymoon a fortnight, and were just in that delicious heyday of married existence which is so inexpressibly charming to themselves, and so acutely painful to those who are not only unmarried, but see little chance of such bliss for many a long year. It was very wrong, and unsystematic, and thoughtless of Charley pouncing upon me in the way he did, and taking me home, regardless of his young wife's little arrangements, and heedless of the state of her ladder. Men seldom think of these things; young married men never.

But this made it all the more pleasant. Charley was penitent; I was apologetic. Mrs. Charley, like the dear little woman that she was, pretended to be very much put out, and at her wit's end how to make me comfortable, and give me sufficient dinner. In reality she was glad of the opportunity of showing forth her powers, tantalisingly delighted with Charley's trust in the same powers, proud of her husband and her little house, and pleased to have a first guest who she could treat as a friend, and to whom she could exhibit her treasure of a husband

and toy of a doll's house. The gaiety and contentment of Charley and his wife made me profoundly miserable.

The reaction was too much for me, and so I plashed home through the mud and fog and crept up my dimly-lighted staircase; and when I had sported my oak, and made the fire blaze, and boiled the kettle, and lighted a pipe, I sat down in my old cosy green chair, and, staring fixedly into the coals, asked myself unconsciously why I was so sad. The two pictures came vividly before my mind, and they were strongly-marked tableaux which prevented themselves to me that night. Charley Reid and his child-wife by the firelight in their little cosy study, and I looking into the dying embers in my grate. This was a strange contrast. Of course, I had not escaped my little troubles. Is there any young man among us, however he may boast, quite free from care? But I was wrong to sit and crane by the fire in my deserted chambers on this dull November evening, brooding over contrasts, and living again in a past into which no pleasant ray of sunshine stole—

"Oh! young lord-lover what sighs are these!

For one that will never be thine?"

We don't take kindly to the laureate's taunt, and I certainly felt ill-disposed to yield to his unfeeling rebuke; but, all the same, I had reason, at the time of which I am speaking, to be thankful for very much. Independent of health and strength, I enjoyed gifts for the possession of which young men never seem quite sufficiently thankful; my friendship with Claude Oldham, for one thing, was a real and sincere privilege. It was of Claude Oldham that I thought when my bitter reflections had disappeared. If I, with my friends in London, my frequent opportunities for getting away from myself and my loneliness, my position and prospects, was miserable, what of poor Claude Oldham?

My new-found friend was fatherless, and an artist; a man of consummate taste, and with a mind as powerful as it was nicely balanced. But these qualities don't always bring a man success. He had just come over from Ireland to fight for fortune and make a name, as he fondly hoped, when I first made his acquaintance at the rooms of a friend of mine who was doing well in literature. I took to Claude Oldham almost the first moment I saw him. There was a strange fascination about the man, with his pale face and slender form, which attracted me. We instantly became friends. A younger man than myself, I felt at once that he was my superior in a thousand ways. I dare say, in a great measure, he did me good. He had got into his head a vast amount of general information quite irrespective of his art, and had an attractive manner of imparting it. A good listener may learn a great deal from the conversation of a well-read man.

I took Claude Oldham out with me into society whenever an occasion presented itself, and so saved him, maybe, from many of the dangers and temptations which surround friendless and lonely bachelors in London.

It is all very well to preach, but young fellows cannot sit over the fire moping night after night. Artists work hard enough while the daylight lasts. With evening comes an unavoidable desire for recreation, or, if you will, excitement. The steadily-burning moderator is all very well in the abstract, but gas and its surroundings are tempting baits; and so, strange to say, I fell to thinking about Claude Oldham, and contrasting his life with mine; and, dozing over this train of thought, I roused myself from an uneasy sleep in my comfortable arm-chair and betook myself to bed. It is very disagreeable to be awakened out of one's first sleep—the first deep sleep, which is so refreshing and beneficial. A man is not a coward because he is somewhat nervous at this first sudden awakening. There is something weird and terrible—something frightening, as it were, in all circumstances which occasion the disturbance.

A tipsy riot in the streets in the daytime does not, unhappily, cause one much surprise; but a sudden shriek of "murder" coming up in the stillness of the night from some low quarter at the back of the house, the dull thud of a something beating against something else; a stifled sob; an appeal for mercy; a drunken dispute in the streets; a domestic wrangle; even the constant knocking against a door of some unhappy creature accidentally shut out from home; the horrors of all these are intensified when they come upon us suddenly in the night and wake us from our sleep.

I was awakened, on the night of which I am speaking, out of my first sleep. I had not closed my outer door. I seldom did. Someone, in my dreams as I fancied, kept calling out my name. Again and again they called, and still I slept on. At last I was fairly awakened, and, sitting up in my bed, I was conscious that a voice was really calling me. There was some one in the next room. There was no light; nothing but the voice came out of the darkness.

"Mr. Norton! Mr. Norton!"

"All right. Who's there? What do you want?"

"Beg pardon for disturbing you, Sir; but is your name Norton?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I should like to speak to you for a moment."

I was very soon out of bed and in a presentable condition; and, having struck a light, I went into my sitting-room prepared for an interview with my midnight visitor.

"You need not be alarmed, Sir," he began. I suppose my wild appearance and eager look suggested the remark. "I hope there is not very much the matter. I am the porter at St. Joseph's Hospital, and we had an accident brought in to-night. A young man was run over by a cab, and is rather hurt. He is insensible, and the only clue to his identity was a letter without an envelope, written from these chambers, and signed 'Bernard Norton.' Here it is."

It was a letter of mine, written the day previously to Claude Oldham.

"I will go back with you," I said.

I questioned the man about the accident as we went along. Nothing much was known of it at the hospital; for the cabman who had done the mischief, not waiting to see the extent of the injury he had inflicted, had lashed his horse and driven away. It was understood, however, from a gentleman who had helped to take poor Claude to the hospital, and who had witnessed the accident, that Claude, in his endeavours to save a woman and her child from harm, at an ugly crossing, had been suddenly cut down by the careless cabman. It was very still in the hospital—very still and deathlike. Corridor after corridor, dimly lighted, spacious, and clean, we passed; our footsteps echoing behind us as we trod quietly over the boards. Now and then we met a nurse or a sister carrying some draught or lotion to the patients. Little did they guess what bitterness was at my heart, or the agony of suspense which so much distressed me. At last we reached the accident ward, and there, stretched out on a bed—as yet undressed—lay my poor friend, pale, unconscious, and staring, with an ugly white bandage bound across his temples.

The house surgeon and two nurses were at the bed side, and they seemed to be watching very anxiously. They tried at once, in kindness of heart, to set my mind at rest and dispel my worst fears. No limbs were broken, there were no wounds, no terrible blood. It was only the head.

"Only the head!" I muttered to myself. Poor fellow, he glared at me horribly; but he evidently did not know me in the least.

I bent over him and whispered "Claude." The doctor wished it; but I received no answer. The same terrible unconscious stare. And then I thought of the mother away in Ireland, the kind, sweet mother, whose prayers for her boy had been whispered but a few hours ago, and who was now sleeping peacefully, no doubt; dreaming, very likely, of him. Would he ever wake and know me, and talk to me again? "Only the head!" but in that "only" lay a great deal of uncertainty and doubt.

It was my place to look after him and care for him now, and, unhappily, it was my duty to undertake that saddest duty of a friend—the breaking the news of an unhappy accident which had befallen a loved one. I have a strange and somewhat useless kind of memory. It is what is called a local memory, I believe. At school I never could remember a single date, and, though I was

always perfect in my repetition at the time, it soon slipped out of my head a few hours after it had been repeated. I have always to turn to the text to assure myself of the accuracy of a quotation, but I can tell to a certainty the side of the printed book in which it appears, and its exact position on the page. I can remember the exact local spot—the lane, the street, the road in which any particular conversation took place, and describe accurately the position of the speakers and the room in which any story has been related to me.

This tricky memory of mine never fails me in cataloguing in my mind the furniture in any room but once visited. So it was that on this occasion I noted unconsciously the shape and little details of the accident ward. It was after I had left the hospital, when thinking over Claude's position, that I remembered that at the head of all the little beds in the ward hung a card on which a number was inscribed. Claude's number was 365. I was naturally ill and faint with the sudden fright I had received, and Claude's pitiable condition did not tend to enliven me. The kind attendants were anxious to persuade me to go home. Terrible scenes are enacted in an accident ward, which are better not seen by those who are unaccustomed to them.

Claude was, of course, not the only sufferer in the ward. Next to him was "a case," as they called it, of a hopeless kind. Death was expected almost instantaneously, and I rather think they wanted to get me out of the way. I knew that I was leaving my poor friend in the best possible hands, and so, yielding to their entreaties, and pressing Claude's almost lifeless hand, I took my departure.

I felt regularly knocked up when I got back to my chambers, and, leaving written directions to my landress—which I pinned on to the bed-room door—not to disturb me in the morning, I went to bed, with a heavy heart. I had made up my mind to go and see Claude directly I woke in the morning. But I did not wake so soon as I expected. A dull, heavy sleep came over me, and the daylight was just waning, and the lamps had been lighted in the little quad of Barnard's Inn, when I opened my eyes.

I waited for the evening visit of my landress, in order to get something to eat before I went back to the hospital. When she came she brought with her a letter which had just been left for me by a messenger she had met at the foot of my staircase. The envelope bore the seal of St. Joseph's Hospital, and I opened it, not without some anxiety. And this is what I read:—

"St. Joseph's Hospital, three o'clock.

"My dear Sir,—I very much regret to inform you that the unfortunate gentleman who was brought as an accident case into St. Joseph's Hospital last night, described as having been injured by a cab, and entered in our books under the hospital number 365, died two hours after you left.

"I am to acquaint you that the medical officers have given directions for the speedy interment of his remains; and, under these circumstances, it has been found necessary to order the shell to be closed without delay. This melancholy duty will be performed this evening at five o'clock, and should you be unable to attend at the hospital before that time I should be glad to receive your early instructions about your friend's funeral. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"J. TREVOR,

"Secretary, St. Joseph's Hospital."

When I had read the letter, which fell from my hands, I looked at my watch. It was half-past six. I could do nothing, then, that night. I was too late to see any more of poor Claude Oldham. Too ill to act, too distressed to think, I felt quite powerless.

That fatal number 365 took possession of my mind and stifled all hope. I thought of going to the hospital, and then shuddered at my determination. When all was shut out from me, what was there to see? I had seen only too much of St. Joseph's Hospital, as it was, and had but little inclination to go and hear sad details and receive condolences which could only be uttered as a matter of course. Deaths occurred almost daily at St. Joseph's, while I had lost a valued friend.

So there I sat in my chambers, gazing hopelessly into the fire, and all I did that night was to send off a message to my brother to come to me the first thing the next morning. He came in accordance with my request, and found me very unwell. A doctor himself, he forbade my doing anything that day, and kindly undertook for me a visit to St. Joseph's, and to arrange all the sad details of Claude Oldham's funeral. Before he went I questioned him about the speedy interment, which I could ill understand from the case as it was described to me when at the hospital. My brother seemed quite satisfied with everything that had been done, and dispelled all doubts and hopes when he returned. He could only conclude that all had not been told me the night before. Medical men don't necessarily describe the details of every case. It was clear, anyhow, from what had been told him, that there was a wound, and that rapid mortification had set in.

In three days' time four of us belonging to the club of which Oldham had lately been elected a member were creeping, in a black coach, along that cheerless road which leads to Kensal-green. It was a wet and miserable day, and it seemed so cruel to leave the dear boy in that unkindly clay which is so terribly, so ghastly cold, at Kensal-green. Again and again we went back when the service was over, to have one more last look. Men do this—will do this—must do this! There was nothing to see—but still it was hard to believe there was nothing to see; terribly hard to feel, what we knew, that it was indeed all over.

That night I left London, which was hateful to me; and, without saying a word to my landress, or leaving any directions, I went away to my father's house in the country. I remained out of town a fortnight, and then only came up for a few hours, not to go back to my chambers, but to make some arrangements about a suitable memorial to mark the spot where Claude lay buried. It was not a cheerful errand, as may be imagined; and I remember making a long pause outside a shop in Regent-street before I entered it. Mechanically I read the inscriptions on the various crosses and tablets placed for advertisement in the window, and was thinking over the Latin sentence which I had conceived applicable, when I was startled by feeling a hand placed on my shoulder. It was a gloveless hand, and on it was a ring which I knew only too well. I hardly dared look round. The voice made me turn. It was Claude Oldham!

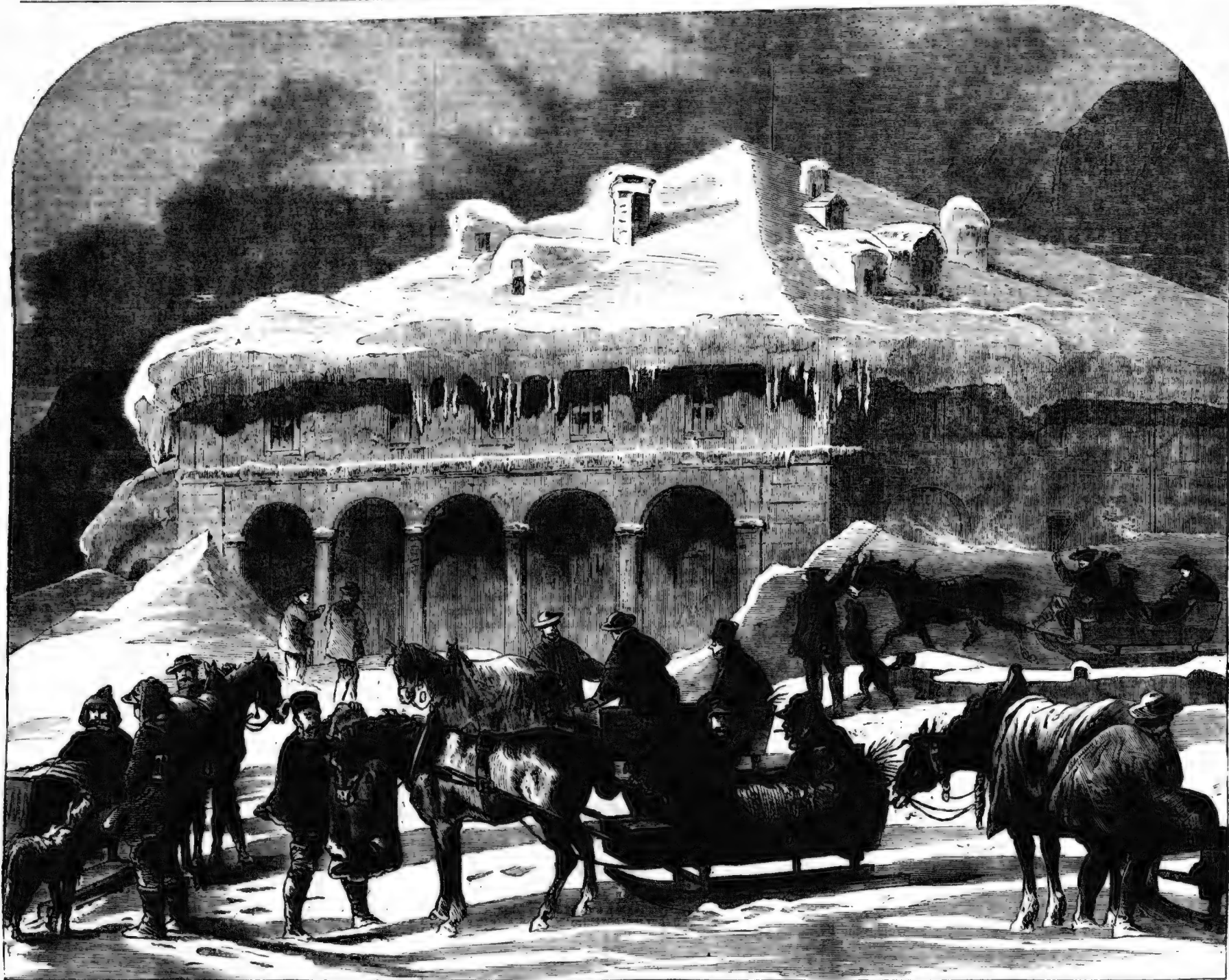
"You're a pretty fellow to call himself a friend and leave a poor wretch all alone in the hospital for weeks, and never come near him."

"Claude! Claude!" I gasped, clutching at his hand and pinching him to persuade myself that he was alive. "Is it you? Not de—?" I never said the word, but I hurried with him out of the crowd that was collecting, and then cried for joy.

I soon explained the reason of my departure from London and how it came about that none of his letters had been answered. They were lying at that moment at my chambers in Barnard's Inn, which I had never once revisited since that journey along the desolate road.

But how about the mystery? We at once proceeded to the hospital to have it explained. It was certainly a strange coincidence. By an accident, after I had left the hospital, a nurse brushing quickly past the two bed-heads had swept away the cards attached to each of them. She remembered the circumstance distinctly, and, indeed, suggested it when the secretary made inquiries. Then it was that the cards were shuffled. No. 365 was attached to the bed of Claude's neighbour and fellow-sufferer, who did die two hours after I left the hospital. Hence the mistake. The secretary's letter was officially correct by his books; and of course now was cleared up the discrepancy about Claude's illness and the speedy interment.

This is a strange story, is it not? But it is a true one. I think I am not wrong in asserting that it was a queer shuffle of the cards. When I look back and think over the joy of my friend's restoration, and travel again along the paths of our sweet friendship, I can safely say that "hearts are trumps."



CHRISTMAS ON THE ALPS: THE SNOW-HOUSE.—SEE PAGE 386.



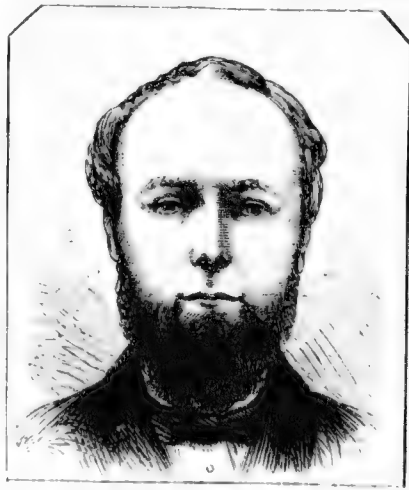
THE LATE FLOODS IN YORKSHIRE: THE CALDER VALLEY, NEAR WAKEFIELD, DEC. 8.—SEE PAGE 388.



THE LORD CHANCELLOR.



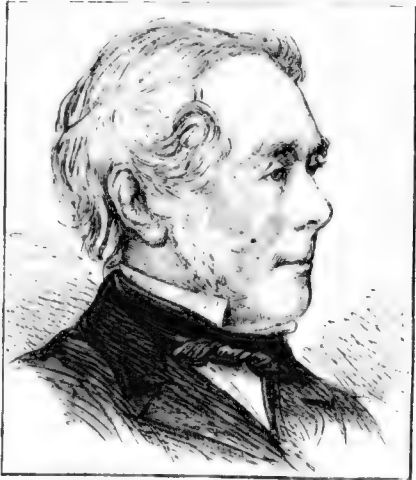
EARL DE GREY AND RIPON.



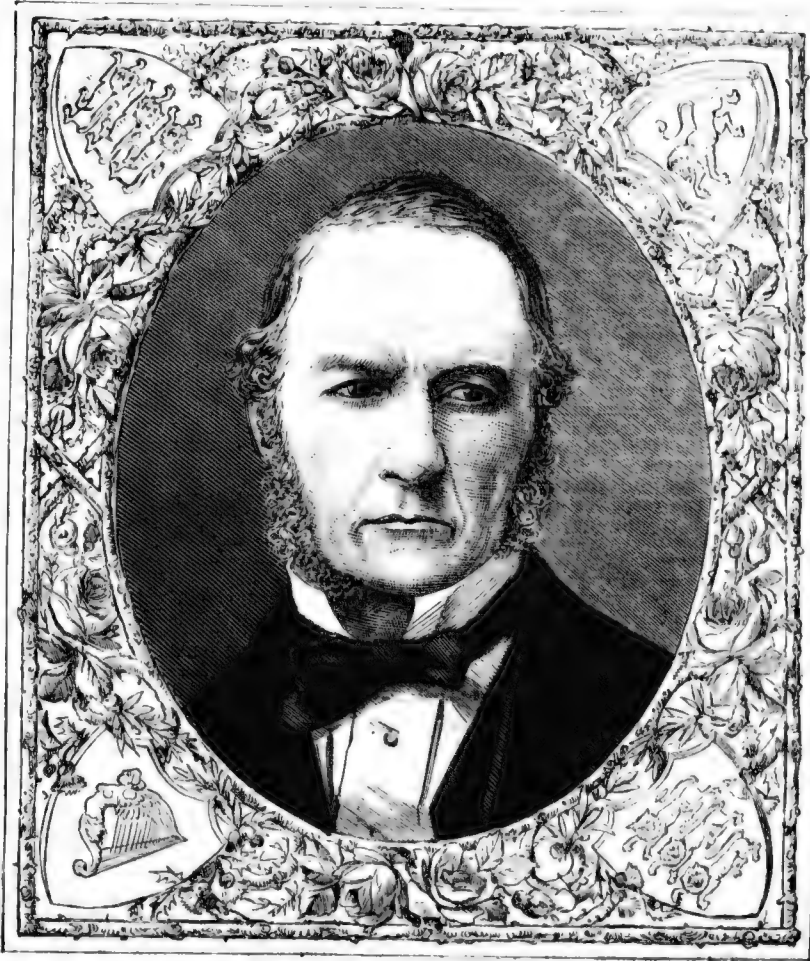
THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY.



THE RIGHT HON. H. A. BRUCE.



THE EARL OF CLARENDON.



THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.



EARL GRANVILLE.



THE RIGHT HON. EDWARD CARDWELL.



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.



THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE.



THE RIGHT HON. H. C. E. CHILDERS.



THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT.



THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.



THE RIGHT HON. J. S. GOSCHEN.



THE RIGHT HON. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE.



W. E. FORSTER, ESQ.



JAMES STANSFELD, ESQ.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE AND HIS CABINET.

appointed Solicitor-General to Lord Russell's Government, and in December, 1852, on the promotion of the late Sir George Turner to the office of Lord Justice of Appeal, Sir W. P. Wood was appointed one of the Vice-Chancellors. He continued to discharge the duties of an Equity Judge of the first instance until February last, when, on the promotion of Lord Cairns to the woolsack, he was appointed one of the Lords Justices of Appeal in Chancery, a post which he filled up to the time of his elevation to the Chancellorship.

Earl De Grey and Ripon, Lord President of the Council, is now forty-one years of age. He was born in 1827, and as Viscount Goderich for some time represented the boroughs of Huddersfield and Hull and the West Riding of Yorkshire in the House of Commons. In the second Administration of Lord Palmerston he served as Under-Secretary for War and for India under Sir G. C. Lewis and Sir Charles Wood, and on the death of the former statesman, in April, 1863, the noble Earl, who had shown great efficiency in his subordinate office, took the place of his chief, with a seat in the Cabinet. He was then thirty-six years of age. He remained at the War Office nearly three years; and in February, 1866, when Sir Charles Wood withdrew from the Ministry, he took the post of Secretary of State for India. It was thus his fortune—one of rare occurrence—to take the chief place in two great departments of the State in which he had served in a subordinate capacity. Lord De Grey is a deputy lieutenant and magistrate for the North and West Ridings of York and for the county of Lincoln. The Countess, who was the daughter of Mr. Henry Vyner, has been a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales. His Lordship's father, the Earl of Ripon, was Prime Minister, in 1827, as Lord Goderich. The present Peer succeeded to the Earldom of Ripon on his father's death, in January, 1859, and to that of De Grey at the death of his uncle, in the following November.

The Earl of Kimberley, Lord Privy Seal, is one year older than Earl De Grey and Ripon, having been born in 1826. He is better known as Lord Wodehouse, for under this title he held the offices of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and for India in the Governments of Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston. He has also been Minister Plenipotentiary to St. Petersburg; and in the year 1863 he undertook a special mission to the north of Europe, with the view of adjusting the differences which had arisen with respect to the Schleswig-Holstein question. In September, 1864, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, on the late Earl of Carlisle relinquishing the Viceroyalty through ill-health. In September, 1865, he commenced that vigorous raid upon the Fenian conspirators which, followed in February, 1866, by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, formed very material elements in the suppression of an incipient rebellion. He held the Viceroyalty until the Conservatives came into power in July, 1866, and on returning to this country was created by Earl Russell the first Earl of Kimberley. His Lordship, who is a deputy lieutenant of Norfolk, was married to a daughter of the Hon. R. Fitzgibbon. His duties of Lord Privy Seal being merely of a nominal character, he will have ample time to assist his colleagues in the protracted debates which the opponents of the plan for the disestablishment of the Irish Church predict before it passes through the House of Lords. The noble Earl, like many other public men, was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1847, taking a first class in classical honours.

The Right Hon. Henry Austin Bruce, Home Secretary, is the second son of Mr. John Bruce-Pryce, of Duffryn St. Nicholas, in the county of Glamorgan, who assumed, in 1805, the name of Bruce in lieu of his patronymic, Knight, and in 1837 that of Pryce. The new Secretary of State was born at Duffryn, in 1815. In his twenty-third year he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, but he practised only six years. In May, 1847, he was appointed police-magistrate of Merthyr Tydfil and Aberdare, an office which he held until December, 1852, when he was returned as the representative of Merthyr in the House of Commons. It was not until he had been in Parliament nearly ten years that Mr. Bruce became a member of the Government. In November, 1862, a vacancy occurred in the office of Under-Secretary for the Home Department, and to this Mr. Bruce was appointed by Lord Palmerston. He remained at the Home Office until April, 1864, when, on the resignation of Mr. Lowe, the post of Vice-President of the Council of Education became vacant, and to this more important position Mr. Bruce was promoted. He remained at the Education Office until Lord Russell's Ministry was broken up, in June, 1866. The right hon. gentleman, who, like Mr. Lowe, Mr. Bright, Mr. C. Fortescue, and Mr. Childers, now enters the Cabinet for the first time, is a deputy lieutenant of Glamorganshire, deputy chairman of quarter sessions, a director and deputy chairman of the Vale of Neath Railway, and a Captain in the Glamorganshire Rifle Volunteers. He has held the offices of fourth Church Estates Commissioner and fourth Charity Commissioner for England and Wales. He represented Merthyr from December, 1852, to the general election of the present year, when, though he had been energetic in enforcing the claims of the borough to a second member—claims which were acknowledged by the Government and endorsed by the House of Commons—he was rejected; and a Nonconformist Minister and a local ironmaster are now the members for the town which was represented solely by Mr. Bruce for nearly sixteen years. The right hon. gentleman has been twice married: first, in 1846, to Annabella, daughter of Mr. Richard Beadon, of Clifton. This lady died in July, 1852; and, in 1854, Mr. Bruce was married to Norah, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir William Napier, K.C.B.

The Earl of Clarendon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is the oldest member of the present Cabinet. He was born Jan. 26, 1800, and consequently has very nearly completed his sixty-ninth year. At an early age he entered the diplomatic service, and was subsequently employed in the civil service of the Government, both in Ireland and abroad. His first prominent public post was that of British Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Madrid, which he held from 1833 to 1839. In 1840 he was sworn of the Privy Council, and for a few months was Lord Privy Seal and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in Lord Melbourne's last Government. When the Whigs returned to office, in 1846, Lord Clarendon was assigned the Presidency of the Board of Trade; but a few months afterwards, on the death of Lord Bessborough, he became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a position which he held until the Conservatives returned to power, in 1852. In February, 1853, he took the seals of the Foreign Office in the Aberdeen Ministry, when he found that the country had "drifted into war" with a great European Power. He retained his post in the Administration of Lord Palmerston, and, in conjunction with Earl Cowley, represented Great Britain at the Conference at Paris, in 1856. On the formation of Lord Palmerston's second Government, in 1859, Earl Russell took the Foreign Office, and Lord Clarendon did not join the Cabinet until April, 1864, when, on Mr. Cardwell becoming Colonial Secretary, the noble Earl was installed as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. On Lord Russell's accession to the Premiership, in October, 1865, Lord Clarendon returned to his former post at the Foreign Office, and went out of office with the Liberal party in the following summer. He is Chancellor of the Queen's University in Ireland. In 1839 the noble Earl was married to Katherine, daughter of the first Earl of Verulam. His eldest son, Lord Hyde, was an unsuccessful candidate for South Warwickshire, in the Liberal interest, at the recent election. By the marriage of two of his daughters, Lord Clarendon is connected with the houses of Stanley and Russell.

Earl Granville, Secretary of State for the Colonies, is the eldest son of the first Earl by the second daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire. He was born in 1815, and was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree in 1834. He became an Attaché to the Embassy at Paris in the following year, and in 1836 he was returned to the House of Commons for Morpeth. He sat for that borough until his appointment as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Lord Melbourne's Ministry, in 1840, and he was then elected for Lichfield. His course in the House of Commons was that of an active member of the Liberal party, and he was at the same time an able and consistent advocate

of free trade. He succeeded to the title in 1846, and two years afterwards he was appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade in the Russell Ministry. Earl Granville obtained a seat in the Cabinet; and in the following December he succeeded Lord Palmerston in the seals of the Foreign Office, when that statesman resigned in consequence of his quarrel with Lord Russell. The Cabinet went to pieces a few weeks afterwards, and Earl Granville remained out of office until the Aberdeen Ministry came into power. He was then appointed President of the Council, and in 1855 he was nominated to the leadership of the House of Lords. At the coronation of the Czar Alexander II., Earl Granville was sent on a special mission to St. Petersburg as the representative of Great Britain. From 1859 to 1866 he remained Lord President, with the leadership of the Upper House. He was the Vice-President of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1861, and was chairman of the Commission for that of 1862. Earl Granville was created a Knight of the Garter in 1857. He has been twice married—first, in 1840, to Maria Louise, daughter of the Duc d'Alberg; secondly, in 1855, to Castalia, daughter of the late Mr. W. F. Campbell.

The Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, Secretary of State for War, is, like the Prime Minister, the son of a Liverpool merchant. He was born in 1813, and was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow. He took a double first-class degree in 1835, and was made an honorary D.C.L. in 1863. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1838, but has not practised. In 1842 he was seated on petition for Clitheroe, and in February, 1845, was appointed Financial Secretary to the Treasury in the Government of Sir Robert Peel, an office which he held until the break up of the Conservative Administration in July, 1846. At the general election of 1847 he left Clitheroe, and stood for Liverpool, for which borough he was returned. In 1852, however, he was an unsuccessful candidate, and on trying his fortune in Ayrshire, a county with which he was connected by his marriage with the daughter of the late Mr. C. S. Parker, of Fairleigh, was again defeated. In December of that year Lord Aberdeen came into power, and Mr. Cardwell, having been appointed President of the Board of Trade, succeeded in finding a seat for the city of Oxford—a constituency which, with the exception of a few months in 1857, he has since represented. He presided at the Board of Trade until the fall of the Aberdeen Government, in February, 1855, and when, a few weeks later, Mr. Gladstone resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in the reconstructed Ministry of Lord Palmerston, the post was offered to Mr. Cardwell, but declined by him. He continued out of office until June, 1859, when, in company with three of his political friends—Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and the late Duke of Newcastle—he entered the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston, taking the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland. In July, 1861, the death of Lord Herbert rendered necessary a rearrangement of offices in the Cabinet, and to Mr. Cardwell was allotted the Duchy of Lancaster. Here he remained until April, 1864, when the continued illness of the Duke of Newcastle compelled that nobleman to resign the post of Colonial Secretary, and Lord Palmerston gave it to Mr. Cardwell. His stay at the Colonial Office extended over more than two years, and one act of his administration will be specially remembered—viz., the issue of the Royal Commission to inquire into the outrages which had been committed during the outbreak in Jamaica. Like his chief, Mr. Cardwell commenced official life in a Government pledged to resist the repeal of the corn laws; and now, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, he finds himself in the Cabinet with one of the most prominent advocates of corn-law repeal which that agitation produced.

The Duke of Argyll, Secretary of State for India, is the only surviving son of the seventh Duke, and was born in 1823. He succeeded his father in 1847, having, as Marquis of Lorne, become favourably known as an author, a politician, and a public speaker. As early as 1842 he published a pamphlet entitled "A Letter to the Peers from a Peer's Son," in which he maintained the duty and necessity of immediate legislative interposition in behalf of the Church of Scotland. He continued to take an active part in the controversy respecting the status of the Scottish Church, which then commanded so much attention, and in 1848 he published an essay critically examining the ecclesiastical history of Scotland since the Reformation. Immediately upon his accession to the title his Grace became a frequent speaker in the House of Lords, cordially acting at the same time with the Peers who sat upon the Liberal benches. In 1851 he was elected Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews, and in the following year, at the early age of twenty-nine, he was taken into Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal. He retained this office during the first few months of Lord Palmerston's Ministry, and at the close of the year 1855 he became Postmaster-General, in succession to Viscount Canning, who had been appointed to the Viceroyalty of India. In the second Palmerston Administration he was again Privy Seal, which he held until the Liberal party went into opposition in 1866. In November, 1854, the Duke of Argyll was elected Rector of the University of Glasgow, and in 1855 he presided over the meeting of the British Association at Glasgow. In 1861 he was elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. His Grace is Hereditary Master of the Queen's Household in Scotland, a trustee of the British Museum, and Hereditary Sheriff and Lord Lieutenant of Argyllshire. He was married, in 1844, to Elizabeth Georgiana, daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland. His Grace's eldest son, the Marquis of Lorne, sits in the House of Commons for the county of Argyll.

The Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, although a member of the Privy Council of thirteen years' standing, now enters the Cabinet for the first time. He is the son of the Rev. Robert Lowe, Rector of Bingham, Notts, by Ellen, second daughter of the Rev. Reginald Pyader, Rector of Madresfield, Worcestershire. Mr. Lowe was born at Bingham in 1811, and is therefore about two years younger than his chief, and two years older than the Secretary for War. He was educated at Winchester and at University College, Oxford, where he was first class in classics and second in mathematics in 1833. Two years afterwards he was elected Fellow of Magdalen College, and subsequently became well known as a private tutor at Oxford. In January, 1842, he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and in the course of the same year he went to Australia. There he practised at the Bar with much success, and in 1843 he was elected a member of the Council of that colony. In 1848 he was elected member for Sydney, and in 1851 he returned to England. At the general election of 1852 Mr. Lowe was returned for Kidderminster, and in December of the same year, on the formation of the Coalition Ministry, he was appointed one of the joint secretaries to the Board of Control. He continued to discharge the duties of this office until the downfall of the Aberdeen Government, early in 1855. In August of the same year, Lord Palmerston having come into power, Mr. Lowe was made Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Paymaster-General, and this post he filled until the Conservatives came into power, in March, 1858. In June, 1859, Lord Palmerston returned to the Treasury benches as Premier, and Mr. Lowe, who had in the mean time been elected for Calne, was allotted the post of Vice-President of the Education Board of the Privy Council. Here he remained until April, 1864, when Lord Robert Cecil, the present Marquis of Salisbury, succeeded in carrying by a narrow majority a resolution in the House of Commons censuring Mr. Lowe for having mutilated the reports of some school inspectors. The charge was afterwards proved and admitted to be groundless. The right hon. gentleman then retired from the Government, and has remained out of office up to the time of his present appointment. Mr. Lowe was married, in 1836, to Georgiana, daughter of Mr. George Orred, of Aigburth House, near Liverpool. He has been a member of the Senate of the University of London since 1860, and on the passing of the Reform Act enfranchising the University he offered himself as a candidate for its representation. Addresses were also issued by Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Walter Bagehot, and Mr. Quain, Q.C., but in the end all except Mr. Lowe withdrew their claims, and at the late election the new Chancellor of the Exchequer was returned without opposition.

Mr. Hugh Culling Eardley Childers, First Lord of the Admiralty, has attained to the rank of a Cabinet Minister at the age of forty-one. He is the only son of the late Rev. Eardley Childers, of Cantley, Yorkshire, and his mother was the eldest daughter of Sir Culling Smith, Bart., of Bedwell Park, Herts. He was born in Brook-street, in 1827, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1850, and M.A. 1857. In the year 1851, Mr. Childers, being then a resident in the colony of Victoria, became a member of the Government, and held a seat in the first Cabinet as a Commissioner of Trade and Customs. He sat for Portland, in the first Legislative Assembly there, in the years 1856 and 1857. In the latter year he returned to England; and at the general election of 1859 unsuccessfully contested the borough of Pontefract. He, however, succeeded in unseating his opponent on petition; and on going to a fresh election, in February, 1860, he was returned. When Mr. Stansfeld was driven from Lord Palmerston's Government, in April, 1864, Mr. Childers took his place as the Civil Lord of the Admiralty—a post which he retained until August, 1865, when, through Mr. Frederick Peel's inability to retain his seat for Bury, he was constrained to resign his office of Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and to this place Mr. Childers was promoted. In June, 1866, he retired from office, with the other members of Lord Russell's Government. Mr. Childers was married, in 1850, to Emily, third daughter of Mr. G. J. A. Walker, of Norton, Worcestershire. His administrative skill in office and his watchful energy in opposition have ensured his promotion to the head of one of the most important departments of the State at an age earlier than that at which many statesmen enter the Cabinet.

Mr. John Bright, President of the Board of Trade, is of the same age as Mr. Lowe, having been born in 1811. He is the son of Mr. Jacob Bright, of Greenbank, near Rochdale, and is partner in the firm of Bright Brothers, cotton-spinners and manufacturers, of that town. He took an active part in the Reform agitation of 1831 and 1832; but first distinguished himself in political life during the long struggle which preceded the repeal of the corn laws. In April, 1843, he unsuccessfully contested the representation of the city of Durham, but was returned for that constituency in the July following. His maiden speech in the House of Commons was delivered on the motion of Mr. Ewart for extending the principles of free trade, April 7, 1844. In 1847 he left Durham, and was returned for Manchester, a city which he represented for ten years. Between the time of his election for Manchester and the accession of Lord Derby's first Government to power Mr. Bright was actively at work, both in Parliament and on the platform. He urged the application of free trade in land as tending to prevent a recurrence of such evils as the Irish famine; he appealed, unsuccessfully, for the dispatch of a Royal Commission to investigate the condition of India; and in 1849 he was one of the members of the Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into official salaries. He co-operated energetically with Mr. Cobden in a movement, popular many years ago, in favour of administrative and financial reform. In 1852 he was prominent amongst the Liberals of Lancashire who welcomed Kossuth to this country. When Lord Aberdeen came into power, in the winter of 1852, the "Eastern question" hung heavily over the councils of Europe, and both Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden earnestly protested against the declaration of war with Russia. In 1856 the honourable gentleman was stricken with a severe illness, which compelled him to forego all action in public affairs for several months. The intelligence of the carrying of Mr. Cobden's resolution of censure on Lord Palmerston's Chinese policy reached Mr. Bright in Italy, and he at once avowed his approval of the course which Mr. Cobden had taken. This avowal, coupled with the general unpopularity of the principles of the party led by Mr. Cobden, led to the rejection of Mr. Bright at Manchester, Mr. Milner Gibson sharing the same fate. Three months afterwards Mr. Munz, one of the members for Birmingham, died, and Mr. Bright accepted an invitation to stand for that borough. He was elected without opposition, and has since continued to represent the hardware capital. Mr. Bright's unwearied efforts in the cause of Reform are too widely known to require recapitulation now. It will be sufficient to say that he has lived to see one after another of the measures which he has advocated—Reform, the abolition of church rates, free trade, the abolition of the newspaper stamp and the paper duty, the admission of Jews to Parliament, and the abolition of the property qualification—adopted by the Government of the day, whether Liberal or Conservative. Mr. Bright has been twice married—first, in 1839, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Jonathan Priestman, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and who died in 1841; secondly, in 1847, to Margaret Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. William Leatham, of Wakefield.

The Marquis of Hartington, Postmaster-General, is the eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire, by the fourth daughter of the sixth Earl of Carlisle. He was born in 1833, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A., 1854. At the general election of 1857, when only twenty-four years of age, he was returned for the northern division of Lancashire, which he continued to represent until the contest of three weeks ago, when the powerful influence of Lord Derby and the strong Conservative feeling which has been manifested in Lancashire were effectual in depriving him of his seat, and he is for the time excluded from the House of Commons. When Parliament returned from the elections which took place in the spring of 1859, the leaders of the Liberal party determined at once to bring about a trial of strength, and to that end brought forward a vote of no confidence. It was moved by the Marquis of Hartington and seconded by Mr. Robert Hanbury, the late member for Middlesex. Lord Hartington had then barely attained the twenty-sixth year of his age; and, in the course of an acrimonious and personal debate, was contemptuously spoken of as a "young Whigling" by Mr. Disraeli, then Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. This sneer notwithstanding, the noble Lord's speech made a most favourable impression on the Liberal benches; and, although no fewer than fourteen of the party voted with the Conservatives, the motion was carried by a majority of 13 in one of the fullest Houses ever assembled. As an acknowledgment of his services on this occasion, and of the steadfastness with which the great house of Cavendish had stood by the Liberal cause, Lord Hartington was, in March, 1863, appointed Civil Lord of the Admiralty. This was, however, but a stepping-stone to further progress, and he did not remain long at Whitehall. A few weeks later, by the death of Sir G. C. Lewis, the office of Secretary for War became vacant, and Earl De Grey and Ripon, who had been Under-Secretary for some time, was promoted to the chief post. He was succeeded by Lord Hartington, who remained Under-Secretary until February, 1866. Sir Charles Wood then retired from the Indian Secretaryship, to which Earl De Grey was transferred; and Lord Hartington, following the example of his late chief, was elevated to the position of Secretary of State, with a seat in the Cabinet. He was then thirty-three years of age; and Mr. Goschen, who had been taken into the Cabinet only a few weeks previously, was thirty-four. The noble Marquis, who is unmarried, was appointed a Captain in the Lancashire Yeomanry Cavalry, Major in the 2nd Derbyshire Militia, and a Deputy-Lieutenant of that county in 1855; and a Major in the 7th Lancashire Rifle Volunteers and deputy lieutenant of the county in 1860. As Postmaster-General, it will fall to his lot to superintend the working of the new Act for the acquisition of the electric telegraphs by the State.

The Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, President of the Poor-Law Board, is the son of Mr. William H. Goschen, and was born in 1831. He was educated at Rugby, and at Oriel College, Oxford, and for some years was a member of the firm of Fruhling and Goschen, Austinfrs. On the death of Mr. Western Wood, in May, 1863, Mr. Goschen was brought forward to fill the vacancy in the City representation, and was returned without opposition. Early in 1865, on Mr. Dodson being appointed to the Chairmanship of Committees in the House of Commons, in succession to Mr. Massey, the new member for the City took charge of the Oxford

Tests Abolition Bill, and his speeches on this and on other subjects so enhanced his reputation that at the general election in July of that year, Mr. Goschen was returned at the head of the poll. On the death of Lord Palmerston, in the month of October following, Earl Russell, as the new Premier, re-arranged some of the offices in the Government, and Mr. Goschen was appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade, in succession to Sir William Hutt, resigned. He had been at the Board of Trade only a few weeks when, early in January, 1866, he was elevated to the position of a Cabinet Minister as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the Earl of Clarendon, the former occupant of the post, having been transferred to the Foreign Office. Mr. Goschen went out of office in the month of June, 1866, together with his colleagues, on the carrying of Lord Dunkellin's £7 rating motion. The right hon. gentleman, who is the author of "The Theory of Foreign Exchanges," was married, in 1857, to Lucy, daughter of Mr. John Dailly. At the late election, Mr. Goschen retained the position on the poll in the City which he occupied in 1865, and came in the first of seven candidates for Parliamentary honours.

The Right Hon. Chichester Samuel Parkinson Fortescue, Chief Secretary for Ireland, is a younger son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Chichester Fortescue, and is brother and heir-presumptive to Lord Clermont. He was born in 1823, and was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was first class in classics in 1844. He obtained the Chancellor's prize for the English essay in 1846. At the general election of 1847 he was elected one of the members for the county of Louth, a constituency which he has ever since represented. In January, 1851, he was appointed the Irish Lord of the Treasury, in the Government of the Earl of Aberdeen, and retained the post for a few weeks in the administration of Lord Palmerston. On the formation of the second Palmerston Ministry, in 1857, he was appointed Under-Secretary for the Colonies, an office to which he was re-appointed in 1859. Mr. Fortescue held this position until November, 1865, when he succeeded Sir Robert Peel as Chief Secretary for Ireland. The right hon. gentleman was married, in 1863, to Frances, Countess Waldegrave.

To the Portraits of the members of the Cabinet we have added those of two other gentlemen who occupy prominent positions in the Government and are likely to take a leading part both in the debates in Parliament and in the affairs of the nation generally. These are Mr. W. E. Forster, who may be called the Minister of Education, and Mr. Stansfeld, who has been appointed to the new office of Third Lord of the Treasury.

William Edward Forster, M.P. for Bradford, is the only son of the late Mr. William Forster (who was for more than half a century a minister of the Society of Friends, and died while employed on an anti-slavery mission in Tennessee), by Anna, sister of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart. Mr. W. E. Forster was born July 11, 1818, and, in 1850, married Jane Martha, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Arnold, D.D., Head Master of Rugby School. Mr. Forster is a deputy-lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and is, or was, a partner in a firm of worsted manufacturers at Bradford. He held the office of Under-Secretary for the Colonies in the Russell-Gladstone Administration and unsuccessfully contested Leeds in 1859. He has been thrice returned for Bradford—namely, in 1861, 1863, and 1864.

James Stansfeld, M.P. for Halifax, is the eldest son of James Stansfeld, Esq., of Moorlands, Judge of the County Court of Yorkshire at Halifax, in which town the new Third Lord of the Treasury was born, in the year 1820. He was educated at University College, London, where he attained the degree of LL.B. He was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1849, and was elected M.P. for Halifax in 1859. He was a Lord of the Admiralty from April, 1863, till 1864; and Under-Secretary of State for India for a short period in 1866. He resigned the Lordship of the Admiralty in April, 1864, in consequence of an outcry raised against him in connection with the name of Mazzini—an outcry in which Mr. Disraeli himself did not think it unworthy to take part. Mr. Stansfeld's mother was a daughter of the Rev. John Ralph, of Halifax; and his wife is a daughter of Henry Ashurst, Esq., solicitor, London.

Literature.

CHRISTMAS GIFT-BOOKS.

OF books adapted for Christmas gifts, the supply this year seems greater than at almost any previous period in our recollection; and if we are unable to notice them all, the several publishers must be good enough to attribute omissions to lack of space and time, and not of will to do their productions justice.

Gray's famous "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" has often afforded a theme for the illustrator's art; and here we have it issued again in elegant form by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., with illustrations, printed in colours by Cooper, Clay and Co., from drawings by R. Barnes, A. W. Elwes, Birket Foster, Townley Green, P. Justyn, T. Kennedy, K. P. Leitch, J. Staniland, E. Wagner, and E. M. Whimperis, who have, as a rule, happily grasped the spirit of their several themes. We cannot help thinking, however, that the colours are a mistake, and that the pictures would have been more effective, as well as more pleasing, had they been printed in sober, simple black upon white. The tints are occasionally somewhat too "loud" to be natural or in good taste; the skies, in some instances, have a lurid yellow glare that is rarely if ever seen on our English horizon; while in others they are a mottled mixture of black and dark green—notably so in the plate representing the "Ivy-mantled tower." With this exception, however, the present edition of the "Elegy" is a handsome volume, and well deserves a place on the drawing-room table or "in my lady's chamber." One thing we must not omit to mention: a facsimile is given of what is believed to be the original draught of the poem; and this, in the estimation of many purchasers, will perhaps constitute the greatest merit of the book.

Messrs. F. Warne and Co. publish a new edition of "The Poets of the Nineteenth Century," selected and edited by the Rev. Robert Aris Wilmot, illustrated by eminent artists, and handsomely printed and bound. The selections include specimens of every poet of note who has lived within the century; they have been judiciously made; the illustrations are good, and the whole volume is chaste and elegant. This work, we should say, would make an excellent gift for a young lady.

From the capital of the northern portion of the kingdom Mr. W. P. Nimmo sends us three fine volumes. The first, and to our mind the best, of these, though certainly not the most pretentious, is the "Works of the Rev. Jonathan Swift, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin; carefully selected, with a Life of the Author and Original and Authentic Notes." There is a portrait of the Dean as frontispiece and the head of "Stella" as vignette on the titlepage, and though this is all in the way of illustration the book contains, it is enough, for the merits of the work itself are recommendation sufficient. We need only add, therefore, that the volume is a handsome octavo, that it is nicely printed in double columns, and plainly but substantially bound, and—marvel of cheapness for such matter—costs only five shillings! We ought not, perhaps, to class this as a Christmas book; but assuredly a better "gift-book" will not be issued this season, though, perhaps, young ladies are not likely to fancy it—which is all the worse for the young ladies.—Another of Mr. Nimmo's volumes is called "The Golden Gift, a Book for the Young," and consists of selections in prose and verse from the writings of popular authors (as well as from those of some authors who can scarcely claim the epithet "popular," except in a rather restricted sense), and illustrated by several eminent hands, among whom are Hugh Cameron, Clark Stanton, Harrison Weir, John M. Whitter, Keeley Halswelle, John Lawson, &c., most of whom are Associates of the Royal Scottish Academy. Of course, where there is so much variety of subject and divergence of skill in the artists, there is great scope for variety in treatment; and though all the illustrations are not of

equal merit, it may fairly be said that each is good in its way. The snow-covered cottage on page 13, for instance, is exceedingly natural and effective; and so are the "Confident Robin" on page 61, the "Wreck of the Hesperus" on page 21, the children on page 105, and "John Gilpin" on page 115. We need say no more of this book except that it has a beautiful illuminated titlepage, and is richly bound in green and gold.—The third of Mr. Nimmo's books has somewhat of a comic tinge about it, and is entitled "The Loves of Rosepink and Sky-blue, and other Stories Told to Children," by William Francis Collier, LL.D. This book is also illustrated, but not by coloured plates, so the rosepink and skyblue idea does not come out so distinctly as the title would lead one to expect. Coloured illustrations, as a rule, unless they are exceedingly well executed, are to our mind a detriment rather than an advantage to a book of intrinsic merit; but here colour might have been appropriately introduced, and it is a pity it was not. Still the volume is handsome, and will no doubt be a favourite with those for whom it is especially designed.

"Tales of Heroes, taken from English History" (Nelson and Sons), is a volume which will prove very attractive to young persons, and serve as an agreeable introduction to the complete history of England. The tales, five in number, are judiciously selected, and are told in a pleasing style: not too succinctly, but with sufficient copiousness to bring the character of each hero and the events of his career distinctly before the reader. We have the lives of Alfred the Great; Richard Cœur de Lion; Prince Edward, son of Henry III.; Henry V., the hero of Agincourt; and Henry VI., and the Maid of Orleans. The range is over the romantic and, to youthful minds, the most interesting epochs of this country's annals. The authenticity of many of the statements in the text is verified by numerous foot-notes and references. The volume is handsomely got up and well printed; and, combining instruction with amusement, makes a capital "Christmas Book." It is illustrated with twenty-six neatly-executed engravings on wood.

One of the most curious of publishers' lists is that of Mr. Hotten. He has struck out a line of his own, and in that line one of the best things he has issued is Mr. Thomas Wright's "Caricature History of the Georges"—a most amusing book, profusely illustrated with copies of the caricatures of the time. Mr. Wright has executed his share of the work with his usual fulness of information, freedom from pretence, and skill in skating on thin ice. It is not a book to present to a young lady, but it is a handsome gift-book for hardened old bachelors and other men who like to look backwards, and who dearly love the personalities of political and social life.—Of the same class of books, and from the same publisher, is a capital new edition of "Dr. Syntax," with Rowlandson's pictures reproduced, and a life of the author, William Combe, by Mr. Hotten himself. This, again, is not a volume for a young lady, though there is no harm in it; but it is well adapted for a gift-book, and, of course, contains very curious illustrations of English manners and notions eighty years ago. It should be added that the pictures are all coloured.—From the same publisher comes the sixth edition of Mr. Pennell's "Puck on Pegasus," with large additions in the poetry, and a great many more illustrations. This is a work which may be given to a young lady, if you like; and, in any case, it is an excellent drawing-room table book, because Mr. Pennell's verses (though they have usually a self-conscious flavour) are really ingenious, and among the names of the artists are those of Leech, Doyle, Millais, and Tenniel. It is a very pretty book.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS.

One Year; or, A Story of Three Homes. By F. M. P., Author of "Tales of the South of France." With Original Illustrations. London: Frederick Warne and Co.

Sweet Violet, and Other Stories. By CHRISTINA FRASER-TYLER. With Six Illustrations by M. F. T. London: Hatchards.

Cats and Dogs; or, Notes and Anecdotes of Two Great Families of the Animal Kingdom. By Mrs. HUGH MILLER. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

Amongst youthful readers the ladies will certainly admire so graceful a story as "One Year: A Story of Three Homes," although, indeed, it is all about girls, and it is not unreasonable to think that they might like to know something about boys—that is, men. Excepting one nicely-drawn character, who dies young, there is positively only one young man amongst the two dozen ladies, and he is not very pleasing at first. But "One Year" is a story of the magic of kindness; and so Clement Blunt becomes civilised as soon as 150 pages are over his head, and marries the girl after all, which is what every reader will wish and few will expect. The three homes are French and English, and of the coast; the connected three families being French, English, and—may we say?—"half and half." Madame d'Auzigny, at Dieppe, tyrannises over dear little Ursule Lafon; but she is very amiable at last, and not without reason. During the French Revolution, it will be remembered, there was a massacre of the innocents at Nantes, ordered by Carrier, during which Madame's sister had her life saved by the grandfather of Ursule. And this being suddenly discovered, Madame's sister leaves all her English properties to Ursule, to the chagrin of everybody, including Clement, who is Madame's sister's son. There, we have told the principal piece of the story, and it cannot be helped. But we can compensate by saying that there are many more little pretty pieces of stories in "One Year." Moreover, there are some good and interesting people, French and English, with some little humour, no false sentimentalism, and much writing (apart from the story itself) which will be read with profit and delight. The little French Ursule is worthy of even a better husband than Clement—who gets herself, the cottage, and a small fortune by the transaction—but still, with the love of the young pair, it is fair poetic justice. The artist of "One Year" has been too reticent. The initials only, "H. F.," can be traced; but the pictures will always "speak up for themselves" as regards their excellence.

The words "Sweet Violet," on the paper cover protecting a beautifully-bound volume from the rough but loving hands—let us say—of good uncles, until it reaches the darling little apologies for rights and lefts of pretty nieces, induced some strange thoughts. They reminded us of Breidenbach, and yet smelt not of Rimmel; but then senses were confused. Did they suggest the grave of Keats, the urn of Shelley, when in Rome it seemed beautiful to die in so sweet a place? or, what about that tomb for which kings might wish to die? (always supposing that living, especially at Christmas-time, were not vastly superior!) The mystery was dissipated in another moment. "Sweet Violet" is the story of a young lady, daughter of a deceased Rector, who is, in a way, adopted by a good middle-aged spinster, who tells something of her own fortunes, and all about Violet's life until she is married fairly in the last page. Violet is the orphan daughter of a clergyman, and makes us wonder once more how ladies addicted to pen and ink find so much time to study persons, and to love them all. "Sweet Violet" has but little story, but it is so pretty that people must read. The second story, "Margaret," is of a well-educated daughter of a small country schoolmaster. She takes a position as lady's-maid, and is soon promoted to the rank of governess, and, in addition, is admired for her beauty. But when the son of the great people, Hastings Seymour, falls "over head and ears," and refuses to be comforted, Margaret vanishes homewards; and, by-and-by, things become all right. As a fragment of story, "Margaret" is worth ten times the value of "Sweet Violet;" but it will be easy for the reader to love both, as well as the three stories which the volume also contains. The half-dozen pictures to this volume clearly emanate from a talent but half-cultured; but there is "something in them which must come out"—in goodness!

A few words will describe Mrs. Hugh Miller's "Cats and Dogs." The book is by no means devoted to denizens of hearthrug and kennel; but gives a "full, true, and particular account" of all animals of the cat and dog tribe. Lions and tigers, wolves and

hyenas, with a long *et cetera*, are described in fairly scientific, though easy, style; for the machinery of the book is domestic—a well-cultivated mother teaching her little boy and girl. By-the-way, we scarcely envy the little boy and girl, for they will certainly become too clever to be tolerated by ordinary people as soon as two or three Christmases more have disordered their stomachs. For instance, little Arthur, *aged six*, thus convinces his mother that he thoroughly understands all that she has been telling him:—"I think I see what you mean, Mamma," replied Arthur. "If all nature were a series of causes and effects, we could imagine it to go on of itself; but if there are arrangements without any connection but that of forethought, especially when one arrangement does not come into being until millions of ages after the other, there must then be an eternal thought and an eternal will." Well, perhaps Master Arthur, when Christmas is over, will be commencing school, and not going along, as far as elegance of diction goes, "of himself." In the mean time, we recommend him to study the really good pictures of animals which are scattered so liberally throughout these pages.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

"The Doctor's Ward," by the author of "The Four Sisters," &c. (Routledge, London), is a very pretty tale for girls, which must be warmly commended. The style is excessively pleasing, and, although almost destitute of incident and interest—excepting commonplace—as a story, it yet secures the reader's attention to the last. Phillis Agnew is adopted by Dr. Frank Raymond and his sister Christine—the Doctor having attended her father, a broken-down gentleman, on his death-bed. Phillis has a strong character of her own; and the way in which she is trained to social life, her school-days, &c., are described in a very interesting and amiable style. The three principal characters are worth three dozen of far higher pretension; and some others, generally light and agreeable, make up sufficient society for a short story. By-the-way, as we have spoken of dearth of incident and interest, it is proper to explain that those matters are left until almost the last. It would have been much better had Frank and Phillis's love-making, and Christine's reconciliation with Lascelles, commenced by the middle of the story. No matter—it is good as it stands. The illustrations are certainly of the ordinary kind common to such volumes, but they are infinitely beyond the average in drawing and effect.

"The Girl's Own Book" (Tegg, London) is a new edition, considerably enlarged and modernised by Mrs. L. Valentine and others, of Lydia Maria Child's well-known work, and contains ample materials for amusement, pleasure, and useful occupations for girls of all ages who have obtained emancipation from the restraints of the nursery. We here have games; directions for fancy work; bird, bee, and aquaria management; charades, conundrums, enigmas, rules of etiquette; and, in short, everything that can interest, instruct, and amuse girls in all ranks of life. The book is now presented to the public deserves commendation more hearty, even than it did in its original form. It is nicely printed, well illustrated, chaste bound; and is, in fact, in itself a lesson on taste.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler issue a series of books, in neat covers, by Madame Goubaud. These include a "Tutting-Book," with sixty-five illustrations; "Crochet Instructions," with all the various "stitches" exhibited in engravings; "Embroidery Instructions," with patterns; and "Berlin Wool Instructions," with ditto. We cannot pretend to be very learned in these recondite arts; but we dare say the instructions given are perfect in their way, and will enable young ladies who are not hampered with hard work or serious occupations of any kind to master the most recently-invented modes of elegant trifling.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

The near approach of Christmas, the great gift-giving season of the year, has brought its usual crop of books adapted for presents to children. Messrs. Routledge, as is their wont, take a prominent place as caterers for the little folk, as well as for persons of all stages of physical and mental development. To begin with, they send us a series under the general title of "Aunt Mavor's Toy Books," all of which are illustrated with brightly-coloured pictures. This series includes "The Little Hunchback," an Oriental tale; "Lost on the Sea-Shore," a story of our own seacoast; "Grammar in Rhyme," in which the elementary rules of the "art of writing and speaking," &c., are given in verses which are simple and likely to be easily remembered; "Pictures from the Streets," in which street scenes and characters of various sorts are delineated and described; "Baby's Birthday," showing how that important epoch in baby life was spent; and "How Jessie was Lost," containing the adventures of a little girl who, taking advantage of the pre-occupation of "nurse and the maid" in a gossip, stole away in Kensington Gardens, but who didn't like being lost when she had achieved that end, and consequently cried mightily thereat—the moral, of course, being obvious. Routledge and Sons also send out "Puss in Boots," being the favourite old story done up in a new style, with coloured page engravings; together with a much more valuable and more carefully got up volume, "The Child's Picture-Book of Wild Animals," containing twelve really well-executed pictures, accompanied by appropriate letterpress, of denizens of the wilds, among which are the lion, the tiger, the leopard, the elephant, the bison, the wolf, the zebra, the hyena, the bear, the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, and the giraffe. But the best of Messrs. Routledge's books for children is "Pictures of English History, from the Earliest Times to the Present Period." This book contains ninety-three pictures, in colours, of leading incidents in our national history, commencing with the Druids, or British priests, and including most of the important incidents from that time to the great review of volunteers in Hyde Park before her Majesty a few years ago. Appended is a list of the Kings and Queens that have reigned in England since the Conquest by William the Norman; and altogether this is not only a pleasant but a useful book.

Among books for children we may also mention the "Child's Own A B C, with Object Lessons" (Dean and Son, London), which is an alphabet, a primer, a collection of moral lessons and lessons on objects, bits of useful knowledge, and a picture-book all in one, and will no doubt be held in esteem for each of its merits. Messrs. Dean and Son likewise publish a large collection of other books for children, but lack of space prevents our even naming more than one, and that one is "Black Roddie and His Master," which, perhaps, ought to be classed with books for the young, but will be a favourite with the little folk too. "Roddie" is a terrier of the true Scotch race—black, rough, and shaggy, but a thorough gentleman at heart. The little book tells the story of his life after being introduced to his new master; and, we are sorry to say, of his death and burial also; and very fine fellows both dog and master were, and it were devoutly to be wished that dogs and their masters were all as sensible and good-hearted as were Black Roddie and his master Fred. M. The book is nicely illustrated and bound, and sports a portrait of "Roddie"—which is short for "Roderick Dhu"—as a frontispiece.

From Messrs. Cassell and Co. we have a rhymed version of "Robinson Crusoe," with coloured illustrations; "Esop's Fables," also in rhyme, and with coloured plates; together with "Cock Sparrow" and "Queer Characters," in the same style, and all with coloured illustrated covers.

Messrs. F. Warne and Co. send us a handsome quarto volume, called "Aunt Louisa's Birthday Gift," comprising coloured pictures, with descriptions and anecdotes, of country pets, including the horse, the donkey, rabbits, dogs, poultry, pigeons, &c. To these are added "Pussy's London Life;" "Frisky, the Squirrel;" and "Hector, the Dog;" the whole illustrated by well-drawn and carefully-printed coloured engravings, page size. The paper is thick, the binding handsome; and the volume, altogether, is a very presentable gift for a birthday or any other occasion.

"Harry's Ladder to Learning" (Ward, Lock, and Tyler, London)

is a book of lessons on objects, with descriptive sentences, verses, short essays, &c., leading up from the very simplest to more complex themes. It is illustrated, printed on stout paper, and handsomely bound.

We may likewise class among books of this order a series of pretty picture cards published by Messrs. Cassell, Potter, and Galpin, and entitled respectively "The Animals of all Climes," "The Feathered Creation," and "Floral Beauties of the World," each set of which contains twelve pictures coloured after nature and very nicely executed they are.

BOOKS ON LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

The Desert World. From the French of ARTHUR MANGIN. Edited and Enlarged by the Translator of "The Bird," by Michelet. With 180 Illustrations by W. Freeman, Foulquier, and Yan Dargent. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

Wild Life Under the Equator. Narrated for the Young. By PAUL DU CHAILLU. Author of "Discoveries in Equatorial Africa," "Stories of the Gorilla Country," &c. With numerous Illustrations. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

Of the style in which this version of M. Mangin's great work, "The Desert World," has been translated, edited, illustrated, and got-up generally we need say little here. We have already characterised it as it deserves in speaking of its companion-volume, "The Mysteries of the Ocean," and need only add now that "The Desert World" is in every respect worthy of the other splendid volumes of the series to which it belongs—viz., "The Bird," by M. Michelet, published last year; and "The Ocean," by M. Mangin, issued a few weeks ago. The scope of the present work will be best explained by a short extract from the preface, in which the author says:—"The area of our present work would be very limited if we understood the word 'Desert' in its more rigorous signification; for we should then have only to consider those desolate wildernesses which an inclement sky and a sterile soil seem to exclude for ever from man's dominion. But, by a license which usage authorises, we are able to attribute to this term a much more extended sense; and to call 'Deserts' not only the sandy seas of Africa and Asia, the icy wastes of the Poles, and the inaccessible crests of the great mountain-chains; but all the regions where man has not planted his regular communities or permanent abodes; where earth has never been appropriated, tilled, and subjected to cultivation; where Nature has maintained her inviolability against the encroachments of human industry."

Starting with the design thus indicated, M. Mangin, in Book I. treats of "The Deserts of Europe and Asia—the Landes, the Dunes, and the Steppes." In Book II. he deals with "The Deserts of Sand—the Deserts of Europe and Africa." In Book III. he explores "Prairies, Savannas, Pampas, and Llanos." In Book IV. he treats of "The Forests;" and in Book V. of "The Polar Regions—the Mountains." In each division we have displayed the geography, the topography, the flora, the fauna—the men and the animals, birds and insects, peculiar to each region are fully set before us; and the result is a perfect picture of "The Desert World," and life therein of all kinds. We give a couple of Engravings and some extracts from the work, which we recommend to our readers as heartily as we have recommended its predecessors.

MONKEYS.

"The American continent possesses, in addition to the great apes, the Macaques, the Cynocephali, and the Anthropomorphes, other apes of more erect, and one might even say more elegant, figures, essentially climbers, and provided with a long, but not prehensile, tail. Such are the Semnopithecus and the monkeys of the African forests, of India and Indo-China, of Japan and the Indian Archipelago. These

themselves with man, and do not become in their old age more impracticable or malicious than in youth.

"The Cebidae are divided into several genera, such as the Howlers, the Ateles, the Sajous, the Saimris, the Nyctipithecus, or Nocturnal Apes; to which we may add, perhaps, the tribe of the Hapalidae (Ouistitis and Tamarins).

"The Howling Monkeys owe their distinctive name to their habit of assembling in the woods and startling the echoes with a chorus of unearthly noises. They chiefly inhabit New Grenada, Guiana, Brazil, and Paraguay, where, night and morning, their discordant orchestra strikes terror to the soul of the unaccustomed traveller.

"The tail of nearly all the American Cebidae is long and prehensile—that is, endowed with a peculiar faculty of winding or clinging round any object.

moreover, adversaries worthy of his prowess. He is, besides, an acute observer of Nature, in all her wilderness moods, and tells us many queer things and records numerous curious and interesting facts; and, in short, has here placed before his young readers a book that is infinitely more attractive than a great many novels and decidedly better than a vast number of plays. He speaks of scenes which he has seen, of creatures he has fought withal, of adventures in which he was an actor, and of dangers he has himself passed through. He has, therefore, an immense advantage over those compilers of "books of adventure for boys" who take their facts at secondhand, while they themselves "sit at home at ease." M. Du Chaillu's last year's book for the young, he tells us, was extremely successful. We do not doubt it; and feel sure that the volume before us will have an equally popular "run." As a taste of M. Du Chaillu's quality, we append an illustration and some passages from his book:—

BASHIKOUAY ANTS.

"Of all the ants which inhabit the regions I have explored, the most dreaded of all is the bashikouay; it is very abundant, and is the most voracious creature I have ever met. It is the dread of all living animals, from the elephant and the leopard down to the smallest insect.

"No wonder that the animal and insect world flies before them! And now I am going to say a good deal of what I know about them. If I should tell you all, the account would appear so incredible that perhaps you would say it must be untrue; but I write this book to instruct you, and to show you that the ways of Nature are wonderful.

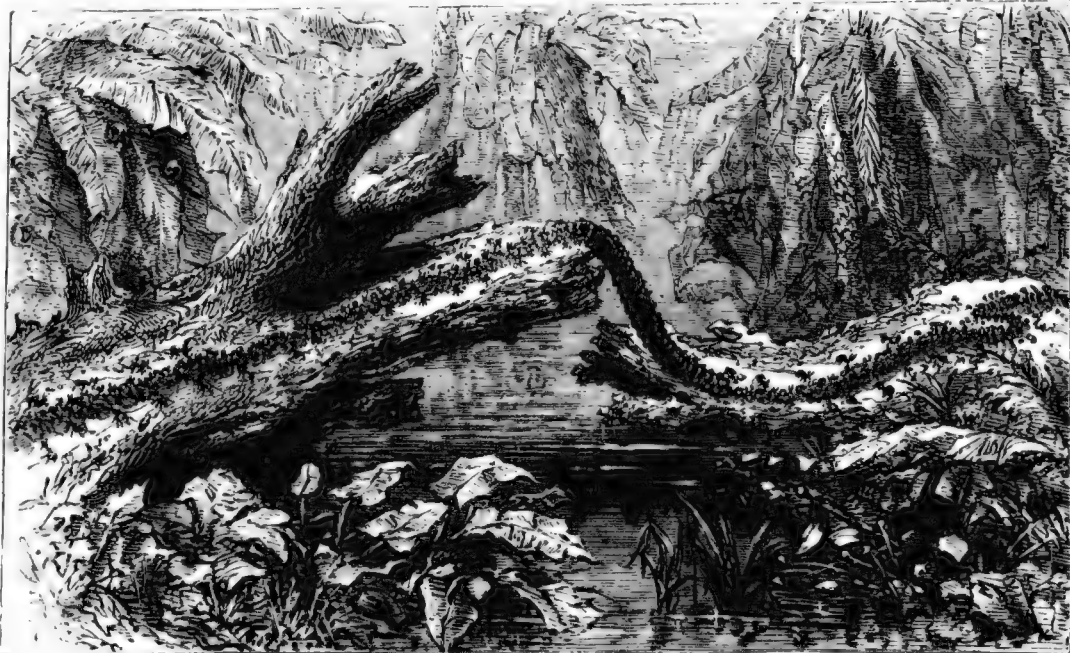
"These bashikouay, so far as I have been able to observe, do not build a nest or house of any kind; they wander throughout the year, and seem never to have any rest. They are on the march day and night. I never saw them carry anything away; they devour everything on the spot.

"It is their habit to march through the forests in a long regular line, just as soldiers would do, and with quite as much order and regularity. The line is about two inches broad, and must be often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, standing outside the ranks, and keeping this singular army in order. These officers stand generally with their heads facing their subordinates. They remain thus until their squads have passed, and then join them, while others take their place.

"The number of a large army is so great that I should not even dare to enter into a calculation. I have seen one continual line passing at good speed a particular place for twelve hours. It was sunrise when I saw them, and it was only a little before sunset that their numbers began to diminish. An hour before the end of the column came it was not so compact, and I could see that these were the stragglers, and many of these stragglers also seemed to be of a smaller size: they were evidently tired. When I saw them in the morning I did not know how long since this vast army of bashikouay had begun their march. This was the largest column I ever saw. You may imagine how many millions on millions there must have been included in this column. I have seen much smaller columns on the march, but it generally required several hours for them to pass.

"Strange as it may seem, these ants cannot bear the heat of the sun; hence they could not be found in a country where the forests are scarce. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in column to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet under ground, and are only used during the heat of the day. I have noticed that these open spaces are often passed by them during the night to the forest beyond.

"When they get hungry the long file spreads and scatters itself through the forest in a front line. How the order reaches from one extremity of the line to the other almost at the same time I can not tell. Then they attack and devour all that comes within their



BASHIKOUAY ANTS, OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA, ON THE MARCH.

"In the genus Ateles, or 'Spider Monkey,' for example, it virtually forms a fifth limb, by whose agency the animal suspends himself in the air, and darts from one tree to another with more than the agility of a Leopard. It amply compensates for the imperfection with which Nature has afflicted him by leaving his fore paws deprived of thumbs. He owes his popular designation of the Spider Monkey to his long slender limbs and sprawling gestures. In the colour of his skin, his methodical slowness, and the suppleness of his movements, he resembles the gibbons. Of all animals he alone has the biceps of the thigh resembling that of man. He is fond of the society of his kind, and mainly subsists on insects, small fish, and molluscs, which he catches with all the address of a practised angler. Travellers affirm that he frequently crosses the wide American rivers without descending to the ground. He and his comrades form a living chain, which hangs suspended from a lofty branch, and, by a series of more or less nimble movements, succeeds in hooking itself on to a tree on the other side. This chain serves at first as a flying bridge for the whole troop; then it accomplishes its own passage by detaching itself from its point of suspension to fall back on the opposite bank. The tale, however, has an improbable air about it which makes a large demand on the reader's belief.

"It is from South America, and notably from Brazil and Guiana, that we import into Europe the apes most valued by our itinerant mountebanks and by zoological amateurs, on account of their gentleness, their domesticity, their intelligence, and their singular instinct of imitation—almost amounting to genius—which renders them wonderfully apt in the performance of all kinds of tricks and amusing exercises. Nearly all these apes belong to the very numerous genus of Sajous or Sapajous.

"Thus we have the Squirrel Monkey (*Callithrix sciurus*), not much larger than the animal whose name he bears, and infinitely more nimble and diverting. He is of a bright golden yellow colour, with feet and hands of a deeper yellow. His head is round, with a blackish nose, and hairy ears. His tail is very long, and tipped with black. The nails of his hands are flat, while those of his feet resemble claws.

"The Ouistitis, which are frequently imported into Europe, are very pretty animals, clad in a soft kind of fur, and with their ears ornamented by long brush-like tufts of black or white hairs. They are very easily tamed, are mild and intelligent, and, owing to their small size, conveniently kept in apartments; but they do not acclimatise in England, and, even if they survive the voyage, die very shortly after their arrival."

M. Du Chaillu and his discoveries have been the theme of much controversy. His statements have been denied and his alleged discoveries have been made light of. But the sturdy Frenchman has held his own; and, whether he has really seen all he says he has or not, it is now admitted that he has seen much of the wild life of Equatorial Africa; and it is certain that he has written some very interesting and amusing works. Last year he published a book for the young compiled out of his larger volumes; and this year he repeats the process, dealing with a fresh class of subjects and disporting

in new fields of adventure. M. Du Chaillu's style of narration is light, racy, and attractive; his adventures are full of "hair-breadth 'escapes.'" Some of his statements are certainly marvellous, and, though not necessarily imaginary, they exhibit just a sufficient twang of the "long-bow" to remove them from the region of dry detail or a journal-like record of facts. A mighty traveller, and a mighty hunter too, is M. Du Chaillu; and in the gorillas, elephants, hippopotami, leopards, lions, buffaloes, and snakes of Equatorial Africa he found game—if we may use the word in connection with such creatures—entirely to his taste, and,

reach with a fury and voracity which is quite astonishing. As I have said, the elephant and gorilla fly before this attack; the leopard disappears from his den; the black men run away for their lives; for who would dare to stand still before such an army? In a very short time any adversary would be overpowered; and I am sure that in about two or three hours nothing would be left of the opposition. Antelopes which I have killed have been stripped of every bit of flesh in that time. At times, when they have spread themselves, they do not advance with rapidity, but seem to go in a rambling sort of a way."



HOWLING MONKEYS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

two latter groups approximate, by their external forms, to the apes of the New World; divided by Buffon into Sagouins and Sapajous, but reunited in the new classification of naturalists under one single family, named Cebidae. These—one genus, the Brachiaurs, excepted—have all a very long, and generally a prehensile, tail. They differ, moreover, from the Simiidae of the Old World in the disposition of their nostrils, which are always open laterally, and separated by a thick depressed membrane, in such wise that it might also be affirmed they were gifted with two noses! By nature they are of a gentle and placable disposition, readily domesticated



ATELES, OR "SPIDER" MONKEYS, CROSSING A RIVER.

MR. STREETER, 37, CONDUIT-STREET,
WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER,
MANUFACTURER of
MACHINE-MADE LONDON WATCHES,
AS CHEAP as FOREIGN WATCHES.

ONLY 18-CARAT GOLD CASES USED,
and
HALL-MARKED SILVER CASES.
TWELVEMONTHS WARRANTY GIVEN.
and
EVERY WATCH KEPT in ORDER for
TWELVE MONTHS.
EXCEPT in CASE of BREAKAGE.

THE YOUNG LADIES' PRESENT.
THE LONDON LEVER GOLD WATCH
and 18-carat GOLD CHAIN, £10 10s.

THE LONDON LEVER GOLD WATCHES
for GENTLEMEN, 1 oz. case of 18-carat gold, £10 10s.

ONE OUNCE CHAIN in EIGHTEEN-
CARAT GOLD, 26 6s.

THE LONDON LEVER GOLD THREE-
QUARTER PLATE WATCHES.

FOR LADIES, 18-carat Gold Cases, £10 10s.

THREE-QUARTER OUNCE CHAIN in
18-CARAT GOLD, £14s. 6d.

THE LONDON LEVER THREE-QUARTER
PLATE WATCH.

FOR GENTLEMEN, 18-carat Cases, £12.

THE ETON WATCH,
STRONG and LASTING, for BOYS, £3 3s.

SILVER CHAINS, 10s.

MR. STREETER'S MACHINE-MADE
HALF-HUNTING SILVER
WATCHES FOR BOYS, £5.

STRONG SILVER CHAINS, £1.

SOLDIERS' WATCHES, English Make, £5.

ADJUSTED for ALL CLIMATES.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS and
NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

MR. EDWIN W. STREETER, 37, Conduit-
street (late Hancock and Co., Limited).

INTRODUCER of the CELEBRATED
MACHINE-MADE JEWELLERY.

MR. STREETER uses only 18-carat Gold.

LOCKETS, £1.

MONOGRAM DITTO, £2.

ETRUSCAN BROOCHES, £3.

ETRUSCAN EARRINGS, £1 10s.

ETRUSCAN BRACELETS, £5.

ETRUSCAN MINIATURE DITTO, £10 10s.

ETRUSCAN SUITES, £10 10s.

ETRUSCAN HALF DITTO, £5 5s.

NECKLACES, £2.

IVY-LEAF NECKLACE, £8 8s.

EARRINGS, £2 2s.

HEAD ORNAMENTS in 18-CARAT GOLD.

CHAIN NECKLACES in 18-CARAT GOLD.

CHAIN BRACELETS in 18-CARAT GOLD.

MR. STREETER marks all in plain figures,

ALLOWS 10 per CENT DISCOUNT, and

STATES QUALITY OF GOLD SOLD.

THE USE OF MACHINERY in the

Manufacture of Gold Articles is of great advantage to the

public.—The Times, Oct. 18, 1867.

MR. EDWIN W. STREETER marks upon

his goods the quality of the gold supplied by him.—

Morning Paper, Sept. 17, 1867.

BY the INTRODUCTION of MACHINERY

50 per cent is saved in the manufacture of GOLD

JEWELLERY.—Standard, September, 1867.

NOVELTY in JEWELLERY—gold

ornaments of the most recherche and artistic taste.—Court

Journal, Dec. 27, 1866.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you broken
of your rest by a sick child, suffering with the pain of
cutting teeth? Go at once to a Chemist, and get a bottle of
WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor
sufferer immediately; it is perfectly harmless; it produces natural
quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub
awakes "as bright as a button." It has been long in use in
America, and is highly recommended by medical men; it is very
pleasant to take; it soothes the child; it softens the gums, allays
all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known
remedy for dysentery and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething
or other causes. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing
Syrup, and see that "Curtis and Perkins, New York and London,"
is on the outside wrapper. No mother should be without it. Sold
by all Medicine-Dealers, at 1s. 11d.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Cures Dysentery.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Cures Diarrhoea.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Cures Wind Colic.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Relieves All Pain.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Softens the Gums.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Regulates the Bowels.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.
No Mother should be Without It.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.
Sold by all Chemists in Great Britain.

WHO IS MRS. WINSLOW?—As this
question is frequently asked, we shall simply say that she
is a lady who for upwards of thirty years has untiringly devoted
her time and talents as a female physician and nurse, principally
among children. She has especially studied the constitution and
wants of this numerous class; and, as a result of this effort and
practical knowledge obtained in a lifetime spent as nurse and phy-
sician, she has compounded a Soothing Syrup for Children. It
operates like magic, giving rest and health, and is, moreover, sure
to regulate the bowels. In consequence of this article, Mrs.
Winslow is becoming world-renowned as a benefactor of her race.
Children certainly do rise up and bless her. Especially is this the
case in this city. Vast quantities of the Soothing Syrup are daily
sold and used here. We think Mrs. Winslow has immortalised her
name by this invaluable article; and we sincerely believe thou-
sands of children have been saved from an early grave by its
timely use, and that millions yet unborn will share its benefits
and unite in calling her blessed. No mother has discharged her duty
to her suffering little one, in our opinion, until she has given it the
benefit of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Try it, Mothers! try
it now.—"Ladies' Visitor," New York City.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.
Sold Everywhere.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
is highly Recommended.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
is Used by Millions.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.
Over 30 years in Use.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.
Retailed by all Chemists in the City.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.
Sold by all Dealers, at 1s. 11d.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
operates like Magic.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
never fails to Cure.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
is Known the World Over.

A DOWN TOWN MERCHANT, having
passed several sleepless nights, disturbed by the agonies
of a suffering child, and becoming convinced that Mrs.
WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP was just the article needed,
procured a supply for the child. On reaching home, and acquaint-
ing his wife with what he had done, she refused to have it ad-
ministered to the child, as she was strongly in favour of
homoeopathy. That night the child passed in suffering, and the
parents without sleep. Returning home the day following, the
father found the baby still worse; and, while contemplating
another sleepless night, the mother stepped from the room to
attend to some domestic duties, and left the father with the child.
During her absence he administered a portion of the Soothing
Syrup to the baby, and said nothing. That night all hands slept
well, and the little fellow awoke in the morning bright and
happy. The mother was delighted with the sudden and wonderful
change, and, although at first offended at the deception practised
upon her, has continued to use the Syrup; and suffering, crying
babies and restless nights have disappeared. A single trial of the
Syrup never yet failed to relieve the baby, and overcome the pre-
judices of the mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
is Used by all Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
is Used by all Nurses.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
is Used by Everybody.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
is the Best Remedy known.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.
Never known to Fail.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has directions with each bottle.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
may be Used with Safety.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.
Sold by all Medicine-Dealers.

MRS. WINSLOW, an old and experienced
nurse, has devoted herself for more than thirty years ex-
clusively to the care of children. She has a SOOTHING SYRUP
for children teething which we believe a most valuable prepa-
ration, not only for children teething, but in all cases of dysentery
or diarrhoea. We speak of what we know when we say that this
Soothing Syrup acts like a perfect charm in the above cases. We
have witnessed the most satisfactory and pleasing results from the
use of it upon suffering infants and children in a great variety of
cases. It gives universal satisfaction, is perfectly safe to the
feeblest infant, and pleasant to the taste. We sincerely believe the
mother who has a child suffering from any of the above com-
plaints and neglects to provide this medicine for its relief and cure
is depriving the little sufferer of the remedy of all the world best
calculated to give it rest and restore it to health. It is said that
one fourth the children born die under five years of age. As the
teething period is the most critical time, every mother should be
prepared to act as nurse and physician, and no mother should be
without Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, which is perfectly safe in
all cases, and may be had of any Medicine-Dealer.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
is pleasant to take.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
is perfectly Safe.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
soothes the Child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
gives Rest to the Child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
gives Rest to the Mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 11d. per bottle.

WHOLESALE ORDERS ADDRESSED
JEREMIAH CURTIS, SONS, and CO., 265, High
Holborn, London.

JOHNSTON'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE
is excellent
and pure
in Quality.

JOHNSTON'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE.
One Teaspoonful
makes a cup
of superior Coffee.

JOHNSTON'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE
is supplied
in Bottles with
glass stoppers.

JOHNSTON'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE
saves time,
and is economical
to the Housekeeper.

JOHNSTON'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE
is convenient
for use
in Hotels.

JOHNSTON'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE
is convenient
for use
in Offices.

JOHNSTON'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE
is especially
suitable for use
on board ship.

JOHNSTON'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE
is prepared
for export
to all climates.

JOHNSTON'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE.
To be obtained,
by order, through
Merchants.

JOHNSTON'S ESSENCE OF COFFEE
is supplied,
in the United Kingdom,
by Grocers and Chemists.

Prepared by JAMES JOHNSTON, Paisley.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.
Greatful and Comforting.

Prepared by James Epps and Co., Homoeopathic Chemists,
London.

Sold only in labelled, tin-lined packets.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA
owes its special excellence,
delicious flavour,
and freshness of aroma,
to the Caracac and other choice growths of Cacao.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.
A long experience
and very complete Machinery
have enabled the Manufacturers
to bring their Caracac Cocoa to great perfection.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.
To those in delicate health,
or under medical treatment,
this very choice Cocoa
will prove a valuable and favourite article of diet.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.
The Six Medals
awarded to J. S. Fry and Sons
prove the high position
assigned to the firm by the most competent judges.

TO HORSE AND CATTLE KEEPERS.

THE NUTRITIOUS COCOA EXTRACT,
for HORSES and CATTLE.

It will put a Horse into condition when all other means have
failed.

It increases and enriches produce.
Horses fed on the Nutritious Cocoa are always
winners in the Field.

Winners at the Steeplechase,
First at the Post,
and invariably take Prizes at the Agricultural Shows.

"Bell's Life," July 4, 1865, says:—"It is the finest and cheapest
Cattle Food in the market."

250 Feeds, as Sample, sent free to any address for 10s.

J. LIVESLEY, Manager North British Cattle-Feed Company,
London Depot, 173, Bishopsgate-street Without.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER for BREAKFAST.
Sold in
1 lb.
Packets.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER for BREAKFAST.
Sold in
1 lb.
Packets.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER for BREAKFAST.
Plain, 2s. 2d., 6d., 3s. 3d., 6d.;
Vanilla, 2s. 6d., 3s. 3d., 6d., 4s.;
Sane Sucre, 3s. per lb.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER for DESSERT.
Caramel,
Almond,
Pistache,
Nougat,
Liquore,
Fraisins.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER for EATING.
Sold
in
Boxes.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER, Sans Sucre,
sold
in 1 lb., 3s. per lb.

MENIER'S FRENCH CHOCOLATE
(manufactured only in France) defies all honest competi-
tion. The healthiest and most delicious aliment for breakfast;
unsulphurated; highly nutritious. Annual consumption exceeds
5,000,000 lb.—Wholesale, Menier, 21, Henrietta-street, Strand.

GENUINE COCOA, Ground, Flaked, and
Nibbed, at 1s. 4d. per lb. Every article of Grocery genuine
at MEREDITH'S Tea and Italian Warehouse, 330, Strand (oppo-
site Somerset House). Has been noted for Cocoa for half a century.

Why pay more than One Shilling per lb.
when you can buy
when you can buy

BARRY and COMPANY'S PREPARED
COCOA,
which is the Excellence of Prepared Cocoa,
at ONE SHILLING PER LB.
Sold in Packets by all Grocers.

BRAGG'S CHARCOAL BISCUITS afford
Speedy Relief in Cases of Acidity, Bile, Indigestion, Heart-
burn, Flatulency, &c. Sold in tins, 1s., 2s., 4s., and 8s. each, by
J. T. BRAGG, Sole Maker, 2, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square;
and by all Chemists. Also, Pure Vegetable Charcoal, in bottles, 2s.
and 4s. each.

MABTELL and CO'S COGNAC BRANDY,
44s. per dozen. Bottled and Sold by
T. W. KELLY, 1, Moorgate-street, E.C.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY, DUBLIN
EXHIBITION, 1865. This celebrated Old Irish Whisky gained
the Dublin Prize Medal. It is pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and
very wholesome. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d. each, at the retail houses
in London; by the agents in the principal towns of England; or
wholesale, at 8, Great Windmill-street, London, W.—Observe the
red seal, pink label, and branded cork, "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND NEW-
YEAR'S GIFTS**
for all who Court the Gay and Festive Scenes.
ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,
preserver and beautifier of the Hair beyond all precedent.
ROWLANDS' KALYDOR,
for imparting a radiant bloom to the complexion and a softness
and delicacy to the skin.
ROWLANDS' ODONTO OR PEARL DENTIFRICE,
for giving a pearl-like whiteness to the teeth, and a pleasing
fragrance to the breath.
Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.
Ask for "ROWLANDS'" articles.

Under the immediate Patronage of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales:
A. BORGÉN and CO.
have opened their
DANISH GALLERIES,
at 142, New Bond-street, W.,
comprising a most recherche collection of
DANISH JEWELLERY,
DANISH ELECTRO-PLATE,
DANISH TERRA-COTTA,
DANISH FURNITURE,
DANISH PORCELAIN,
DANISH BISQUIT,
DANISH IVORY GOODS,
DANISH FIGURES,
DANISH SCULPTURE,
&c. &c.,
from the Best Makers and Artists in Denmark.

(From the "Court Journal," Oct. 31, 1868.)

"It is only natural that an especial interest should be taken by
the English public in anything to which the Princess of Wales in
particular and very expressly wishes to accord her favour. This
her Royal Highness has done in a letter of warm approval, bestow-
ing her patronage on the undertaking commenced by Messrs. A.
Borgén and Co., of 142, New Bond-street. The house is a Danish
one; and the object, it may be briefly stated, is to bring before the
English public the choicest selection of those articles in manufac-
ture, art-works, &c., in which the Danes particularly excel. The
place, in fact, will, when quite complete, resemble the Danish
Court at the English Exhibition of 1862, and will as well
repay the visitor for the inspection of those articles in manufac-
ture, art-works, &c., in which the Danes particularly excel. The
beautiful, and the useful as did the collection of that year,
which created so universal an interest. The persons who
have commenced this undertaking have by no means mis-
taken their chance of success, for the goods imported are just
suited to the English taste, especially that of the more refined
classes; but while novelty in the objects, and most especially
beauty of design and solid workmanship, are set before us, the
most agreeable quality of remarkable cheapness further com-
mends the articles offered for sale to our good favour. The col-
lection consists of pictures, sculpture, jewellery, electro-plate,
porcelain, terra-cotta, bisquit, ivory goods, furniture, and piano-
forte, with sundry other nice, useful, and ornamental.
The visitor must be at once struck by the uniformity in the taste
which pervades all the productions. There is a classic purity in
the form, the design, the ornament, and the colour, which is evi-
dently peculiar to the people. It is shown in the jewel, which is a
feasible article of Norse ornament, and it is manifest in the
modern porcelain, bisquit, ivory, and terra-cotta goods. But
in recent times there has been clearly one pressing art-
spirit, who has given the tone to the productions of
Denmark—namely, Thorvaldsen. The relief on the terra-
cotta, the porcelain, bisquit, and ceramic wares are all
either after special designs by the Danish sculptor or
copies of his great works. In fact, we witness the principle
of the whole of Danish manufactures, which gave
for a time such high value and salubrity to the productions of
Wedgwood in our own country. The ornamental pottery, we
must in honesty confess, transcends the English ware in beauty.
The purity of colour and the elegant and graceful relief are
something to astound the lover of art-productions, and after that
he will have to get over a second wonder—namely, the diminutive
price that is charged for an art-work of magnitude. The furniture,
the pianoforte, &c., exhibit the like good taste and what is
essentially to obtain English patronage, solidity and a unit work-
manship. The cheap but fine porcelain from the Royal manufactory
of Copenhagen quite equals the Dresden, and the exquisite
painting and novelty in the subjects and designs place the ware
in the foremost ranks. We are certain that the good favour of
the Princess of Wales has fallen wisely, and that the Danish pro-
ductions will meet with the highest approbation from a large
class, and most especially from those who can appreciate art-ex-
cellence."

WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL
FURNISHING IRONMONGER, by appointment
to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE gratis and
post-paid. It contains upwards of 700 illustrations of his
unrivalled STOCK of Silver and Electro-Plate,
Nickel Silver and Britannia Metal Goods,
Britannia Metal Goods, Table Cutlery,
Dish Covers, Hot-water Dishes,
Sieves and Fenders,
Marble Chimney-pieces,
Kitchen Ranges,
Lamps, Gasaliers,
Tea Trays,
with Lists of Prices and Plans of the Twenty large show-rooms
at 29, Oxford-street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4, Newmarket-street; 4, 5,
and 6, Perry-place; and 1, Newman-yard, London.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE at DEANE'S.
Established A.D. 1709.

DEANE'S—Table Cutlery, every variety of style and finish.
DEANE'S—Electro-plate Tea Sets, Liquor Stands, Cruets, &c.
DEANE'S—Dish Covers, Hot-water Dishes and Plates.
DEANE'S—Paper Mache Tea-Trays, in sets, from 21s.
DEANE'S—Mosaic and Rock-Oil Lamps; a large assortment.
DEANE'S—Domestic Baths for every purpose. Bath-rooms fitted.
DEANE'S—Fenders and Fireirons in modern approved patterns.
DEANE'S—Busts in iron and brass, with superior bedding.
DEANE'S—Tin Goods, crockware, and Culinary Utensils.
DEANE'S—Gas Chandeliers, new patterns in glass and bronze.
Illustrated Catalogue, with price list, sent free by post.
A discount of Five per cent cash payment on all payments of
£2 and upwards.

Deane and Co., 45, King William-street, London Bridge, E.C.

SLACKS' SILVER ELECTRO-PLATE
is as good for wear as real silver.

Table Forks (Fiddle Pattern)—Per doz. £1 10s. 6d. and 1 lb. 0s.
Desert Dishes 1 0 0 .. 1 10 0
Folio Spoons 1 0 0 .. 1 10 0
Desert ditto 1 0 0 .. 1 10 0
Tea Spoons 0 12 0 .. 0 18 0

Richard and John Slack, 336, Strand, London.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

SLACKS' SILVER ELECTRO-PLATE,
by Elkington and Co.'s Patent Process,
is equal in wear to Sterling Silver. A great assortment of Cake-
Baskets, Cruet Frames, Fish Carvers, &c., at prices suitable to
every purchaser.

Richard and John Slack, 336, Strand, London.

**OAKEY and SON'S EMERY and BLACK-
LEAD MILLS, 174, Blackfriars-road, London.**

OAKEY'S SILVERSMITHS' SOAP (non-
corrosive), for Cleaning and Polishing Silver, Electroplate
plate-glass, Marble, &c. Table, 1s. 6d.

**OAKEY'S WELLINGTON KNIFE-
FOLDS.** Packets, 3s. each; 1s. 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d. and 4s.
each.

**OAKEY'S INDIARUBBER KNIFE-
BOARDS,** from 1s. 6d. each.

OAKEY'S GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE,
by Ironmongers, Grocers, Oilmen, Druggists, Brushmakers
&c.

TEACHERS and SCHOOLMASTERS
before ordering fresh supplies of School Books and Ma-
terials should get MR. MURBY'S New Illustrated Catalogue and
Price-List, containing specimen pages of all his new and popular
Educational Works, the aggregate sale of which exceeds 400,000.
Catalogues post-free.

Address—32, Boulevard-street, Fleet-street, London, E.C.

WASHING-MACHINES.—THE VOWEL
WASHING-MACHINE has received seven Silver Medals
and First Prizes this year, 1868, including a large silver medal
and ten gold medals presented by H.M. the King of Sweden and
Norway. Letters of approval from all parts of the globe, the
last two years especially. See New Catalogue, free by post.
BRADFORD and CO., 63, Fleet-street, London; and Continental
steps, Manchester.

THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS
will, as usual, celebrate the
CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S HOLIDAYS
in the
ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL,
which has recently been
most magnificently re-decorated,
at a cost of several thousand pounds, rendering it
the most elegant hall in the city.
Three thousand seats,
where everyone can see and hear.
Great Area, and Upper Gallery, 1000 Places One Shilling.
Balcony, 2s.; Stalls, 3s.; Front, 5s.
Extra Performances will be given Every Afternoon, at Three,
from Boxing Day (Dec. 26) until Saturday, Jan. 2, inclusive.
Doors Open for the Day Performances at Two; for the Evening
Performances at Seven.

ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL,
Regent-street and Piccadilly.
The great centre of attraction during the Christmas and New-
Year's Holidays will be the sparkling and delightful Entertain-
ment given by the original
CHRISTY MINSTRELS,
which has attracted densely-crowded audiences to the St. James's
Hall eight times in each week for four consecutive years, without
intermission. The great Company now increased to
THIRTY-FIVE PERFORMERS,
all of known European
fame.
During the Holidays an
EXTRA GRAND AND ILLUMINATED DAY PERFORMANCE
EVERY AFTERNOON, AT THREE.
These Performances are fully equal in every respect to those
given in the evening, and terminate in time to admit of visitors
dining, and afterwards visiting any of the Pantomimes in the
evening.
Every West-End Omnibus will set visitors down at the Doors of
St. James's Hall, returning to all parts of London after each
performance.
Manager, Mr. FREDERICK BURGESS.

VISITORS from the various PROVINCIAL
TOWNS and CITIES of the UNITED KINGDOM
should bear in mind that they
cannot see the original
CHRISTY MINSTRELS
out of London.

There is but one Company in existence ever acknowledged by the
Press or the Public—i.e., the Company which first appeared
under the title at the St. James's Theatre in 1857.
Now and for some years past located at the
ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly,
this Company still retains all the surviving members, except two,
of the Troupe as it originally appeared here in 1857.
No other Ethiopian Company in existence possesses a single
individual member of the original company of the world-famed
Christy Minstrels.
The public will therefore see the utter absurdity of any troupe
going about the country presuming to make use of the title
THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS NEVER PERFORM OUT OF
LONDON under any circumstances whatsoever, nor have they any
branch companies in the provinces.
Manager, Mr. FREDERICK BURGESS.

STATHAM'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
for YOUTH combine instruction with Play, Knowledge
with Amusement. Never-failing Pastime for Holidays and
Evenings. Illustrated Catalogue, 2 stamps.
STATHAM, 111, Strand, London.

NEW GAME.—THE COUNTIES OF
ENGLAND. One of the best Board Games ever published,
consisting of 100 Cards, in Three series, containing respectively
the Midland, Northern, and Southern Counties; with exquisite
Coloured Illustrations of the chief towns in each county, their
products, notable buildings, &c.; in mahogany box, price 5s. 6d.;
of each series separately, complete in tin, price 1s. 6d.; post-
free, 1s. 8d. Wholesale, **JACQUES and SON, 102, Hatton-garden.**

NEW CHRISTMAS GAMES.—JACQUES'S
Illustrated Card Games, affording great fun and amuse-
ment, price 1s. each; post-free, 1s. 2d.—The Realm, 48 Cards;
Quits, 36 Cards; Snap, 36 Cards; Illustrated Proverbs, 64 Cards;
XIV Century, 96 Cards; May Day, 84 Cards; The Bird's Eye Cards;
Happy Families, 48 Cards.—Published by Jacques and Son, 102,
Hatton-garden, E.C.

PICTURE-FRAMES for the Coloured
Picture (Dick Whittington) given with the "Illustrated
London News" of Saturday, Dec. 19.—Handsome Gilt Frame,
Glass and Back, 2s. 6d.; or 2s. per doz.; Wide Gilt, 3s. 6d.;
GEO. REES, 43, Russell-street, Covent-garden. Established 1800.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
SEWING-MACHINES UNRIVALLED.
To Work by Hand or Foot.
Look-Stitch or Double Lock Elastic Stitch. Lists free.
WHIGHT and MANN, 143, Holborn-hill, London, E.C.

THREE CHARMING NOVELTIES IN
THOMSON'S "ROYAL BATS-WING" OVERSKIRT Ready
Dec. 1. The SNOWFLAKE, a bright scarlet, violet, or blue
ground, beautifully flecked or flaked with white. The BUL-
BESQUE, an entirely new and patented style of ornamentation
in leaves, diamonds, &c., of satin and velvet. The QUEEN'S
OWN, an extremely elegant style of military Braiding, em-
broidered on the Hosiery cloth by a new process. Protected by
three Patents. All genuine are seamless and stamped "Thomson's
Royal Batswing," with the trade mark, a "Crown."

PETACHIO-NUT TOILET POWDER
imparts to the skin a natural whiteness, youthful delicacy,
and softness attainable by no other means. 2s. 6d. per box. Sold
everywhere.—**PESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond-street, London.**

BEAUTIFUL HAIR.
Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER never
fails to quickly restore grey or faded hair to its youthful colour and
beauty. It stops the hair from falling off. It prevents baldness.
It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the hair to grow thick
and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor
dye. In large bottles, price Six Shillings. Sold by Chemists and
Perfumers.—Dépôt, 266, High Holborn, London.

HAIR COLOUR WASH.—By damping the
head with this Wash, in two or three days the hair
becomes its original colour, and grows again. Sold by
stamps. **ALEX. ROSS, 248, High Holborn, and all Chemists.**

HAIR DESTROYER.—248, High Holborn,
London. **ALEX. ROSS'S** DEPILATORY removes super-
fluous hair from the face, neck, and arms, without effect to the
skin. Price 3s. 6d.; sent for 54 stamps. Had of all Chemists.

RIGOLLOTT'S MUSTARD LEAVES.
Adopted by the Paris Hospitals
and the Imperial Navy
of France.

RIGOLLOTT'S NEW MUSTARD PLASTERS.
Cleanliness, Convenience,
and Efficiency.
Sold by Chemists and Druggists;
Wholesale: 23, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

COD-LIVER OIL.
For CONSUMPTION,
BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, &c.

COD-LIVER OIL.
For DYSPEPSIA.

COD-LIVER OIL.
PALE NEWFOUNDLAND.

TESTIMONIALS as to its PURITY and
GENUINENESS have been received from the following
eminent Physicians:
Professor Taylor, M.D., &c.
Dr. Scott, M.D., L.R.C.P., F.R.S., &c.
Dr. Edwin Payne, M.D., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., &c.
Just issued by
KEATING and CO., 79, St. Paul's-churchyard,
In Imperial Half-pints, 1s. 6d.; Pints, 2s. 9d.; Quarts, 5s.; Five
Pints, 11s.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.
What Diseases are more fatal in their consequences than
neglected Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, or Lungular Affections?
The first and best remedy is **KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.**
Sold in boxes, 1s.; 10s. 6d. each.—Keating, Chemist, 79,
St. Paul's-churchyard, London. Sold retail by all Druggists, &c.

COUGHS, Colds, Asthma, and Consumption
are immediately relieved by **DR. LOCKE'S WAFERS.** From
Mr. Cooper, Surgeon, Ennisconny:—"I have used them myself,
and ordered them with marked benefit." They give instant relief
to all disorders of the breath, throat, and lungs.

RUPTURES.—LINDSEY, 32, Ludgate-hill.
The best house in London for Trusses and Surgical
Bandages, &c., and Artificial Limbs. Many years' practical
experience, and real maker. Wholesale, retail, and for exportation.
Trusses, single, 5s.; Salmon principle, 7s. 6d.; Kneeling patent, 12s.;
elastic stockings, 5s.; silk ditto, 6s. 6d.; belts, from 4s. 6d. A full
descriptive circular and price-list post-free. No connection with
any other house.—32, Ludgate-hill. A female waits on ladies.

BLACK SILKS, YARD WIDE
1516 yards at 5s. 11d.; worth 7s. 9d.
1516 " 6s. 11d. " 8s. 9d.
1116 " 7s. 9d. " 9s. 9d.
960 " 8s. 11d. " 12s. 6d.
Black Glaze and Gros Grain Silks,
2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 3d., 3s. 6d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 3d., and 4s. 6d.,
being from 6d. to 1s. per yard under present prices.
Patterns free. 251 to 270, Edgware-road.

A SPECIAL LOT of LENO and
MUSLIN CURTAINS,
very much under Manufacturers' prices.
3 yards long, 3s. 11d.; 7 worth 5s. 6d.
4 yards long, 5s. 11d.; 7 worth 9s. 6d.
4 yards long, 6s. 11d.; double border, 10s. 9d.; worth 14s. 9d.
4 yards long, 7s. 11d.; double border, 13s. 9d.; worth 20s.
Scotch Muslin Curtains, 4 yards long, 7s. 11d. wide, 12s. 9d.;
worth 16s. 9d.—251 to 270, Edgware-road.

D. B. JOHNSTONE and CO.,
GREAT WESTERN HOUSE,
254, 256, 258, 270, EDGWARE-ROAD; and
1, 2, and 3, THWAITES-PLACE, W.,
within a few yards of the Edgware-road Station on the Metro-
politan Railway and five minutes' walk from the Great Western
Railway Station.
Close on Saturdays at two o'clock, all the year round.

SANSFLECTUM JUPONS,
10s. 6d.
Thompson's Zephyrina Crinolines, 12s. 6d.
Glove-fitting Corsets, 12s. 6d.
ADDLEY BOURNE, 37, Piccadilly.

WEDDING TROUSSEAUX,
from £20 to £50.
Book of Illustrations, containing all the New Designs in Under-
clothing, including "The Alice," "Favourite," "Edith," "Mauve,"
"Boatrace," "Dugmar," "Princess," "Helena," and "Belgravia,"
Night-dresses, &c., gratis and post-free.
Mrs. ADDLEY BOURNE, 37, Piccadilly.

AN INDIAN OUTFIT
for £50.
Full particulars, with an interesting letter from a Lady in the
Punjab on the subject of an Indian Outfit—showing where
ordinary outfits are deficient and where they include super-
fluities, gratis and post-free.
Mrs. ADDLEY BOURNE, 37, Piccadilly.

BABY LINE N.
A Layette for £20.
Christening Robes, from £1 10s. to £5 5s.
Berceuses, in Chintz, 25s.
Muslin and Lace, 42s.
Mrs. ADDLEY BOURNE, 37, Piccadilly.

UNDER LINEN for FAMILY USE.
An immense Stock of
LADIES' and CHILDREN'S UNDER LINEN
now on SALE at 20 per cent under the usual trade prices.
Price Lists post-free. See below.

UNDER LINEN for FAMILY USE.
Being wholesale
Manufacturers of every requisite,
and bringing their productions into direct communication
with the public, an enormous
Saving is effected.

UNDER LINEN, UNDER LINEN
at 25 per cent under regular prices.
The work is undeniable; the materials warranted.
Under Linen for Ladies.
Under Linen for Gentlemen.
Under Linen for Children.
Under Linen for Trousseaux.
Under Linen for Foreign Outfits.
Obtain a single article as a sample.
ADLEY and CO., Manufacturers, 68 to 70, Bishopsgate-st., City.
Price Lists post-free.

UNDER-LINEN OUTFITS.
Outfits for Ladies.
Outfits for Gentlemen.
Outfits for Children.
Outfits for India.
Outfits for China.
Outfits for Colonial Use.
Obtain a single article as a sample.
ADLEY and CO., Manufacturers, 68 to 70, Bishopsgate-street, City.
Price Lists post-free.

BABY-LINEN OUTFITS.
New and exclusive Designs.
Fully 15 per cent under usual prices.
Infants' Robes, tastefully trimmed, from .. 7s. 6d.
" Christening Robes 21s. 0d.
" Cloaks, in fine merino 12s. 6d.
" Pelisses, handsomely trimmed .. 12s. 6d.
" Hoods, quilted, embroidered, &c. .. 5s. 6d.
Monthly Gowns, Basinettes, Diapers, and every requisite.
Obtain a single article as a sample.
Price Lists post-free.
ADLEY and CO., Manufacturers, 68, 69, and 70, Bishopsgate-street, City.

BALL and EVENING DRESSES
for Christmas and New Year Festivities.
SEWELL and CO. are now prepared with a display of new Designs
for Ball and Evening Costumes. 114, The Dress,
300 Regent-street, from 10s. 6d. the Dress.
S. and Co.'s special Staff of Workers expedite Ladies' Ball Skirts
at the Shortest Notice.
Compton House, Old Compton-street; and Frith-street, Soho, W.

VELVETEENS.
SEWELL and CO.'S New Silk-finished VELVETEENS in
BLACK and all Colours, which wear well and retain their
colour. Prices from 3s. to 5s. 9d. per yard.
Compton House, 11, 45, and 46, Old Compton-street and 46 and
47, Frith-street, Soho-square, W.

SPECIALITE de FOULARDS
des INDES et de CHINE.
Patterns post-free.
Plain Foulard Silks in all the new Colours.
Plain White Foulard for Ladies' and Gentlemen's
Underclothing.
Plain Royal Satins (any quantity cut at 7s. per yard).
New Foulard for Evening Dresses.
Indian Cashmere Foulard for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dressing-
Gowns (a Prize Medal awarded to the Manufacturer).
Fatin de Chine for Watteau Costumes, Morning
and Evening Dresses, Elegant Petticoats, &c.
Indian Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs and Foulard Scarfs
in great variety.
ALBERT MARCHAUD,
Indian and China Foulard Silk Manufacturer,
the only Dépôt in England,
87, Regent-street,
London, W.

LADIES' POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.
Half a dozen of richly-embroidered
Madelra Handkerchiefs, post free, for 9s. 6d.
Worth double the price.
T. G. YOUNG, 125, Oxford-street.

LADIES' POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.
Half a dozen "Floral"
Madelra Handkerchiefs, post free, for 11s. 9d.
Probably the most perfect specimens of foreign
Embroidery ever introduced into this country.
T. G. YOUNG, 125, Oxford-street.

LADIES' POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.
Half a Dozen of the "Butterfly"
Handkerchiefs, post-free, for 5s. 6d.
Swiss embroidery on grass lawn.
T. G. YOUNG, 125, Oxford-street.

LADIES' POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.
Half a Dozen of Grass Lawn Handkerchiefs,
with French embroidered borders, post-free for 4s. 6d.
Some thousands were bought to secure them at this price.
T. G. YOUNG, 125, Oxford-street.

FAMILY MOURNING.
ALLISON and Co., Regent House, 238, 240, 242, Regent-
street, 26 and 27, Argyl-street, respectfully invite attention to
their NEW ROOMS, devoted to the display of every requisite
to Court, Family, and Complimentary Mourning. An efficient
staff in their Dressmaking and Millinery Branches enables them
to execute orders with dispatch and punctuality.

H. WALKER'S NEEDLES
(By Authority), the "QUEEN'S OWN," treble-pointed
with large eyes, easy to thread, and patent ridges to open the cloth,
are the best Needles. Packets, 1s. post-free, of any Dealer.
H. Walker, Patentee, Leicester; and 47, Grenham-street.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
for
Children's Diet.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
for all the uses
to which the best Arrowroot
is applicable.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
boiled with Milk,
for Breakfast.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
boiled with Milk,
for Supper.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
to thicken
Soups.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
to thicken
Beef-tos.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
for
Custards.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
for
Blanching.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
for use with
Stewed Fruit.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
for
Fudgings.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
One Table-spoonful
to 1 lb. of flour
makes
Light Pastry.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
To be obtained
by order through
Merchants
in all parts
of the world.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
best quality,
Packets, 2d., 4d., and 8d.
This quality maintains its superior excellence, and is not
equalled by any similar article.
CAUTION TO FAMILIES.
To obtain extra profit by the sale, other qualities are sometimes
slandorously substituted instead of Brown and Polson's.

GLENFIELD
When you ask for
STARCH,
see that you get it,
as inferior kinds are often substituted
for the sake of extra profits.

NOVELTIES for CHRISTMAS.
A choice selection of Bonbonnières, Crystallized Fruits, Imperial
Fruits, &c., in elegant Boxes and Baskets, suitable for Presents
and New-Year's Gifts. Every description of Bonbons, &c.
The Guinea Box of assorted Fruits, as usual.
ELIOTT'S Tea and Italian Warehouse,
2, Adelaide-street, Strand, W.C.
(opposite Charing-cross Railway Station).

THREE PRIZE MEDALS—PARIS EXHIBITION, 1867.
PURE PICKLES,
SAUCES, JAMS, and TABLE DELICACIES,
of the highest quality, manufactured by
CROSSE and BLACKWELL,
Purveyors to the Queen,
and other Continental Courts.
Proprietors of Captain White's Oriental Pickle, Curry Paste,
and other Condiments, and
are sold retail in all parts of the world, and wholesale at the
Manufactory, Soho-square, London.

SAUCE.—LEA and PERRINS'S.
"THE WORCESTERSHIRE,"
pronounced by Connoisseurs "the only good Sauce," improves the
appetite and aids digestion. Unrivalled for piquancy and flavour.
Beware of imitations, and see the names of Lea and Perrins on
all bottles and labels.—Agents, Crosse and Blackwell, London;
and sold by all Dealers in Sauces throughout the world.

CANDLES.
Ask for FIELD'S PATENT SELF-FITTING CANDLES.
Safety, Economy, and Cleanliness combined.
From One Shilling per lb. upwards.

PALMER and CO'S
VICTORIA SNUFFLESS DIP CANDLES. Sold by all
Oilmen and Candle-dealers everywhere; and wholesale by Palmer
and Co., Victoria Works, Green-street, Bethnal-green, N.E.

MOLLER'S COD-LIVER OIL.
Purest Norwegian. First Prize at Paris Exhibition, 1867,
out of 47 Competitors, making 3 medals awarded for this
celebrated Oil, made from fresh Livers, and not from putrid, as
the darker oils. See "Lancet," "Medical Times," Dr. Abbotts
Smith, Dr. Hassall, Dr. Croze, Dr. W. Boeck, of Christiania;
Dr. de Besche, physician to the King of Sweden, &c. Sold in
genuine bottles, with capsules, at 2s. 3d.; pints, 4s. each. Circulars
and Testimonials of Peter Müller, 59, Oxford-street, London, W.
Contractor to the North London Consumption Hospital.

NO MORE MEDICINE.—Dyspepsia,
Phthisis, Constipation, All Stomachic, Nervous, and Liver
Complaints cured, without medicine, inconvenience, or expense,
by **DU BARRY'S** delicious **REVALENTA AROMATICA FOOD.**
70,000 cures, including that of his Holiness the Pope, of which an
extract is sent gratis on demand.—Du Barry and Co., 77, Regent-
quadrant; and at 121, New North-st., N. Du Barry's
Revalenta Chocolate Powder. Sold by all Grocers and Chemists.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.
Have it in your houses, for it is the only safe antidote in
Fever, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, and Head-
ache.—Sold by all Chemists; and the only Maker, H. Lamplough,
Chemist, 113, Holborn-hill, London.

A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS.
The Teething of Infants forms one of the chief anxieties
of mothers, but Mrs. JOHNSON'S AMERICAN SOOTHING
SYRUP, FREE FROM ANY NARCOTIC, affords immediate relief
to the gums, prevents convulsions, and during forty years has
attained a world-wide reputation. Mothers should see Mrs.
Johnson's name on each bottle; also that of Barclay and Sons,
55, Farringdon-street.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA,
the best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn,
Headache, Gout, and Indigestion, and as a mild aperient for
constitutions, Ladies, Children, and Infants. At 17s.
New Bond-street, London; and of all Chemists.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.—The Nerves
are those delicate organs which, spreading to every part of
the body, give pleasure or pain, according to the state of health.
If they be disordered, violent Headaches, Rheumatic
Affections, Losses of Spirit, and a feeling of utter despair are
produced. For all Nervous Complaints use Kaye's WorsdeLL's Pills
only. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY
Head Office,
Royal Insurance Buildings, Lombard-street, London.
Royal Insurance Buildings, North John-street, Liverpool.
Capital, £2,000,000.
Accumulated Fund in hand £1,500,000. Annual Income £800,000.

Fire Premiums in 1867, £460,553.
The total annual charge for Insuring Furniture generally (in-
cluding china, glass, pottery, pictures, jewellery, books, linen
clothing, &c.), is an ordinary private dwelling, 1s.
3s. 3d. for £50, 14s. 6d. for £100,
4s. 6d. for £150, 17s. 6d. for £200,
7s. 6d. for £250, 21s. 6d. for £300,
10s. 6d. for £350, &c., &c.

Life and Annuity Funds, £1,031,329.
Bonuses among the largest ever declared by any Company.
LIFE.—All New Insurances with Participation, now effected,
will become entitled to an Increased Share of the Profits, in accord-
ance with the resolution passed at the last annual meeting of
Shareholders.
JOHN H. M'LAUREN, Manager,
JOHN B. JOHNSTONE, Secretary in London.

SIX POUNDS PER WEEK
WHILE Laid UP BY INJURY,
and
£1000 in case of DEATH caused by
Accident of Any Kind, may be secured by an
Annual payment of from 23 to 26 5s. to the
RAILWAY PASSENGER ASSURANCE COMPANY,
61, Cornhill; and 13, Regent-street.
W. J. VIAN, Secretary.

SUBSCRIBERS
TO THE
ILLUSTRATED TIMES
requiring Back Numbers to Complete Sets may order through
their Bookseller or Newsvender; but, if preferred, will be for-
warded post-free, per return of post, by the Publisher (if in
print), on receipt of 4 stamps for each Copy.
T. FOX, Publisher, 2, Catherine-street, Strand, London.

Crown 8vo, 96 pages, 36 Engravings, free and post-paid,
ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTION of the
WILCOX and GIBBS SILENT SEWING-MACHINE
(Hand and Treadle). With complete information as to its
Plain Instruction for Learning to Use it without assistance,
and General Instruction for Practical Work.

Proface.
Price List (with Illustrations).
Mechanical Description (with Illustrations).
Questions answered.
Practical Suggestions Concerning the Selection of a Sewing-
Machine for Family Use.
The Grand Trial of Sewing-Machines.
The Paris Exposition.
A Tale with a Moral, by Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Lippincott).
The Letter G. An American Story. By Mrs. Fanny Barrow (Aunt
Fanny), Author of the "Nightcap Stories for Children," &c.
Extracts from Business Letters, &c.
Instructions (With Illustrations).
I. Learning the Machine.
II. Learning the Attachments.
III. Changes of the Machine.
IV. Keeping the Machine in order.
V. General Instructions for Practical Work.
We are continually taking the best "Lock" Stitch and other
Two-thread Sewing Machines in exchange for our own, allowing
for them their market value.
Machines sent, carriage-paid, to any station in the kingdom.
Wilcox and Gibbs Sewing-Machine Company.
London—135, Regent-street, W.; 130, Cheap-side, E.C.

DEAN'S STEREOSCOPIC or MODEL
PAINTED PICTURE-BOOK; two different (2s. each, post
free), viz.:—
The Farmer Family and Little Rambler.

The Great Golden ABC Picture-Book, the largest, the cheapest,
and most effective alphabet book ever published for the Young.
One Shilling.
The Flexible-Face Lady John Hodge, the Unchangeable Dame. 2s.
The Flexible-Face Hearty Old Boy, who was always the
same. 2s.
The Flexible-Face Merry Old Man, who sings "Down, derry
down." 2s.
The Flexible-Face Merry Old Dame who sings "Fiddle-de-
do." 2s.

These novel Face-Books astonish, please, and amuse.
Each Book consists of Eight well-finished oil-coloured Pictures,
with Descriptions. The face of each picture, being elastic, may
be made to appear jolly or moody, long or short, at pleasure, and
to adapt itself in illustration to the letterpress. 2s. half-bound
boards, illuminated covers.
SCENIC-EFFECT TOY-BOOKS. Each Book is so arranged that,
by a movement of a ribbon, a pretty Panorama arises. Price 2s. 6d.
each. Two sorts.
1. The Scenic Robinson Crusoe.
2. The Scenic Cinderella and Slipper.
DEAN and SON, 63, Ludgate-hill, E.C.

RIMMEL'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, in
endless variety, from 6d. to Ten Guineas. Novel Ornaments
for Christmas-Trees. Biscuit Crackers and Costume Crackers
for Balls and Parties. Rimmel's Perfumed Almanack, beautifully
illustrated, 6d.; by post for seven stamps.—59, Strand; 125,
Regent-street; and 31, Cornhill.

INDIGESTION REMOVED.—MORSON'S
PEPSINE WINE, LOZENGES, or GLOBULES is the suc-
cessful and popular remedy for the cure of Indigestion. Sold in
Bottles and Boxes from 2s., with full directions, by **THOMAS**
MORSON and SON, 31, 33, and 124, Southampton-row, Russell-
square, London; and by all Pharmaceutical Chemists. But ask
for "Morson's" Pepsine.

MORISON'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL
MEDICINES, prepared at the BRITISH COLLEGE OF
HEALTH, Euston-road, London.

Fifty years' use of these medicines (Morison's Pills) by
the public has proved their efficacy and virtues, and the truth
of Mr. Morison's theory as to the cure of diseases. Being com-
posed only of Vegetable Matter, or Medicinal Herbs, they are
found by experience to be harmless to the most tender age or the
weakest frame, under every stage of human suffering; the most
pleasant and benign in their operation ever offered to the world;
and at the same time the most certain in searching out the root of
every complaint, however deep, and of performing a cure if within
the reach of human means. The medicines consist of three sorts,
tending to the same purpose—that is, to cleanse and purify the
blood and fluids. They are named—
No. 1 Morison's Pills.
No. 2 Morison's Pills.
The Vegetable Laxative Powder.

Sold by the Hygeian Agents, and Medicine-venders generally.
COUGHS and COLDS.
Instant relief to tightness and oppression of the
chest, by using
WOODHOUSE'S BALSAM OF SPERMACELE.

Prepared only by **BARCLAY and SONS, 95, Farringdon-street,**
London; and sold in bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 5s. 6d. each.
May be obtained of any Chemist.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS should be taken in
moderate and occasional doses during the autumn and
fruit season, when the stomach, liver, and bowels are very liable
to derangements. An attentive study of Holloway's Instructions
makes every man his own medical adviser.

CORK LEGS.—(Paris and London Prize
Medals).—GROSSMITH'S NEW ARTIFICIAL LEG, with
patent action, Knee and Ankle Joints, enables the patient to walk,
sit, or ride with ease and comfort, wherever a maimed. It is much
lighter and less expensive than the old style of cork leg, will last a
lifetime, and is the only leg yet invented that ladies and children
can wear with safety. It was awarded the highest medal in the
Paris Exposition, and was pronounced by the jury "superior to all
others."—Grossmith's Artificial Leg, Eye, and Hand Manufactory,
175, Fleet-street. Established 1760.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KEEP the
FAMED TONIC BITTERS (Waters's Quinine Wine) for
strengthening the system. Sold by Grocers, Oilmen, Confectioners,
&c., at 9s. per doz.—**WATERS and WILLIAMS, the Original**

GOUNOD'S VILLAGE CURFEW, by KUEHL, for Piano price 4s. is now ready. "The Village Curfew," a Twilight Carol, one of the most beautiful of Gounod's works, is published for One Voice, in D and F, in Italian, "Dormi Ben," and for Two Voices, price 3s. each. DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

MADAME FLORENCE LANCA'S NEW SONG.
GOOD NIGHT, SWEET MOTHER. Poetry by Alfred Tennyson. Music by M. DIONATO. This touching Song always produces a great effect. Sent for 24 stamps.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

SUNSHINE OER MY SOUL. Ballad. Words by Wellington Guernsey. Music by FRANCESCO BEGGI. "This is a superior song, written with great taste and skill. Melody and accompaniment are alike admirable. It ought to command the success it deserves."—Musical World, Dec. 5. Sent for 24 stamps.—London: DUFF and STEWART.

BENEDICT'S New Song—LOST (Verloren). The Words by the Hon. Mrs. George Gifford. Composed by JULES BENEDET. Sent for 24 stamps. DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

WHATSOEVER IS IS BEST. Song. By Lady Joan Manners and VIRGINIA GABRIEL. Dedicated to the Countess of Essex. This celebrated Song sent for 24 stamps.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

THE WANDERER'S DREAM. Song. By FRANZ ABT. A New Edition of this much-admired Song, in the key of A flat, for Tenor or Soprano, is now ready. Also, the original Edition in F, for Mezzo-Soprano or Baritone. Sent for 18 stamps.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

NEW SONG. THE TRUE RIGHT HAND. Poetry by E. Carpenter. Music by THEODORE DISTIN. "The great merit of this song must be its lasting popularity." Sent for 18 stamps. DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

THE GOLDEN HEART. Poetry by Miss Proctor. Music by G. A. MACFARREN. A charming new song, sung by Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Bessie Emmett, &c., with great success. Sent for 18 stamps. DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

MY LOVE WILL COME WITH THE SUMMER. G. A. MACFARREN'S New Song. This Song cannot fail to become popular, being exceedingly pretty. Sent for 18 stamps.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

BEWARE! Mdle. Liebhart's charming New Song. Composed by G. B. ALLEN. Always rapturously enjoyed. May be had in D and F. Price 4s. Sold everywhere at half price.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

ARDITI'S Popular New Song, THE NEAREST WAY HOME, sung by the principal vocalists, is published in D and F. Also transcribed for the Piano, by E. L. HIME. Sent for 24 stamps each. DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

THE VERY LAST GALOP by Signor ARDITI. 4s. THE TIP-TOP GALOP. By CHARLES GODFREY. 3s. THE BREAK OF DAY GALOP. By J. D. SMITH. 3s. All of these new Galops. Sold at half price. DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

GOLDEN BEAUTY WALTZ, THE FLOWER-GIRL WALTZ, LA MUSEKA VALSE. CHARLES GODFREY'S most popular Waltzes. 2s. 6d. each, sent for 24 stamps each. DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford-street, W.

TWO-IN-THE-MORNING QUADRILLE. The Jolly Club Quadrille. The Seventeenth Lancers. All by MARRIOTT. THE EIGHTH LANCERS, by CHARLES GODFREY. Sent for 24 stamps each. DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

BOYTON SMITH'S ROBIN ADAIR. Transcription for Piano. "Cleverly done, a good show piece."—Musical World, Nov. 21. Sent for 24 stamps. DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

A DREAM OF ENCHANTMENT. Nocturne for Piano. By the Composer of "Parfait Amour." Pianists who desire an elegant Nocturne de Salon will be glad to make acquaintance with Mr. E. L. HIME's new Nocturne. Sent for 18 stamps.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT—BRAMPTON'S SPRING MUSIC FOLIO.—One of these useful Folios, which renders binding unnecessary (may be had 2s.), with a few favorite pieces of Music included, will form one of the most suitable and interesting presents of the season. Music at half price.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford-street.

BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER WALTZES. By W. GODFREY. Superbly Illustrated, and performed by Eugene Kimmell's patent process. A charming set, free for 24 stamps. D'ALCORN, 351, Oxford-street, W.

BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER.—This great sensational song is now being sung by Arthur Lloyd, with scenes of laughter, at his provincial concerts. Free for 18 stamps. D'ALCORN, 351, Oxford-street.

THE BELL GOES A RINGING FOR SARA.—The most popular ladies' serio-comic song published, sung in the Bursary at the Strand Theatre. Free for 18 stamps. D'ALCORN, 351, Oxford-street.

THE New Quadrille, IMMENSEIKOFF. By MARRIOTT. Played at all public fêtes and balls. Solo, Duet, or Sextet, free for 24 stamps. D'ALCORN, 351, Oxford-street.

THE SHIPWRECK. By the late W. H. WEISS; his last composition. A beautiful Song, equal to his "Village Blacksmith." Free for 18 stamps. D'ALCORN, 351, Oxford-street.

NEW SONGS. Wake, Mary, Wake. Sung by Santley. H. Smart. 7s. 6d. breathe ye, sweet Roses, Duet (Contr. and Bar.) H. Smart. 4s. By like a Bird. By H. Smart. Price 3s. The Sunbeam. For 3 Ladies' Voices. H. Smart. 4s. Ophelia. Sung by Mdle. Liebhart. G. B. Allen. 4s. Mine, thou art mine. J. Benedict. 3s. Sent half price for stamps. London: DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 24, Regent-street.

NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC. Les Clochettes (the gem of the season). E. Hoffmann. 4s. Reindeer Galop (Solo or Duet). L. Diehl. 4s. Whispering Symples. P. Scuderi. 3s. Chamounix (Souvenir de la Suisse). J. Brisson. 4s. Valse de Bravoura (immensely popular). J. Brisson. 4s. Woodland Whispers. A. Linde-wald. 4s. Douce Ivresse. Valse Brillante. Leonie Tonel. 3s. Sent half price for stamps. London: DUNCAN DAVISON and Co., 24, Regent-street.

PIANOFORTES.—MOORE and MOORE LET on HIRE the following PIANOFORTES, for three years; after which, and without any further charge whatever, the pianoforte becomes the property of the hirer.—Pianettes, 2s. 6d. per quarter; Pianolas, 3s. 6d. per quarter; Cottage Pianos, 4s. 10s. per quarter; Drawing-room Model Cottage, £3 17s. per quarter. These instruments are warranted, and of the best manufacture. Extensive Ware-Rooms. 104 and 105, BISHOPSGATE-STREET WITHIN, E.C. Jury award, International Exhibition, 1882; Honourable Mention for good and cheap Pianos to Moore and Moore.

HARMONIUMS.—MOORE and MOORE'S Easy Tones, at 2 10s. 3s. and 4 guineas per quarter. Ware-Rooms, 104 and 105, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

MOORE and MOORE extend their Three-years' System of Hire to Purchase to all parts of the United Kingdom, carriage-free.—104 and 105, Bishopsgate-street, E.C.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Cornets, Saxophones, Drums, Flutes, Clarinets, Flageolets, Concertinas, Harmoniums, &c. In use in all parts of the kingdom, and colonies, giving unusual satisfaction. Butler's Artist Model, the easiest Cornet yet produced, with double water-key, in case, 50 6s.—Haymarket, London. Prices, with drawings, post-free.

PIANOS Let on Hire for any Period OR THREE YEARS' SYSTEM OF PURCHASE. Largest assortment in London, of every description and price. PRACHEY, Maker, 72 and 73, Whitechapel-street Within, E.C. ESTABLISHED 1828.

LOCKE'S MUSIC IN "MACBETH." Just published, No. 13 of the NATIONAL MUSICAL LIBRARY, containing the whole of Locke's celebrated Music in "Macbeth," "Martha," "Il Barbiere," "Luisa Miller," "Il Trovatore," and twenty other popular Operas are also published in the NATIONAL MUSICAL LIBRARY. Full music size, price 2s. each. London: BREWER and Co., 23, Bishopsgate-street, Within.

MUSIC FOR THE VIOLIN. Standard Overtures for the Violin, arranged with Accompaniments (ad lib.) for Pianoforte, Second Violin, and Violoncello. By HENRY FARMER. No. 1, Tannend; 2, Fra Diavolo; 3, Caliph of Bagdad; 4, Crown Diamonds; 5, Campa. Price, Violin, 1s.; Pianoforte, 2s. Second Violin, 1s.; Violoncello, 1s.; Pianoforte, 2s. London: BREWER and Co., 23, Bishopsgate-street Within.

MUSIC FOR THE VIOLIN. FOUR OPERATIC FANTASIES, selected from Standard Operas, arranged for the Violin, with Accompaniments (ad lib.) for Pianoforte, Second Violin, and Violoncello. By HENRY FARMER. No. 1, Martha. 2, Robert le Diable. 3, Crown Diamonds. 4, Lucia di Lammermoor. Net Price, Violin, 6d.; Second Violin, 6d.; Violoncello, 6d.; Pianoforte, 1s. 6d. London: BREWER and Co., 23, Bishopsgate-street Within.

NEW DANCE MUSIC for CHRISTMAS and the NEW YEAR. The Abyssinian Galop. Pridham. 3s. The Kitty Waltzes. Mont-gomery. 4s. The Fassion-Flower Polka. Pridham. 3s. The Alberta Quadrilles. Pridham. 3s. The Saramacca Polka. Pridham. 3s. All the above are beautifully illustrated for presentation. London: BREWER and Co., 23, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

POPULAR DANCE MUSIC. Arranged expressly for Young Pianists. All beautifully illustrated. Young England Quadrilles 3s. 6d. Little Annie's 2s. 6d. Little Clara's 2s. 6d. Little Boy Blue 2s. 6d. Angelina 2s. 6d. Little Mabel 2s. 6d. Little Mary's 2s. 6d. The Little Prince 2s. 6d. Le Petit Carnival 2s. 6d. Little Beatrice Quadrilles 2s. 6d. Little Kate's 2s. 6d. Little Robin Redbreast 3s. 6d. Little Emma's 2s. 6d. Little Mabel 2s. 6d. Little Mary's 2s. 6d. The Little Prince 2s. 6d. The Nightingale 2s. 6d. All set music half price. London: BREWER and Co., 23, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

THE VOICE AND ITS MANAGEMENT. By FREDERICK KINGSBURY. Free by post for 24 stamps. **THE PICNIC POLKA.** For the Pianoforte. By ADAM WRIGHT. 3s. Free by post for 18 stamps.

THE SCARBOROUGH QUADRILLE. For the Pianoforte, by STEPHEN GLOVER. Finely Illustrated. 3s.; free by post, 19 stamps. **ADAM WRIGHT'S Immensely Popular QUADRILLES for the PIANOFORTE.** Finely Illustrated. Old Father Christmas. 3s. Lucerne. 4s. And Alma Mater. 4s. London: ROBERT COCKS and Co., New Burlington-street. To be had everywhere.

GOOD OLD ENGLISH PLEASURES. Christmas Song, with Chorus. By ARTHUR H. BROWN. London: JOHN SHEPHERD, 23, Warwick-lane.

SAVE ME FROM THE SNOW. Song for the present season. Beautifully Illustrated. Composed by JOHN FOX. London: JOHN SHEPHERD, 23, Warwick-lane, E.C.

LANGTON WILLIAMS'S FIRST TARTANELLE. Just published. Price 3s. "A most effective pianoforte solo." W. WILLIAMS and Co., 221, Tottenham-court-road.

THE FERRY-BOAT. LANGTON WILLIAMS'S New Song. Just published. Price 3s. W. WILLIAMS and Co., 221, Tottenham-court-road.

LANGTON WILLIAMS'S SONGS. The Wood Nymph's Call. 3s. Clarine, "the form that reminds me of thee." 3s. So sure you call as you pass by. 3s. Effie Sunbeam. 3s. Never again with you, Robin. 3s. The Two Letters. 3s. I've always a welcome for thee. 3s.

NEW TALE BY HESBA STRETTON. IN THE JANUARY PART of the LEISURE HOUR will commence DAVID LLOYD'S LAST WILL; or, The DAYS OF THE COTTON FAMINE.

SIXPENCE IN MONTHLY PARTS; Weekly. One Penny.—5s. Paternoster-row; and all Booksellers.

GLENNY'S GARDEN ALMANAC for 1894.—Thirty-second Year. Price 1s.; post-free for thirteen stamps. Contains Directions for the Management of Gardens throughout the Year; also a List of all the New Flowers.—T. T. LEMARE, 1, Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row, E.C.

PRETTY PRESENT.—HOWLETT'S GOLDEN ALMANACK. 32 miniature pages, gold printed on rose enamel. No trade advertisements. London: SIMPKIN, Stationers'-court; Howlett, 10, Frith-street; and all Booksellers.

In 1 thick vol., the Thirteenth Edition, price 16s., **MODERN DOMESTIC MEDICINE;** describing the Symptoms, Causes, and Correct Treatment of Diseases, with a large collection of approved Prescriptions, &c.; forming a Comprehensive Medical Guide for the Clergy, Families, Emigrants, &c. By T. J. GRAHAM, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh. "Popular works have been published by several medical practitioners, but none of them equal those by Dr. Graham."—Medical Circular.

"An excellent every publication of its class."—British Standard. London: Published by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co. Sold by all Booksellers.

PATRONISED AND USED BY THE ROYAL FAMILY. **JOSHUA ROGERS'S UNIVERSAL PRIZE** SHILLING BOX OF WATER COLOURS; post-free, 24 stamps.

HANDSOME CHRISTMAS PRESENT. **JOSHUA ROGERS'S UNIVERSAL PRIZE** SHILLING BOX OF WATER COLOURS; post-free, 22 stamps.

JOSHUA ROGERS'S UNIVERSAL PRIZE NINEPENNY BOX OF WATER COLOURS; by post 19 stamps. NINEPENNY BOX OF DRAWING PENCILS; by post 17 stamps. Joshua Rogers, 13, Pavement, Finsbury-square; and all Booksellers.

WILLIAM P. NIMMO'S LIST OF NEW BOOKS, suitable for CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS.

A SUPERB GIFT-BOOK.
THE EDINA BURNS. Crown 4to, beautifully printed on the finest toned paper, and elegantly bound in cloth extra, gilt edges, price One Guinea; or Turkey morocco extra, price Two Guineas; or Clan Tartan, with Photograph inside, price Two Guineas. Price £1 1s. A handsome Drawing-room Edition of THE POEMS AND SONGS OF ROBERT BURNS, with original Illustrations by the most eminent Scottish Artists. The engraving of the Illustrations is executed by Mr. R. Paterson, and the volume is printed by Mr. R. Clarke, Edinburgh.

THE NEW VOLUME OF NIMMO'S
CARMINE GIFT-BOOKS. Small 4to, beautifully printed within red lines on superior paper, handsomely bound in cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt edges, price 7s. 6d. each. THE GOLDEN GIFT. A Book for the Young. Profusely Illustrated with Original Engravings on Wood by eminent Artists. Engraved by Robert Paterson, Edinburgh. Chisely printed within carmine border, and elegantly bound in cloth and gold.

A NOVELTY IN BINDING.
NIMMO'S CHEAP EDITION OF THE POETS. Profusely Illustrated and Elegantly Printed on superfine paper. This series of books is just produced in a new style of binding—morocco elegant, with inlaid ivory side. Beautifully illuminated in various colours and chaste designs. They are remarkably cheap, the price being only 7s. 6d. per volume. For School Prizes and Gift Books they are especially appropriate. They may also be had in richly gilt cloth binding, price 3s. 6d. each; or in morocco antique, price 6s. 6d. each.

In square 8vo, richly bound in cloth and gold, 3s., **THE LOVES OF ROSE PINK AND SKY** BLUE, and other Stories told to Children. By WILLIAM FRANKS COLLEIER, LL.D., Author of "Tales of Old English Life," &c. Profusely Illustrated with original numerous Illustrations on Wood.

Second Edition, enlarged, richly bound, 3s., **STORY OF THE KINGS OF JUDAH** AND ISRAEL. Written for Children. By A. O. B. Illustrated with full-page Engravings and Map.

A VALUABLE AND ELEGANT PRESENTATION WORK. NIMMO'S Large Print Library Edition of

THE BRITISH POETS, FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER. In Forty-eight Volumes, demy 8vo, picta type, superfine paper, elegant binding, price 1s. each volume. The text edited by CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE. With biographical and critical notices, and authentic Portraits engraved on steel. Any of the works in this series may be had separately, price 4s. each volume. Complete Catalogues of W. P. Nimmo's Publications, suitable for presentation, will be forwarded post-free on application. Published by WILLIAM P. NIMMO, Edinburgh; sold by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London; and all Booksellers.

NELSON AND SONS' BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS. Uniform with "The Bird." **THE DESERT WORLD.** By ARTHUR MANGIN. Translated and Enlarged by the Translator of "The Bird." With 16 Illustrations by W. Freeman, Fouquier, and Imperial 8vo, full gilt side and gilt edges, price 12s. 6d.

COMPANION VOLUME TO "THE BIRD," BY MICHELET. **MYSTERIES OF THE OCEAN.** By ARTHUR MANGIN. Translated and Enlarged by the Translator of "The Bird." With 130 Illustrations by W. Freeman and J. Noel. Imperial 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth, full gilt side and gilt edges, price 10s. 6d.; morocco antique, 21s.

THE BIRD. By JULES MICHELET. This beautiful volume is illustrated by Two Hundred and Ten exquisite Engravings by Giacometti, Doré's Collaborateur on his celebrated Bible. Imperial 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth and gold, price 10s. 6d.; morocco antique, 20s.

BEAUTIFUL NEW GIFT-BOOK FOR THE YOUNG. **THE WORLD AT HOME:** Pictures and Scenes from Far-ff Lands. By MARY and ELIZABETH KIRBY. With upwards of a Hundred beautiful Illustrations. Square 8vo, richly gilt, price 6s.

THE CHRISTIAN LEADERS OF THE LAST CENTURY; or, England a Hundred Years Ago. By the Rev. J. C. RYLE, B.A., Christ Church, Oxford, Author of "Expository Thoughts on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans." THOMAS NELSON and SONS. London: 23, Paternoster-row; Edinburgh: Hope Park; New York: 137, Grand-street.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A CHILD. With more than 200 Pictures, cloth elegant, 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s. (postage 4d.).

MERRY TALES FOR LITTLE FOLK. Edited by Madame DE CHATELAIN. Containing: The House that Jack Built, Cock Robin, Old Mother Hubbard, The Three Bears, The Little Red Riding Hood, The White Cat, The Cursed Pawn, The Blue Bird, Little Mabel, Jack the Giant Killer, Jack and the Beanstalk, Tom Thumb Puss in Boots, Little Red Riding Hood, The Sleeping Beauty, Beauty and the Beast, Cinderella, Princess Isabella, The Elves of the Forest, The Little Fisherman, The Three Golden Hairs, and all the other old favourites. London: LOCKWOOD and Co., 7, Stationers' Hall-court, E.C.

"THE BEST OF ALL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR A BOY." Sun. New Edition (1893); revised and enlarged 4s. 6d., cloth; or 12s. morocco, elegant; 700 pp. With Ten Vignette Titles, printed in gold and colour. Postage, 7d.

THE BOY'S OWN BOOK. A Complete Encyclopedia of Sports and Pastimes, Athletic, Scientific, and Recreative of Boyhood and Youth. "No one amongst its rivals—not half a dozen of them rolled into one—can match our old favourite. . . . It is still perfect. . . . More truly than ever the lawgiver of the playground."—Sun. "Mr. Lockwood's 'Boy's Own Book' is the ideal original work which we knew in days long gone by, but in a new and much enlarged form. To name it is to praise it."—Saturday Review. "There has never been a better book than this for boys. . . . Time and thought have rendered it perfect. . . . Every page brings a volume of knowledge."—Agricultural. LOCKWOOD and Co., 7, Stationers' Hall-court, Ludgate-hill, E.C.

1. DO YOU GIVE IT UP? A Collection of the most amusing Riddles of the Day. Price 1s.; post-free, 13 stamps. **2. VICTORIAN ENIGMAS:** being a Series of Enigmatical Acrostics, after the manner of one said to have been written by h-r Majesty (which, with its solution, is given). Price 2s. 6d.; post-free, 31 stamps.—LOCKWOOD and Co., 7, Stationers' Hall-court, E.C.

1. THE LAWS AND BYE-LAWS OF GOOD SOCIETY: A Code of Modern Etiquette. **2. THE ART OF DRESSING WELL:** A Book of Hints. Price 6s. each, or the two books, post-free, 13 stamps. "Two pretty little volumes for those who have the privilege of entering into society but are unacquainted with its forms."—Sunday Times. LOCKWOOD and Co., 7, Stationers' Hall-court, E.C.

Now ready, crown 8vo, eight Engravings, 3s. 6d., cloth, **DAME WYNTON'S HOME.** A Tale Illustrative of the Lord's Prayer. By Mrs. CAREY BROCK. Also, by the same Author.

SUNDAY ECHOES IN WEEKDAY HOURS. Twentieth Thousand. 5s., cloth. **SUNDAY ECHOES.** Second Series. Church Catechism. Eighth Thousand. 5s., cloth. **MY FATHER'S HAND;** and other Stories. 16mo, Four Engravings. 2s. 6d., cloth. **CHARITY HELSTONE.** Fourth Thousand. 5s., cloth. **MARY BETT'S SECRET.** Seventh Thousand. 5s., cloth. **WORKING AND WAITING.** A Tale. Eighth Thousand. 5s., cloth. **CHILDREN AT HOME.** A Tale. Ninth Thousand. 5s., cloth. **THE RECTORY AND MANOR.** Fifth Thousand. 5s., cloth. **HOME MEMORIES.** Seventh Thousand. 5s., cloth. **ALMOST PERSUADED.** A Tale of Village Life. Fifth Thousand. 1s., cloth. London: SEELEY, JACKSON, and HALLIDAY, 51, Fleet-street.

NOW READY. in a Folio Volume, printed on toned paper, and handsomely bound, with gilt cover, and gilt edges, **PRICE ONE GUINEA.**
THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION, A HISTORY: including THE LIFE AND REIGN OF KING THEODORE, WITH ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS. Engraved from sketches by the Special Artists and Correspondents of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, and reprinted from that Journal.

CONTENTS. Chapter I. The Country and People. II. King Theodore. III. The British Captives. IV. Military Preparations. V. From Sea to highlands. VI. Land Transport. VII. The March Half-way. VIII. Break up of the Kingdom. IX. The Mountain March. X. Theodore's Defeat. XI. Fall of Magdala. XII. Departure. Published at the "Illustrated London News" Office, 194, Strand, W.C.; and to be had of all Booksellers.

NOW READY. ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF **LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF OUR LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS,** from 1846 to 1861. Edited by ARTHUR HELPS. In a handsome volume, royal quarto, elegantly bound in cloth, with gilt edges, price 2s. 6d. The illustrations have been selected, by the Royal permission, from the Private Collection of her Majesty, who has been graciously pleased to place them at the disposal of the Publishers for the purposes of this volume. They comprise Scenes and Incidents in the life of the Queen and Prince Consort in the Highlands, engraved on Steel from pictures by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., Carl Haag, and other Artists; two Interior Views of Balmoral in Chromolithography; and upwards of fifty highly-finished Engravings on Wood, of Scenery, Places, and Persons mentioned in the work. The Queen has also been pleased to sanction the introduction of a few facsimiles of Sketches by her Majesty. London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co.

MR. BROWNING'S NEW POEM. On Thursday, the 24th inst., Vol. II., fcap 8vo, 7s. 6d., **THE KING AND THE BOOK.** By ROBERT BROWNING. To be completed in Four Monthly Volumes. London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co.

Cheaper edition, fcap 8vo, limp cloth, 1s. 6d., **PASSAGES FROM THE AMERICAN** NOTE-BOOKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. The Library Edition in two vols., or in 8vo, 5s. Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co.'s edition of this work is the only one published by arrangement with the proprietors of the American copyright. London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co.

NEW UNIFORM AND STANDARD EDITION OF **MR. THACKERAY'S WORKS.** In Monthly Volumes, large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. each. Now ready.—**CHRISTMAS BOOKS OF MR. M. A. TITMARCH.** Mrs. Perkins's Ball. The Kiekieburys on the Rhine. Dr. Birch. The Rose and the Ring. Complete in 1 Volume, with 74 Illustrations by the Author. "This Volume also elegantly bound in extra cloth gilt, gilt edges, suitable for a Christmas Present, price 9s." On Thursday, the 24th inst.

BURLESQUES: Novels by Eminent Hands. Rebecca and Rowena. Adventures of Major Udalagan. The History of the next French Revolution. A Legend of the Rhine. Complete in One Volume, with Illustrations by the Author. London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co.

Just published, 6s., cloth; 7s. 6d., cloth elegant, gilt edges, **HISTORY OF THE ROBINS.** By Mrs. GRIMMER. With 24 beautiful Illustrations by Harrison West. GRIFFITH and FARRAN, Corner of St. Paul's-churchyard.

With Illustrations, post 8vo, price 5s., cloth elegant, **HEROES OF THE CRUSADES.** By BARBARA HUTTON. CASTLES AND THEIR HERMES. By the same Author. 4s. 6d., cloth. GRIFFITH and FARRAN, Corner of St. Paul's-churchyard.

Small quarto, price 5s., cloth; 6s., cloth elegant, gilt edges, **THE LITTLE GIPSY.** By ELIAS SAUVAGE. Profusely Illustrated by Lorenz Frölich. "An exquisite story. The illustrations are singularly graceful."—Athenaeum. GRIFFITH and FARRAN, Corner of St. Paul's-churchyard.

Just published, with Illustrations, price 5s., cloth elegant, **ADVENTURES OF HANS STERK,** the South African Hunter and Pioneer, By CAPTAIN DRAYTON, R.A. GRIFFITH and FARRAN, Corner of St. Paul's-churchyard.

Just published, price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges, **TALES OF THE TOYS TOLD BY** THEMSELVES. By Mrs. BRODERIP. Illustrated by her brother, Tom Hood. GRIFFITH and FARRAN, Corner of St. Paul's-churchyard.

Half a Crown each, plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges, **1. STOLEN CHERRIES;** or, Tell the Truth at Once. By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS. 2. OUR WHITE VIOLET. By KAY SPEN. 3. NEPTUNE; or, The Autobiography of a Newfoundland Dog. 4. ALICE AND BEATRICE. By CHARLOTTE M. GRIFFITH and FARRAN, Corner of St. Paul's-churchyard.

A CHRISTMAS BOOK FOR CHILDREN. **THE FIVE DAYS' ENTERTAINMENTS** AT WENTWORTH GRANGE. By FRANCIS TURNER FALGHAIVE. Beautifully Illustrated by Arthur Hughes, and an Engraved Title-page by Jones. Small 4to, cloth extra, gilt top, 5s. "If you want a really good book for youngsters of both sexes and all ages, buy this."—Athenaeum.

CAST UP BY THE SEA; or, The Adventures of Ned Grey. Dedicated to all Boys from Eight Years Old to Eighty. By Sir SAMUEL W. BAKER. Beautifully Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt, 7s. 6d. "A charming Christmas book for each of our boys as they have a taste for adventure. It is full of incident, and the story is admirably sustained."—Times.

RIDICULA REDIVIVA. Old Nursery Rhymes. Illustrated in Colours by J. E. ROGERS. Imperial 4to, with illuminated Cover, 9s. (This day. "Nearly the best Christmas Book out."—Saturday Review.)

New Illustrated Edition of **TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS.** By an OLD BOY. With nearly Sixty Illustrations by Arthur Hughes and Sydney Prior Hall, and a Portrait of the Author. Small 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, 12s. MACMILLAN and Co., London.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS. **KATHLEEN.** By the Author of "Raymond's Heroine." Second Edition. 3 vols. **NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.** By the Author of "Rachel's Secret." &c. 3 vols. **THE CROWN OF A LIFE.** By the Author of "Agnes Tremorne." &c. 3 vols. **THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM.** By the Author of "John Halifax." 3 vols. **A NOBLE LIFE.** By the Author of "John Halifax." Cheap Edition, 5s., bound and illustrated. HURST and BLACKETT, Publishers, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

Now ready, the 36th Thousand, post 8vo, price 7s. 6d., **SOYER'S MODERN HOUSEWIFE:** a complete Receipts for the Economic and Judicious Preparation of every part of the day, and for the Nursery and Sick-Room. By the late ALEXIS SOYER. With Illustrations on Wood, &c. "should be in the hands of every keeper of a kitchen and larder in the kingdom."—Lancet. Also, by the same Author, **SOYER'S GASTRONOMIC RECREATOR;** or System of Cookery for the Kitchens of the Wealthy. With Plates. Ninth Edition, 8vo, 15s., cloth. London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co., Stationers' Hall-court.

HATCHARDS, BOOKSELLERS and PUBLISHERS, 187, Piccadilly, London.
A large Selection of New Works of every kind, including
RELIGIOUS STANDARD WORKS in PROSE and POETRY.
A Choice Selection in Morocco and Cal Binding.
CHILDREN'S PICTURE and STORY BOOKS.
BIBLES, PRAYER-BOOKS, and CHURCH SERVICES.
ALL THE NEW CHRISTMAS BOOKS.
A liberal Discount for Cash.

HATCHARDS' STANDARD BOOKS.

Just published, in fcap. Large Type, 2s. 6d.
1. **SHORT LECTURES ON THE SUNDAY GOSPELS** (Advent to Easter). By the Rev. A. OXENDEN, M.A., &c. (Volume for Trinity shortly.)

Also, by the same Author,
2. **DEVOTION.** Second Edition, 1860, 1s. 6d. Is this book for me? Decidedly—what is meant by it?

3. **PRAYERS FOR PRIVATE USE.** 32nd Thousand, 1860, 1s.

4. **SERMONS ON THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.** 12th Thousand, 1860, 2s.

5. **GOD'S MESSAGE TO THE POOR.** 14th Thousand, 1860, 1s. 6d.

6. **BAPTISM SIMPLY EXPLAINED.** 7th Thousand, 1860, 1s.

7. **THE LORD'S SUPPER SIMPLY EXPLAINED.** 25th Thousand, 1860, 1s.

8. **A HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.** Sixth Edition, 1860, 1s.

9. **LIGHT IN THE DWELLING:** or, a Harmony of the Four Gospels. With Short and Simple Remarks, adapted for Reading in Family Prayers, and arranged for every day in the year. By the Author of "The Peep of Day." 23rd Thousand, Crown 8vo, 8s.; fcap. 2s.

10. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

11. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

12. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

13. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

14. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

15. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

16. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

17. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

18. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

19. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

20. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

21. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

22. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

23. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

24. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

25. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

26. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

27. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

28. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

29. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

30. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

31. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

32. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

33. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

34. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

35. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

36. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

37. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

38. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

39. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

40. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

41. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

42. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

43. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

44. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

45. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

46. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

47. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

48. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

49. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

50. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

51. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

52. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

53. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

54. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

55. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

56. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

57. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

58. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

59. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

60. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

61. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

62. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

63. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

64. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

65. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

66. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

67. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

68. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

69. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

70. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

71. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

72. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

73. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

74. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

75. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

76. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

77. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

78. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

79. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

80. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

81. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

82. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

83. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

84. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

85. **THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT IN NEEDLEWORK.** Seventh Edition, 4mo, sewed, 6d.

RUSSIAN SEAL-FUR PALETOTS.

Notwithstanding the great scarcity,
PETER ROBINSON will continue to SELL

Paletots, 23 in. deep .. 9 to 11 gs.

" 29 .. 10 to 15 gs.

" 31 .. 10 to 15 gs.

Real Astrakhan Paletots .. 5 to 10 gs.

Polish Ermine Jackets .. 3 to 6 gs.

Peter Robinson, 103 to 108, Oxford-street.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

Illustrated Manual of Fashions free on application.

BAKER AND CRISP'S PRICE-LIST for

SILKS.

Patterns sent free.

198, Regent-street.

New Fancy Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

New Striped Silks .. 25s. to 50s.

New Checked Silks .. 25s. to 60s.

New Plain Silks .. 25s. to 75s.

New Corded Silks .. 30s. to 75s.

New Figured Silks .. 30s. to 65s.

New Shot Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

New Chinese Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

New Japan Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

New Lyons Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

New Town Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

New Swiss Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

New Evening Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

New Dinner Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

New Wedding Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

100 Moire Antiques, in Light, Dark, and Black,

23 1/2s. 6d.; worth 5 gs.

Patterns sent free.

198, Regent-street.

New Fancy Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

New Striped Silks .. 25s. to 50s.

New Checked Silks .. 25s. to 60s.

New Plain Silks .. 25s. to 75s.

New Corded Silks .. 30s. to 75s.

New Figured Silks .. 30s. to 65s.

New Shot Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

New Chinese Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

New Japan Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

New Lyons Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

New Town Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

New Swiss Silks .. 21s. to 42s.

New Evening Silks .. 21s. to 42s.